REGULAR ISSUE OF
THE OUTLOOK FOR 25 JULY 1896

The Outloo

ILLUSTRATED MONTHL
MAGAZINE NUMBER

William McKinley
A Personal Study
By MURAT HALSTEAD
Five Illustrations

William J. Bryan
A Personal Study
By RICHARD LINTHICUM
Four Illustrations

Harriet Beecher Stowe
A Sketch
By J. R. HOWARD
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The Higher Life of Philadelphia
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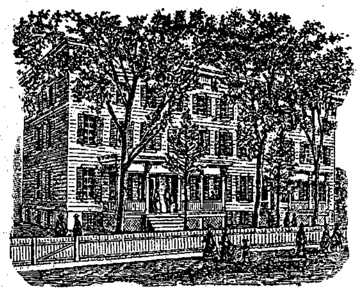

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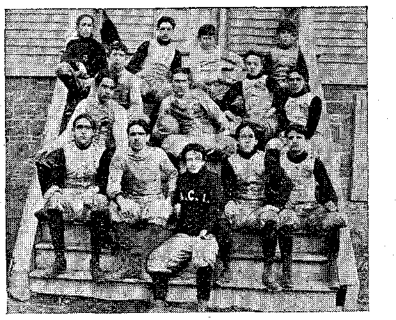

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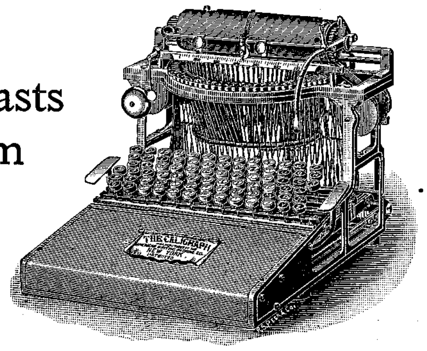
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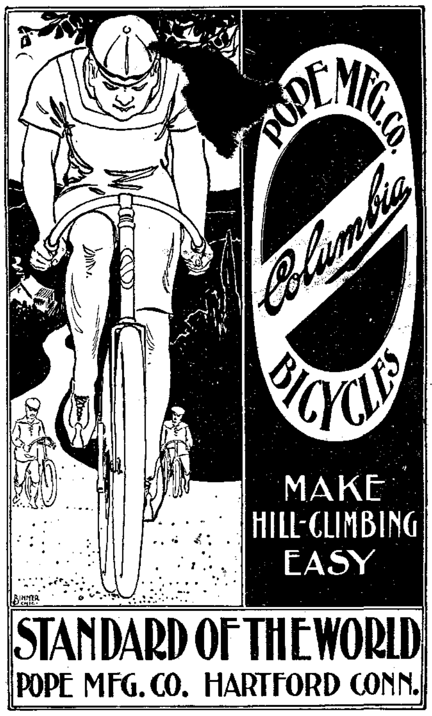
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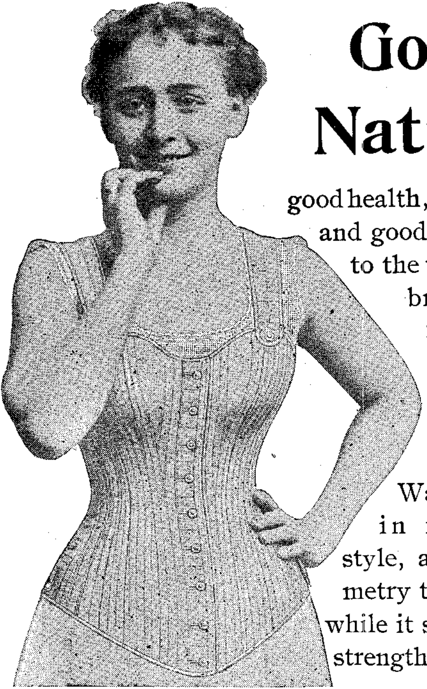

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 25 July, 1896 Number 4

William Eustis Russell

The old adage that death loves a shining mark has been painfully illustrated during the past two weeks. Political life in this country could hardly have suffered greater loss than that occasioned by the death of ex-Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, one of the most interesting figures in our recent political history. Born in Cambridge in 1857, educated in the public schools of that city and at Harvard College, graduating from the Boston University Law School about 1879, Governor Russell's early career was full not only of promise but of performance. His gifts of temperament, character, and intellect showed themselves at a very early age. Sixteen years ago he began the practice of law in Boston, and at once became interested in politics, acting with the Democratic party. At twenty-four years of age he became a member of the Cambridge Common Council. Two years later he was an Alderman. In 1885 he was elected Mayor of Cambridge by a large majority, and this early success was followed by two subsequent re-elections without opposition; the ability, integrity, and efficiency of his administration making him practically the only possible candidate for the position. In 1884 Mr. Russell brought himself very prominently into notice by his campaign in behalf of President Cleveland. Four years later he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Democrats and defeated. The following year he was again nominated and again defeated. The third nomination, a year later, after a hot political campaign, resulted in his election; and in two subsequent years he was re-elected, overcoming Republican majorities which were supposed to be overwhelming. Governor Russell aroused not only admiration but enthusiasm. He was one of the few young men in our politics whose career was independent of bosses and machines. He stood for convictions, and he brought into public life independence, courage, courtesy, and a free movement of ideas. One of the worst features of the reign of the boss and the machine has been the disappearance in large measure of such young men from our public life. Governor Russell's career was an inspiring one from every point of view. He could ill be spared at any time, but his death at this moment, when the minority of the Democratic party opposed to free coinage stands in such sore need of leadership, is nothing short of a calamity.

◆

The announcement of the death of the well-known artist and writer, William Hamilton Gibson, at his country home in Washington, Conn., on Thursday of last week, has brought a sense of personal loss not only to a wide circle of friends but to a wider circle of readers. Mr. Gibson's industry was tireless, and fears have often been expressed of late years that he was overworking; but his sturdy figure and his intense vitality gave no sign of the sudden arrest of activity which has now come upon him in early middle life. A graduate of the well-known Gunnery School at Washington, Conn., and later of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Mr. Gibson's first successful work was done, very significantly, in botanical drawing. He was connected with the "American Agriculturist" and "Hearth and Home" as an illustrator, and rapidly made his way by virtue of the excellence and delicate quality of his work. Popular attention was first attracted to him by his charming illustrations in the magazines, and he soon began to supplement the work of the pencil by that of the pen, developing a very easy and agreeable style, intimate knowledge of nature, and delicate observation. His nature studies, illustrated by himself, have been among the most attractive and widely read books about nature that have appeared in recent years. He was particularly happy in his summer home at Washington, where his love of out-of-door life and his habits of observation found full play. During the past two or three years he had utilized his knowledge of the plant and insect world and his ingenuity of illustration in a series of lectures on subjects relating to natural history, which proved not only extremely popular but instructive and stimulating. Mr. Gibson was a man of great integrity of nature, modest in his estimate of himself, and simple and friendly to a degree which won him the affection and regard of a great circle of acquaintances.

◆

A very picturesque and interesting figure disappears from religious life by the death of the Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, one of the best-known members of the Episcopal House of Bishops, a theological controversialist of great energy and persistence, and a well-known, widely appreciated hymn-writer. Born at Mendham, N. J., in 1818, the son of one of the foremost Presbyterian ministers of the day, Bishop Coxe was educated at the University of the City of New York and the General Theological Seminary in this city, his first charge being St. Ann's Church in this city. He was subsequently at the head of parishes in Hartford, Baltimore, and again in this city, where he became rector of Calvary Church in 1863. Two years later he was consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of Western New York, and three months later he succeeded to the Bishopric. A man of great energy of nature, of vigorous mind, and of strong convictions, Bishop Coxe soon made himself very widely known. He was a Catholic in the large, not in the technical, sense of the word. He discerned in advance the movement toward a revival of primitive Christianity in Italy and Germany, and he took great interest in the career of Dr. Döllinger and the development of the Old Catholic movement. It was his initiative which led to the revision of the Prayer-Book. Under his editorial care the Ante-Nicene Fathers have been largely republished. Several volumes of sermons, lectures, and poems bear his name, for he was an indefatigable writer. In an ecclesiastical controversy he was thoroughly aggressive, and his fight against the Roman

Catholic claims was not only begun at an early age but was continued till the last year of his life. He was a man of strong individuality, not always perfectly balanced in judgment, but highly respected and greatly beloved by a host of people.

❀

The publication of the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney looking toward an agreement for a permanent tribunal of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain is in itself a significant sign of the friendly spirit now existing between the two nations, and of the sincerity of the efforts to reach a mutual understanding. So far as the correspondence in itself shows, this understanding is still in the future, though semi-official reports from Washington state that considerable advance has been made since the letters now published were written. It is to be noted as another sign of amicable feeling that with regard to the Venezuelan question (which is inevitably, though we think unfortunately, under consideration simultaneously with the broader question of international arbitration) the English diplomats show no disposition to resent the action of our Government in interfering between the two original disputants. On the contrary, Lord Salisbury has frankly admitted in Parliament that Great Britain has more than once acted in the same way, and he even expresses a preference for dealing with the United States rather than with Venezuela directly. He still maintains, however, that it is unfair to submit to arbitration British claims to territory upon which bona-fide British colonists have settled under the assurance that the land was part of the British Empire. To this Mr. Olney rejoins with acuteness and apparent reason that the fact that some settlers may have occupied certain lands in this way does not in the least affect the question of national title, and if the British claim is particularly strong with regard to this special territory, all the more readily should it consent to place those claims before a fair board of arbitrators. Thus the Venezuelan question is still apparently much where it was; but there are indications—notably Lord Salisbury's complimentary allusion to our own Commission—which lead to the belief that an agreement may soon be reached. At all events, it is clear that both parties desire such an agreement, and will zealously try to attain it.

❀

With regard to the general scheme of arbitration between the two countries, Lord Salisbury proposed a convention providing that each country should name two permanent judicial officers; that in case of a dispute each country should name one of these as an arbitrator, and the two named should select an umpire with final power of decision; that claims to be subject to final decision should be those for less than £100,000, and not involving sovereignty or territorial jurisdiction; that claims of this latter kind might be arbitrated, the decision to be subject to formal protest from either party, and appeal to a court composed of three of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Great Britain and three of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States; that a majority of not less than five to one in this court should be necessary to sustain a finding; that differences which in the judgment of either nation affected its national honor need not be submitted to arbitration except by special agreement. Mr. Olney's efforts were at once directed toward changing the provisions as to appeal from the original Court of Arbitration. He would allow the six members to add three to their number, and would make a bare majority vote of the Court decisive. He also strenuously argues that no question shall be excluded from consideration by the proposed Court unless Congress or Parliament shall, by act or resolution, decide that the honor of the nation or the integrity of its territory or sovereignty is involved. Certainly, Mr. Olney's proposals give a more practical and workable scheme for arbitration, and (as we believe is right) tend to commit the nations beyond recall to an arbitration once agreed upon, while Lord Salisbury's views make arbitration easy in comparatively unimportant matters, but hedge it about with cautions as regards important matters. There is nothing whatever in the correspondence to indicate the presence of insuperable difficulties. On the contrary, there is everything to make us hope for a final reasonable, fair, and practical agreement. The object in giving the letters to the public has been to elicit the general feeling of the peoples of the two countries—a course as commendable as it is unusual in diplomacy. The public, through the press and by individual expressions, has warmly approved the progress made, and urges that the negotiations be carried on to a successful issue.

❀

The intensity of the political struggle in Belgium, reported from time to time in these columns, has been followed by something like a calm, and the recent elections for the Chamber of Deputies did not appear to arouse very great interest. The members of the Chamber are elected for four years, and half their number retire every two years. The body is made up of 152 members, and in the former Chamber these delegates were divided into 104 Clericals, 33 Socialists, and 15 Liberals, the Liberal party in Belgium having been almost destroyed at the previous election. The term Liberal, as it has been used in Belgium, represented the old-time individualism rather than the new-time Socialistic tendency. At the recent election the interest centered mainly in Antwerp and Brussels, where the size of the constituencies and the number of representatives who were voted for on a general list gave the election a general significance. The Liberals made their chief fight in Brussels, where they have practically taken the same ground as the Progressionists, who may be described as Radical Liberals with Socialistic leanings. The Liberals do not seem, however, to have succeeded in rehabilitating themselves, the latest reports indicating that the Ultra-Clerical group of the Catholic party will have a representation of 70 as against the representation of 58 in the former Chamber. The polling figures have not been telegraphed. At the last election 915,000 votes were cast for the various Catholic candidates, and 871,000 votes divided between the various groups of Liberals and Socialists. Apparently there has not been any marked change of opinion.

❀

As we go to press, the People's Party and Silver Conventions are assembled in St. Louis. The Silver Convention is certain to indorse the nominations made at Chicago, Senator Teller and his associates urging this policy in an open letter. The action of the People's Party Convention is still in doubt—the Southern wing being unwilling to fuse with the Democrats whom they have fought so long, and by whom they have been so obviously defrauded in many elections. If this Southern element stood alone in its opposition to fusion, the result would not be doubtful; but it is supported by Chairman Taubeneck, of the National Committee, and several other party managers, who insist that the party organization must be maintained at all hazards. Whatever the result at St. Louis, however, the bulk of the Populist party will doubtless fuse with the other silver forces. The anti-silver forces are likely to show an equally united front in the approaching campaign. The movement initiated by the anti-silver Democrats of Illinois in favor of a third ticket does not seem to have grown. In New York State, where such a movement would naturally have the most strength, it is kept back by the unwillingness of Senator Hill and Tammany Hall to lose control of the "regular" Democratic organization. Neither the Senator nor the New York City machine seems to be able to decide what course to pursue. The State Committee has been called to meet after the Populist Convention, in the hope that definite action can then be taken. Meanwhile, more and more Democrats are daily deciding to vote for either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan. In Massachusetts there seems no doubt that Mr. George Fred Williams will be able to carry his party with him to the support of the Chicago ticket and platform. Two members of President Cleveland's Cabinet—Secretaries Herbert and Olney—have announced their determination not to support their party ticket, and it is reported that nearly every member of the Cabinet will vote for Mr. McKinley in November, unless an anti-silver Democrat is nominated. The confusion of old party lines could hardly be carried further.

❀

The Republican Executive Committee has decided to maintain two campaign headquarters—one at New York, the customary place, and the other at Chicago, this year the center of the battle-field. The Democratic Executive Committee has practically decided to establish its headquarters at Washington, instead of New York, partly because it hopes for few campaign contributions from the latter city, but chiefly because campaign literature in the form of Congressional speeches can be mailed from Washington free of charge. The amount of work to be done by the campaign committees is enormous. The New York "Times" recently published a description of what it has amounted to in previous years. One committee of which the "Times's" contributor had some personal knowledge "printed and tried to put out 100,000,000 of documents." The man who had the contract to get out this work had only ten weeks in which to do it, and was "driven crazy" by the complications that arose. He was unable to secure presses enough of his own to turn out the work, and before the close of the campaign had to hire one man for the exclusive purpose of visiting the twenty or thirty other establishments to which he had been forced to turn for help. "The printers' bills aggregated dangerously near the two-hundred-thousand-dollar mark." The Committee on Printing has perhaps the principal work to perform, as it must select and edit the documents sent out—especially the campaign text-book for which the party is held so directly responsible. Another important committee is the "Bureau of Oratory," which arranges for the speeches of the campaign. Nearly all the speakers expect pay for their services as well as their traveling expenses, and their bills reach a high aggregate. Not a little work devolves upon the National Committee in the matter of looking after the press—especially the newspapers published in foreign languages, "nearly every one of whose editors is ready to espouse either side of the question for a consideration." As a rule, their support is secured by giving them standing orders for from 3,000 to 10,000 copies of each issue. These are the main avenues for the open expenditure of money. Besides these there are narrower but not straighter ways by which money is made effective. "Nearly every Committee establishes several secret bureaus which are located away from the headquarters themselves. There are bureaus for the workingmen, bureaus for the Swedes and voters of other nationalities, and even bureaus for the liquor-dealers, whose favor is generally courted by both parties. Curiously enough, more than one Committee has maintained a temperance bureau contemporaneously with a liquor-dealers' bureau." "One Committee a few years ago is said to have used up $1,900,000 in its existence of less than three months, but $1,500,000 is probably nearer the average."

❀

The Bimetallic League of Great Britain held its annual meeting last week. The report presented declared that the cause of international bimetallism had made substantial progress during the past year, and mentioned the resolutions adopted in the French, Belgian, and Prussian legislatures. "In the United States," it continued, "all parties and classes would welcome international bimetallism." The report concluded as follows: "The responsibility for the present and growing dangers to the industrial life of the nation rests upon those who oppose that monetary system under which our prosperity advanced by leaps and bounds." A letter was read from Lord Aldenham (Mr. Henry Huck Gibbs), ex-Governor of the Bank of England and President of the League, congratulating the members upon the great progress which had been made in the United States. "Whatever may be the result of the Presidential election," he said, "we may be sure that our cause generally is prospering." General Francis Walker, however, who differs with Lord Aldenham regarding the ability of any one nation to maintain a bimetallic system, took a more sober view of the situation here. "It is deeply to be regretted," he said, "that millions of our best citizens, as represented at the Chicago Convention last week, declared for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the action of other countries. This was done passionately, but the effect will be to maintain the gold standard unimpaired." Mr. McKinley, he assured the conference, was never a gold monometallist, and could not be if he tried. General Walker read the St. Louis currency resolution, which received hearty applause.

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Another important strike in this city has been settled by arbitration, President Low, of Columbia, being this time the arbitrator. The strike was in the single establishment of J. J. Little & Co., but the parties to the dispute were the Typothetæ—the organization of the employing printers—and Typographical Union No. 6, the principal organization of printing employees. These two organizations had through conference committees reached an agreement upon four of the seven demands made by the strikers. The remaining three, submitted to President Low, were as follows: (1) that the text of all publications be done entirely on piece or entirely on time; (2) that certain cuts be paid for at space rates; (3) that book and job rooms shall be recognized as "card" offices. President Low decided the first point in favor of the Typographical Union. He decided the second point in favor of a compromise suggested by the Typothetæ. The third point was the most important one, and upon this President Low's decision was substantially as follows: To declare the office of J. J. Little & Co. to be a "card office," he said, was to declare that no one could be employed in it except members of the trade-union. As an arbitrator, he could not thus limit the right of an employer to select his employees. "No one," he said, "can compel union men, without their own consent, to work with non-union men. But it is a different thing to demand that an employer shall not be free to employ any but union men. It is no more reasonable for the union to demand that J. J. Little & Co. shall not be free to employ non-union men than it would be for J. J. Little & Co. to demand that the union should be deprived of the freedom to take in new members at its discretion."

President Low concluded by recommending that the Typographical Union be recognized as the accredited representative of the union employees, and that permanent arrangements be made for the arbitration of all future differences between the firm and the union.

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Defeat has already been turned into possible victory by the advocates of municipal rapid transit in this city who refused to be discouraged by the decision of the Supreme Court against the plan first agreed upon by the Rapid Transit Commission. That decision, it will be recalled, forbade the Commission to proceed with the making of contracts on the ground that the proposed road would cost more than $50,000,000, and make the debt of the city exceed the constitutional limit. At first the Commission seemed disposed to accept this decision as final, and to meet the public demand for rapid transit through further concessions to the elevated railway system. Fortunately, however, the elevated railroad company was unreasonable in its demands, and the Commission, supported by the press and the trades-unions, proceeded to consider whether new plans might not be adopted to which the objections of the Supreme Court would not apply. On Thursday last such a plan was submitted by the chief engineer of the Commission, and it is in some respects more satisfactory to believers in municipal ownership than the plan originally agreed upon. The underground road now planned begins at City Hall Square and proceeds up Elm Street, instead of Broadway, as far as Forty-second Street. From Forty-second Street north there will be two branches—one along Broadway and the Boulevard, and the other traversing the East Side. It was only along lower Broadway that the abutting property owners objected to the underground road at first proposed, and only in that section was there danger of serious damage suits because of dreaded injury to the foundations of buildings, etc., etc. The estimated cost of the new route is but $26,500,000, and this estimate is at prices shown to be excessive by the recent experiences of the Boston Transit Commission. The engineers estimate that the eight miles between the City Hall and the Harlem River can be traversed in twenty minutes. The elevated railroad has submitted another plan for its own extension, but it is believed that the Commission will proceed, as the vote of the people directed, to build a system which shall free the city from the discomforts, delays, and extortions inseparable from the control of its rapid-transit facilities by a private monopoly.

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A most important step has been taken by the Board of Health in New York. It has ordered the destruction of two hundred rear tenement-houses in various parts of the city, the greater number being located in what is known as the Italian region—Sullivan, Thompson, Mulberry, Greenwich, Baxter, and Mott Streets. The number of people who will be driven from these death and disease reeking tenements can hardly be estimated. One house contained four hundred and seventy-two human beings. The death-rate in some of these tenements is appalling. In three in Thompson Street it equals fifty-two and eight-tenths per thousand. The population of each of these tenements ranges from twenty to well into the hundreds. One building to be destroyed in Sullivan Street is a two-and-a-half story brick and frame dwelling which contains five families. The conditions under which these people have been living are barbaric. The roof leaks, and has for years, so that the tenants have been obliged to move their miserable belongings about the room, and to use pails to catch the rain. This house is alive with vermin, and is filthy beyond expression. To realize what the rear tenement-house in New York is it must be remembered that a city lot is one hundred feet deep, and that the rear house is built on the rear end of this one hundred feet. Usually the rear house is two rooms deep. There are thousands of rear houses in the city of New York where the stones in the yard between the rear and the front houses are never dry. One woman gave as the reason for not wishing to move from an East Side tenement that the yard was dry because the baker's oven ran back under it; and it is true that babies were brought from the surrounding tenements and allowed to crawl on these stones in the cold weather because the stones gave out a perceptible warmth. The closets are located between the front and the rear houses in the small paved court, and must be used by the families of both houses. Very often the rear house has no water in it; the tenants in the rear house have to carry the water from the yard. Usually also the rear house adjoins the rear house in the parallel street. Often there is an air-space of but a few inches between these two houses, and the bedrooms in the rear house are absolutely dark and unventilated. A report from the Board of Health states that the average annual death-rate in the city of New York is a fraction over twenty-two per thousand, while the worst portions of the rear tenement district show one hundred and thirty-five per thousand. The average death-rate per thousand in rear tenement districts is about forty-five, or more than twice the average of the city. The space for light and air, that is, the so-called yard of these tenements—the yard for both rear and front tenements in many parts of the tenement districts of New York—is 6 x 25 feet, and in this space there will be found from six to ten closets.

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Commissioner Roosevelt, who has been very active in working for the destruction of the rear tenements, says that he is convinced that their existence is one of the greatest blots on the city, and their abolition is to the advantage not only of the health but the morals of the tenement-house dweller. Commissioner Parker has stated that he believes that the existence of the rear tenements in the city accentuates and engenders the criminal tendencies of the individual, and that their presence contributes to the crimes and vices of the city. It has been the unanimous conviction of those who have worked among the poor that nothing will so contribute to the well-being of the poor of New York City as the destruction of the rear tenement. The sentimentalists have asked, What will become of these people? It must be realized that to a large percentage of the poor in New York rent is an extravagance, and these rear tenements with their few dollars less per year rental are a tremendous temptation to those families with whom thrift has become a vice. There is no doubt that there will be a certain amount of suffering until these people find new habitations and adapt themselves to a new environment that will compel them to live in the light of day and to learn and appreciate the value of light and air. In looking over the list of tenements to be destroyed, it is a relief to find that but a small proportion of them are held by estates. It is also a lesson for the student of sociology to find that a very large percentage of the owners themselves live under tenement-house conditions. We have become so accustomed to attributing the evils of the poor to the grasping tendencies of the rich that to find that the poor are very often responsible for the unhygienic conditions under which their fellow-laborers live gives a new view to philanthropic effort. The task of beginning the education of the children to appreciate the decencies of life is fast becoming the aim of philanthropic effort; what we need is an effort that will educate the whole family. This in the lowest social strata must be done through compulsion; through the strict enforcement of laws the end and aim of which is the prevention of crime and the conditions that lead to it. The rear tenement is the largest factor to-day in the degradation of the individual.

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It is often remarked that disasters affect our personal sympathy inversely as the distance increases or decreases. A child injured next door awakens one's sympathies more acutely than the report of a thousand deaths in China. It is probably due to this law of human nature that so little attention has been given by American papers to the recent terrible destruction of life in Japan. The Johnstown disaster, the St. Louis cyclone ruin, the Russian peasant slaughter—all together resulted in vastly less loss of life than was occasioned in the middle of last June by the single tidal wave which swept over the Pacific coast of the northeastern part of the main island of Japan. The number of lives lost is now officially announced by the Japanese Government as 26,889, but the investigation is not fully complete. Half an hour sufficed to sweep out of existence these many thousands, and the accompanying loss of property and non-fatal personal injury was proportionately great. The cause is supposed to be some kind of submarine shifting of levels. A similar though less fatal tidal wave was experienced in Japan some forty years ago, and one of the most curious incidents on that occasion was the carrying of a Russian man-of-war from its anchorage far up into the fields, where it was left stranded.

Educational Unity

The absence of Federal control of education, while productive of certain beneficial results, has had the obvious disadvantage of leaving the relations between secondary and higher education in an extremely unsettled condition. Each college has planned its own courses of study, and has established its own entrance requirements with more or less disregard of the practice of other colleges. The want of uniformity in courses of study resulting from the absence of Federal control has been further increased by the conflict between the upholders of the classics and the advocates of science as the basis of a liberal education. Disunity in educational aim has precluded the possibility of a proper correlation of studies from the primary school up to the university, with a consequent loss of time to the student, and has encouraged superficial methods of instruction. Secondary schools, under the necessity of fitting pupils for colleges differing widely as regards entrance requirements, have adopted a pernicious system of coaching based on examination papers and conflicting with every sound principle of pedagogy. Matriculates of American colleges are at least two years behind in their studies as compared with students of the same age in England and Germany.

The cause of the evils developed by the unsettled relations between secondary and higher education is, however, generally perceived, and earnest efforts are being made to remove it. These efforts are for the present directed chiefly toward securing uniformity in college entrance requirements. As the result of a conference between representatives of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, the Commission of Colleges in New England, and the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, held at Philadelphia in May, 1894, uniform English requirements were established throughout the States controlled by those bodies. A year later the league was joined by the Conference of Teachers of English of the North Central States. The National Educational Association, in July, 1895, appointed a committee to investigate the existing condition of entrance requirements throughout the United States, and the comprehensive report of this committee, printed in the June number of the "School Review," was laid before the recent Buffalo Convention. The adoption of uniform English requirements throughout New England, the Middle States, Maryland, and the North Central States was no small accomplishment. It was a much more difficult feat to secure substantial uniformity in all branches of study throughout a considerable section of the country. However, this feat has also now been accomplished, and constitutes the most notable event of the past academic year. During the spring of 1896, under the auspices of Columbia University, a series of conferences between representatives of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, and the Schoolmasters' Association of New York and Vicinity has resulted in the adoption of a unanimous report recommending specific uniform requirements in Latin, Greek, German, French, mathematics, and history.

This report, although it fails to recommend requirements for the natural sciences, and although it leaves some matters of detail unsettled, cannot fail to be accepted by the institutions represented in the conferences, and, with six among the principal colleges of the United States agreed on entrance requirements, the prospect for National uniformity is excellent. As Chairman A. F. Nightingale writes in his letter accompanying the report of his committee to the National Educational Association, "If six among the best colleges of the country, and that, too, in a section where tradition is synonymous with law, and changes mean revolution, can substantially agree upon uniformity of requirements to the satisfaction of the secondary schools tributary to them, why may not one hundred colleges agree? . . . The unanimity of their conclusions presages the possibility of National unity on this same matter, if the movement is fostered and aided by the National Educational Association." In the present posture of affairs there is, therefore, every reason to hope that we shall, in the near future, obtain National uniformity in college entrance requirements, which will in turn prepare the way for a proper correlation of studies on some such plan as that recommended in the report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies appointed at the meeting of the National Educational Association, July 9, 1892. The ultimate unification of the American system of education appears by no means improbable.

Robert Burns

Tuesday of this week was the centennial of the death of Robert Burns. "Don't be afraid," said the poet shortly before his death; "I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present." His most daring ambition could hardly have dreamed of the marvelous fulfillment of that prophecy. Like many other men of genius, Burns had an instinctive consciousness of his gift, and therefore of his fame; but he could hardly have foreseen the peculiar place he would come to hold in the heart of the English-speaking world, or the world-wide fame which was to be his. For he is one of the small group of poets whom the world really loves; that is to say, his name means something and his poetry is something to masses of people who know that Shakespeare was the greatest of English dramatists but who never read him. Indeed, it has been the good fortune of Burns to secure both kinds of reputation—the reputation which rests upon the recognition of pure poetic genius by those who are competent to recognize the presence of that great gift, and that which rests upon the wide acceptance of the mass of uncritical readers. Among the poets Burns ranks as one of the greatest of modern singers; among the people at large he is perhaps the best-loved poet read by the English-speaking races.

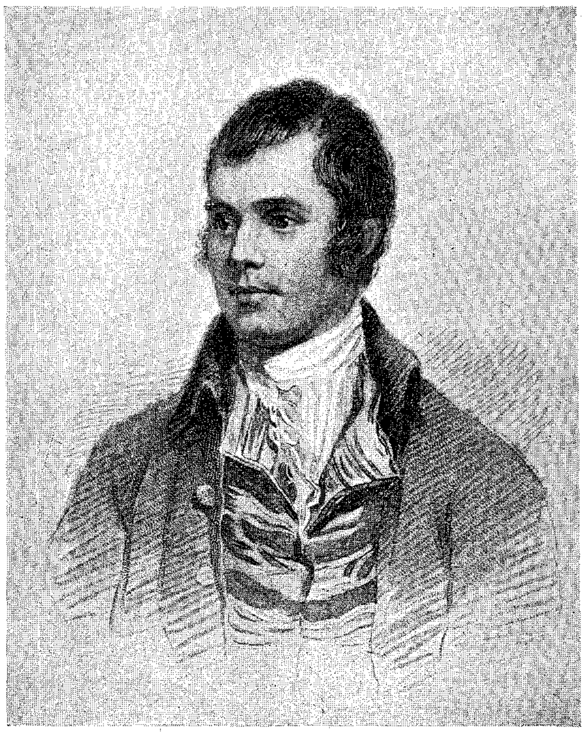
The expansion of this interior and in a sense esoteric reputation into a universal reputation could be achieved only by one whose manner had the magic of the highest art and whose material had the interest of universal experience. It was Burns's supreme good fortune to deal with things which affect the common life in the most perfect manner, to give to the metal which was passing from hand to hand without sign or superscription the stamp of ultimate perfection. The very frailties of his character and the disasters which overtook him have rather deepened the affection of men than alienated it. Of late years there has come a wiser and truer attitude toward those who, like Burns, fail to match the highest aims with the soundest living. No one nowadays attempts to conceal or extenuate the faults of the poet; they stand written in his life with a distinctness which makes futile any attempt to gloss them over. On the other hand, no wise man now attempts to fix the moral responsibility of such a man as Burns. The wise man has learned to leave that question with the only Intelligence in the universe which is in a position to deal with it. It must be said, moreover, that, as time has gone on and the facts have been more carefully ascertained, much of the ill repute which once surrounded Burns has been dissipated. That which remains of vice, affectation, and occasional vulgarity, the world has come to accept as part of one of those confused and tragic stories in which the life-history of great men have so often been written. When such genius as that which Burns possessed and a life so full of obstacle and pathetic experience come before the world for judgment, critics have grown more reverent as they have grown into a deeper knowledge of the range of human passion, of the force of heredity, and of the temptations of temperament. They are ready now to say with Burns,

> "Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
>   Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord—its various tone,
>   Each spring—its various bias:
> Then at the balance let's be mute,
>   We never can adjust it;
> What's *done* we partly may compute,
>   But know not what's *resisted*."

Another erroneous impression about Burns, which has been set right by time, was the once widely held belief that he was utterly without education. The "inspired plowman," untutored and untrained, was supposed to have sung as the bird sings or the flower grows. Those who know anything about the conditions under which strong men come to the mastery of their strength, and men of genius to the possession of their power, know that nothing great is achieved without preparation; that the very artlessness and simplicity through which the heart speaks in entire unconsciousness is won at the end of training and not at the beginning. Every great artist becomes great by the development of the quality which is in him; he does not become great by accident. Burns was not academically educated, but in his own way and for his own work he was one of the best-trained men of his time. He was, in the first place, supremely fortunate in the character of his father—a man of rare dignity, insight, and intelligence, passionate in temper and without commercial skill, but possessed in unusual degree of those aptitudes which in his son passed on into genius. He was fortunate also in his mother, who, like the mother of Goethe, had an insatiable love of stories and songs; who knew the old ballads by heart, and who made them as familiar as household words to her child. The beautiful picture of the father in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," who

> "turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
> The big ha' Bible, ance his father's
>   pride,"

was a lifelike portrait of William Burns. "I have met," said Robert Burns, in speaking of him, "with few men who understood men, their manners, and their ways, equal to him." Burns was fortunate, also, in coming under the care of a teacher who had intelligence enough to discern the boy's gift and knowledge enough to give it wise direction, and in having the intimate acquaintance of an old woman who was a living anthology of country stories and songs, and in whose superstitious mind the world of devils, brownies, witches, kelpies, ghosts, and fairies still existed unblighted by skepticism. He was fortunate, too, in the books to which he had access. These were not many in number, but they were of the fiber and stuff which make poets of impressionable boys. Pope's translation of Homer, "The Spectator," the Plays of Shakespeare, and the collections of English and Scotch songs were the very material on which such an imagination as Burns's ought to browse.


Robert Burns[1]

Burns had, moreover, the keen intelligence of a very powerful intellect. He was not an irresponsible musician, as he has sometimes been called; he was a man of virile and energetic mind, who sang out of a full mind as well as out of a full heart. He knew how to make the most of the materials at hand, and he co-operated with all his opportunities in the work of educating himself. "I have not a doubt," he said, "but the knack, the aptitude to learn the Muse's trade is a gift bestowed by Him who forms the secret bias of the soul, but I as firmly believe that excellence in the profession is the fruit of industry, attention, labor, and pains. At least, I am resolved to try my doctrine by the test of experience." He knew the literature of his own country by heart, in the literal sense of the phrase; he had a considerable and loving acquaintance with the greatest English writers; he read French with ease and pleasure; he had picked up some Latin; but above all he absorbed into his very imagination a great mass of Scotch and English songs, which he pored over, verse by verse, separating the weak phrases from the strong, the tender from the sentimental, the true from the false, and thus learning not only the secrets of his own craft, but the practice of a sound criticism. It was to this education quite as much as to his native gift that Burns owes the great place which he holds to-day.

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There is some difference of opinion between the great host of the readers of Burns and those who endeavor to estimate his poetry with reference to absolute excellence. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" remains one of the domestic idyls of Scotland, and deserves the place which it holds. It is, from every point of view, a beautiful piece of work; and yet it is by no means representative of Burns's genius in its fullest, freest, and most individual expression. That will be found in some of those terrible satires like "The Jolly Beggars," "Holy Willie's Prayer," and "The Holy Fair"—satires which cut to the very heart of the things in Burns's own day which he was attacking, and which have by no means lost their power of shocking both the hypocrite and the sensitive in this day. That genius is seen, however, burning with pure and benignant ray in that group of songs which the English-speaking world knows by heart, "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," "To Mary in Heaven," "John Anderson, My Jo," "Auld Lang Syne," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and "Mary Morison." The writer of these songs will not be forgotten while life has its pathos, its humor, and its tragedy.

The Witness of Character

One of the most significant facts in connection with high development of character is the standard which such an attainment instantly imposes on a community. Every good man and woman brings the community in which he or she lives to judgment by defining a moral and personal standard. Just as Christ brought the whole world to judgment, not only by the truth which he spoke but by the life which he lived, so in lesser degree every noble person brings the world to the bar of judgment. Michael Angelo, pursuing his task with a noble fidelity in an age of corruption, unconsciously imposed a judgment on many of his contemporaries. Dante, preferring exile to the compromise of his convictions, by the greatness of his career and the arduousness of his work, set a standard which was in itself an inexorable judgment upon many of the men and women of his time. It is, therefore, always perilous to associate with superior people, because the moment we know a superior person we greatly enlarge our own responsibilities. Every disclosure of truth, whether in abstract or concrete form, imposes a new responsibility upon those to whom the knowledge is brought home. To live in the intimate relations of the family with a noble character is to bring one's self daily to the judgment bar. Goethe once said that the only protection against great superiorities is love; that is to say, men can free themselves from envy and jealousy and the habit of detraction when they stand in the presence of those who tower over them only by loving that which they recognize is higher than themselves. In like manner one can disarm moral and personal superiority only by emulating it. There is nothing more beautiful than the influence which a noble character exerts in the way of constantly raising the standards of others. It is impossible to live comfortably with an unselfish person unless one also endeavors to be unselfish; and so beautiful character becomes contagious, and, by constantly, although unconsciously, holding up an ideal, transforms those who are brought into association with it.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

Judging from several letters received in connection with The Outlook's Vacation Fund, it is very evident that there is a misconception in regard to Santa Clara. In some letters received during the past week it has been referred to as a Consumptives' Home. Santa Clara is in no sense a Consumptives' Home. Every girl who goes to Santa Clara goes there after examination by an expert, who decides that a two months' residence at Santa Clara may cure the girl, or so far cure her as to enable her to return to her work in safety, with the prospect of a two months' residence in Santa Clara every summer preventing the growth of the disease. The Working-Girls' Vacation Society has not the means to maintain a home for incurables, nor is this the purpose for which it was organized, nor for which it is maintained. The purpose of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society is to keep girls well; to make sick girls well; to give a chance to the girls working under unfavorable conditions—a chance of from two weeks' to two months' residence in the country in the regions best suited to their particular physical needs. Even limiting its work in this way, the demands upon the Vacation Society are so great, and the number of girls who need just what the Vacation Society can do are so numerous, that never yet has it had more than half money enough to meet the demands made upon it. This week to The Outlook alone there have come appeals from six girls, two of them in hospitals; one of them has been in but a week; one of them would have been in bed if it had not been that she did not wish to disturb her mother; and two are kept out of hospitals only by what the Vacation Society can do for them. The Outlook Vacation Fund is devoted to the support of the three houses, Cherry Vale, Elmcote, and Santa Clara, and the paying of railroad expenses.

The needs of this summer are greater than ever before in the history of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society. No one who is not in the city in these months, and in close touch with the working-girls, can know what a vacation means to the girls compelled to live under tenement-house conditions, and on the wages paid to the unskilled worker. This last week a girl was sent away who has been out of work six weeks. During this time the mother has had a few days' work each week to support a family of five. The girl is worn out by anxiety, and ill for lack of nourishing food. Her comment when told she was to go away for two weeks was, "Well, there will be one less to feed at home." That comment shows what life can be at seventeen.

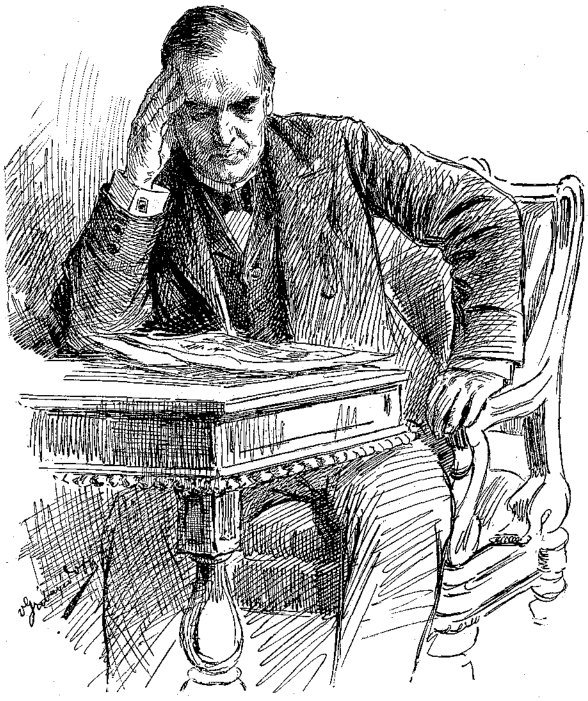
THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged	$2,464 07
M. H. H.	15 00
A Working-Girl	3 00
McClellan	25 00
T. P. W., Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
M. K. J., New York, N. Y	20 00
R. S. Fund	10 00
F. A. H., Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
A. A. R., Springfield, Mass	5 00
C. C., New Jersey	10 00
Mac, Baltimore, Md	2 00
L. E. S. and Friends, Ithaca, N. Y	8 00
S. A. M., North East Harbor, Me	30 00
Clifton, Port Chester, N. Y	25 00
A Friend	1 00
Marblehead	5 00
Faith and Marion Haines	1 00
S. H. W., Brooklyn, N. Y	3 00
From a Friend, Bangor, Me	10 00
V. W. C., Skowhegan, Me	1 75
Clyde Shannon, Nelson Simonson, Walter Douglas, and Edwin, Howard, and Wallace Vandewater	3 25
K. F., Lewistown, Pa	5 00
For Consumptives' Fund	2 00
E. C., Tarrytown, N. Y	1 00
Invalid, Ohio	5 00
A. B. C., Springfield, Mass	5 00
A Friend, Salem, O	2 00
F. B. W., Catskill, N. Y	8 00
Anonymous, Norwich, Vt	2 00
H	1 00
A. K. G., Northampton, Mass.	5 00
Mrs. E. P. M	5 00
E. H. T., Englewood, Ill	1 00
E. F. M., New York	5 00
Anonymous	1 00
J. H. B., Cottage City, Mass	13 00
A Friend, Salem, N. Y	1 00
Dublin, N. H	10 00
Mrs. R. B., Gloucester, Mass	5 00
Widow's Mite, New Haven, Conn	2 00
"Bloomfield"	5 00
Total	$2,736 07

The Presidential Candidates

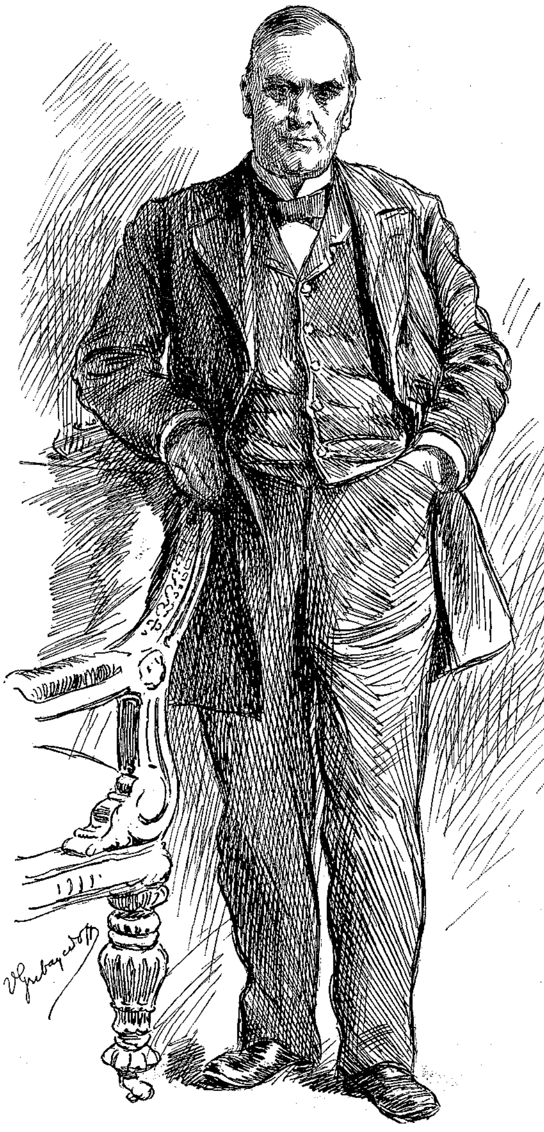
William McKinley

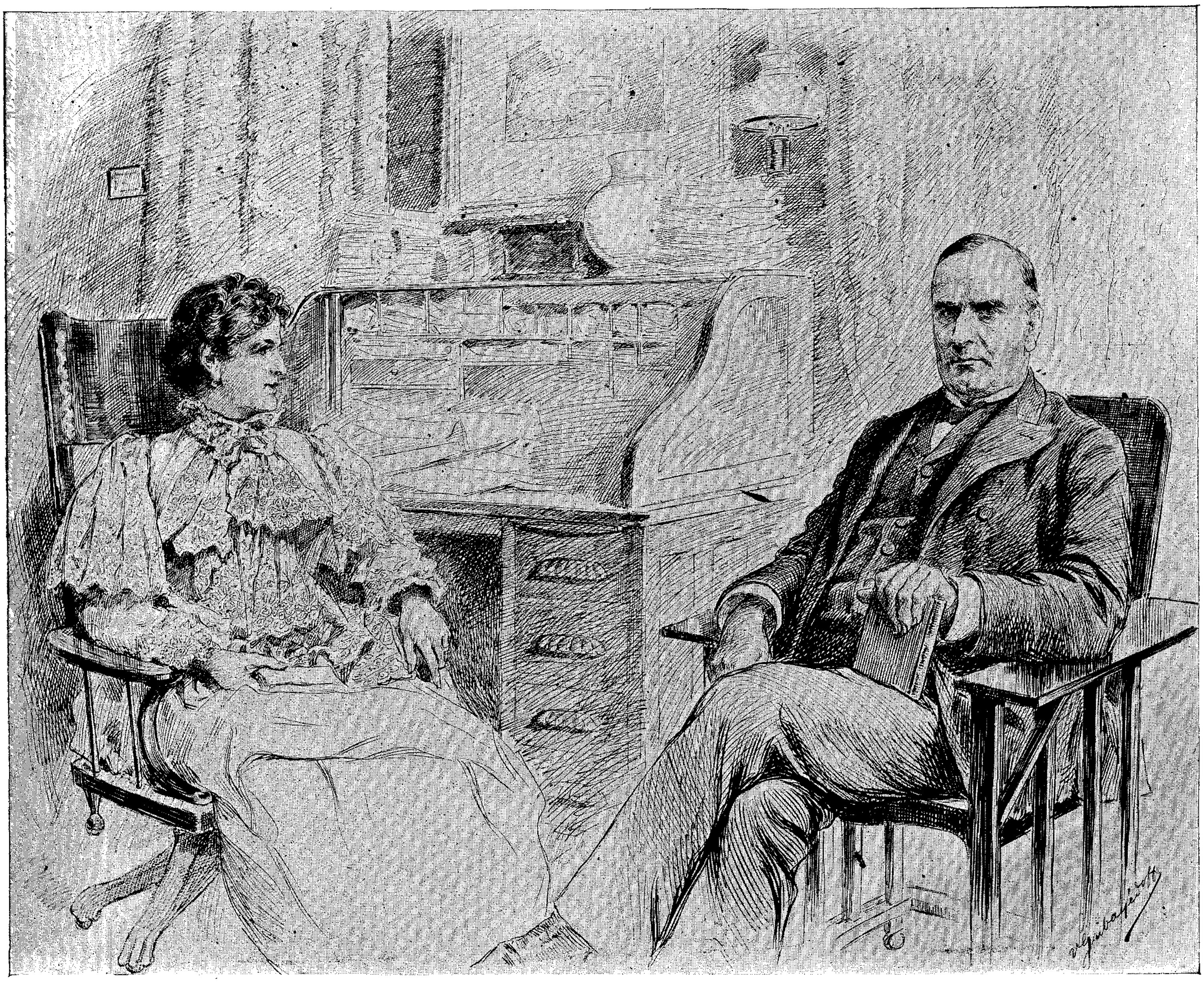
By Murat Halstead



THE platforms prepared under our system of government and custom of political expression, on the approach of elections that decide the fortunes of candidates and the fate of principles, are, as a rule, drawn rather to be attractive to voters than to determine policies. There is that which, in considering the claims of parties or the adaptation of men to meritorious public service, is of moment beyond all phrases of the promise of measures or men—something more profound in affecting public judgment than anything a party can say for itself, or that a candidate's friends can say for him—and that is the character of the party, the character of the man. There is an underlying and an overtopping understanding to this effect, and the people at large know it to be rather of weakness than strength in a candidate to manifest a deferential sentiment toward the platform on which he is alleged to stand. Horace Greeley once found no difficulty in reviling a platform, while he gave hearty support to the candidate. When Chief Justice Chase was thought of as the nominee of the Democratic National Convention assembled in New York in 1868, he was willing to accept the nomination if he could approve the platform; and yet the true test of the candidacy of the Chief Justice, if the Convention had carried out the plan much discussed, would not have been the nature of the platform, but the character of the party naming the candidate, and of the candidate himself. Anything decidedly excellent or otherwise in the party or the candidate, lighting up in confidence or shading in dark distrust, could not have been changed by the language of the resolutions.

Major William McKinley, of Ohio, is the candidate for the Presidency of the Republican party, and he has expressed his regard for the platform, which received unusually close attention and was drawn to be candid with the people; but it is the character of the candidate that imparts to the campaign the glow of life, and it is upon his reputation the country relies more than on any words in the declaration of principles, when the people are thoughtful of the future, and study the influences of the next Administration upon "We, the people of the United States." Major McKinley is a man of most attractive character. He was a bright and serious boy, whose first severe labor and strife were to educate himself. The children in Ohio were, from the days of the pioneers, specially instructed by their parents that, if they would better their condition, they must be educated. Few of them had no other occupation than that of education. Hard work on the farm in summer, and at school in winter, was the fate of the offspring of farmers, but the time of others—of the children of artisans—was not so arbitrarily divided; and perhaps they had greater latitude and were subjected to a larger variety of influences. McKinley's intelligent zeal and incessant effort were manifest in his ability to make an early start in the nearest academy; and he was there interrupted by one of those sharp illnesses that so often strike sturdy boys, and remind them, until they get well, of their limitations—and it is fortunate the lesson is not too well learned in youth. Soon there rolled over the country the sound of the guns that played on Sumter, and the school-boy, McKinley, attended a meeting where there was to be raised a company of volunteers for the war, and, quietly enlisting, became one of the boys in blue. How well I remember, one summer day, by the river at Cincinnati, seeing two steamboats covered with soldiers, and, asking the number of the regiment, made a note that for several reasons became memorable. The answer given was, "It is the one that Hayes and Stanley Matthews are in." The first Colonel of this regiment became General Rosecrans. We knew him in Cincinnati before the war as a West Pointer, who had left the army and invented a coal-oil lamp, an explosion of which, in course of experiment, had burned and scarred one of his hands; and he was remembered as the young lieutenant who, when rioters, upon the visit of Bedini, nuncio of the Pope, to the Archbishop of Cincinnati, threatened the Cathedral, organized and armed a company of defenders. It was the regiment of Rosecrans, Hayes, and Matthews in which William



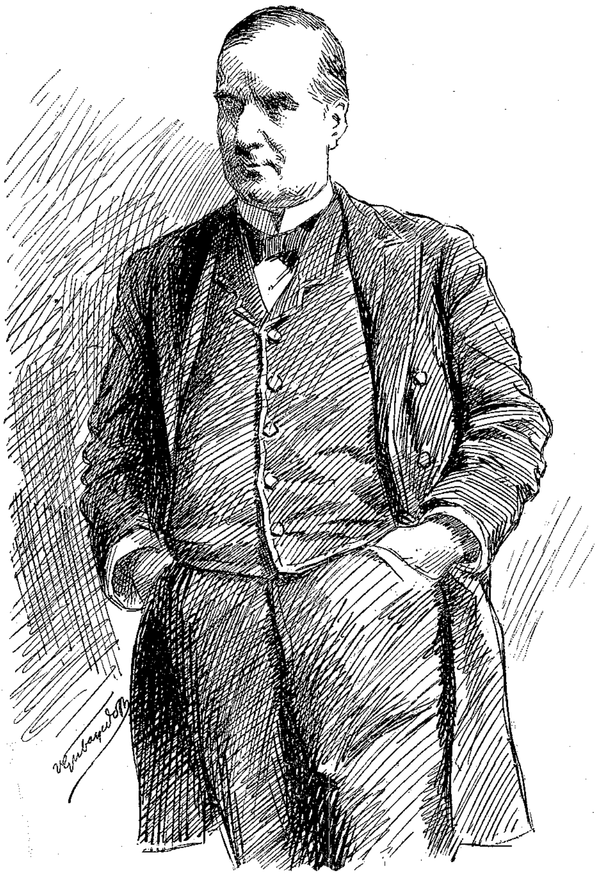


MR. AND MRS. McKINLEY AT HOME

McKinley was a boy soldier; and perhaps I saw his figure in the groups that were massed on the boats, going from the farms and cities of northeastern Ohio to the big war. They were sunburned and bright-eyed and gay, the world and the war all before them, and in Ohio we heard from them often—on the Kanawha, and in the mountains of Virginia, and then in the valley of Virginia by the historic Shenandoah; and at South Mountain and Antietam! It was a hard but glorious school for boys, and its graduates were men—disciplined, trained to confront danger and brave sacrifice, imbued under the flag on stricken fields with National patriotism—taught amid the thunders of battle the high lessons of devotion and the inspiration of glory.

William McKinley passed from boyhood to manhood in the army, and at the end of the war had the reputation of an ideal soldier—won without fear or favor. He had been handsomely promoted with no shadow of influence that he did not earn in the field. His first advance was to the honorable grade of sergeant; then he was lieutenant, and at last major. His qualities of intelligence and faithfulness in the performance of duty, his intrepidity under the gravest circumstances, winning confidence and commanding admiration, throughout his hardy service appeared the characteristics that have distinguished his life, under all conditions and relations, no matter how high or humble has been the environment. The camp was to him a university, and all soldiers were his friends, from the leaders—Sheridan, Crook, and Hayes—to the field and staff officers, and the privates who carried rifles when and where he did, and were on the march and under fire with him. Through all experiences the abiding purity of his life was known and honored by his comrades; and whether galloping on an errand of life and death, a Confederate battery making of him a target for shells until he was hidden and seemed lost in their smoke, or calling for volunteers to drag abandoned guns to safety, or giving the first greeting to the Commander-in-chief at Cedar Creek at the end of the immortal ride "down from Winchester," he was brave and true—one of the noble youth summoned to the fiery front, always the hope of the land, and in time of the dread alarms of warfare the salvation of the country, not alone by the force of arms, but by the grace of the civic virtues. When the combat closed, Major McKinley was an officer and a gentleman, who had builded in his diversified education wiser than he knew, and taken a degree beyond any the colleges could confer, save as a recognition of deeds accomplished that told for the welfare of mankind.

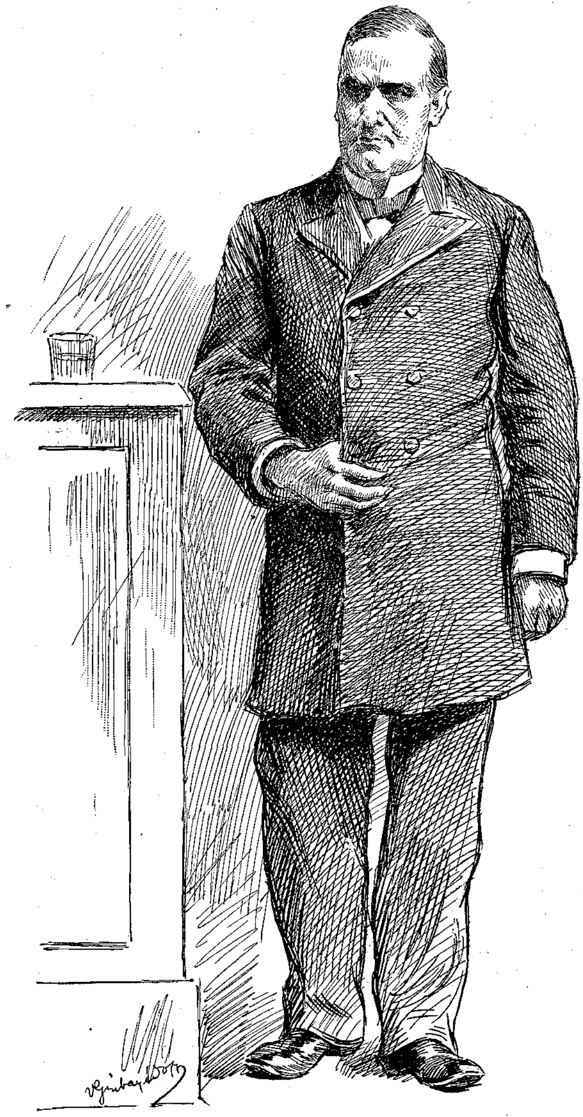
He had witnessed and aided in the making of history, and, instructed in the common schools and the camps, applied himself with disciplined energy to the mastery of his chosen profession—the law; and in his first law case, though he faltered through diffidence, he gained the suit and the regard of an old lawyer, who invited him to a partnership that meant the precious first firm success that assures the young man there is a place for those who fight the good fights of hard work; and that, though the earth goes spinning dizzily, there is solid ground for the feet of the steadfast. The light of public favor now shone upon him. And what wonder? Joined to the charm of his remarkably happy and bright record of patriotic chivalry, there was the attraction of a singularly honest and earnest manliness, and a personal quality that was pleasing in its gentleness and that took on increase of brilliancy. It is well now, as of old, to admonish the young man, "Know

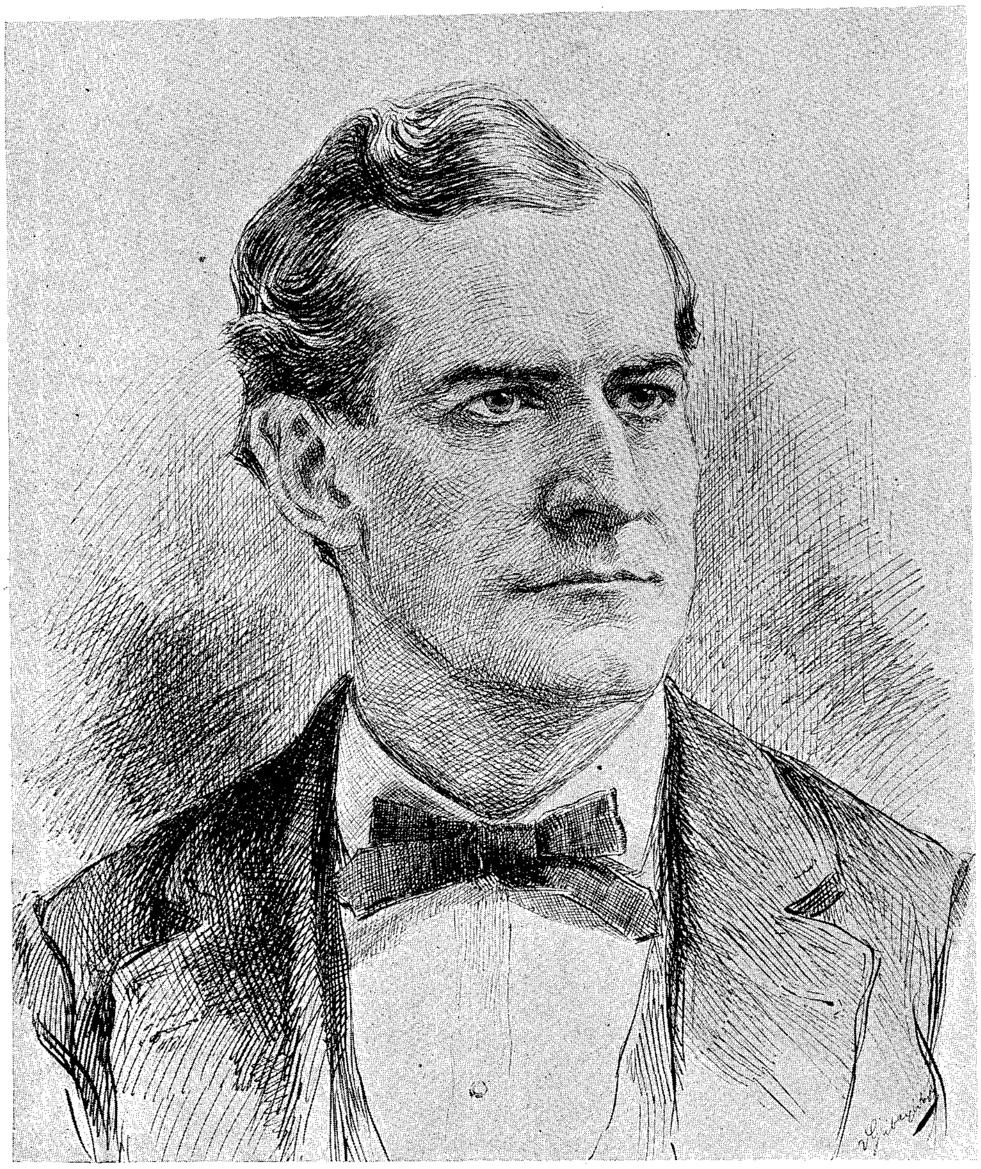


thyself," but self-knowledge does not flash upon the gifted and reveal with a search-light the hidden stores and springs warranting the presumption of uncommon excellence and fame. The men as well as the maidens tarry with "reluctant feet," and have to learn to labor while they wait. McKinley became the prosecuting attorney of his county; and the young man who had carried a rifle for his country, and was proud of his uniform when there was not a strap to show rank, and was commissioned for meritorious conduct and bravery in the field by the good old war Governor Tod, of his State, and wore her sword for the people of the Nation, became the sword of the law. Thus far advanced, strong and prosperous and starlit with hope changing to confidence, the air became fragrant and radiant, and the fair fields and woods of Ohio touched with rarer beauty in the rosy light of love; and the lover became the husband of his beloved, and the world was altogether lovely. Sorrow came with its chastening—the children of the house were called away, but love remained and was holy and grew fonder, and there was yet the divinity of duty. Where there is love the paths of life are not lonesome, and the affection that endures grief and inspires endeavor, sanctifies the ambition that walks with righteousness.

McKinley first saw Washington City when a soldier, ordered there for its defense; and the monument of the Father of the country and the dome of the Capitol were unfinished, and like broken fragments of some vast beneficent conception arrested and shattered. Who shall say what the ardent young soldier dreamed by the Potomac, when Virginia led the war against the Union? When at last there was peace, and the law and love and sorrow informed and elevated and consecrated, there was a glimpse through a tearful atmosphere of a possible larger public life. As a child McKinley absorbed an education that has influenced his manhood to study and grasp the principles of the field of statesmanship that allured him, and where his usefulness was broadened to the National boundaries. He knew, in his early days, how his own parents and brothers and sisters and neighbors were influenced by the prosperity or the inability of the manufacturing industries that are among the resources and celebrities of his State. There are not in New England or in Pennsylvania clusters of cities busy in supplying the American markets with home-made goods that exceed those of Ohio, and the manufactories were, indeed, to McKinley those of home. They were sure enough "home industries." He knew how they were stricken by foreign competition or defended from it by the National arm that was extended to protect them in the first law after independence was real, and how the protected industries were identified with the farms in a common weal or woe; and when, in the natural order of events, he became a Congressman, it is not surprising that he spoke of the tariff, and put into his speeches the inner fire of impressive conviction and the intimacies of personal acquirement that kindled enthusiasm, until the story became one familiar to the Ohio people that the young Congressman made his speeches on protective tariffs intensely interesting, and swept away the mists of prejudice, making all clear, and commanding that we return to the policy of the fathers when the Revolution made the colonies free and independent.

It is in the course of the nature of nations that there shall be evolved in their emergencies men fitted to meet them, as the empowered agents of the people. There is provided by naturalism—we need not invoke the supernatural that so often does not enlighten the obscure—we find in the vital sunshine of the every-day globe we inherit, the qualities, the forces, the aptitudes, the characters, that are the requirements of leadership, in the times of trial for the forms and the spirit of popular government. Each chapter of the life of Major McKinley seems to have been prepared in regular logical course, fitting him for the destiny of exceptional responsibility now close at hand—the last, not least, of the studies in his preparatory course, his terms as Governor of his State; and in it is written, as with a pen of iron on a rock, the resolute stand of a soldier when there was a question of the suppression with the strong hand of the bloody craze for vengeance by lynch-law—a resolution that saved the honor of the State and conferred renown upon the Magistrate. View the character of William McKinley on all sides, and it will be found one that is symmetrical, gracious in its firmness, genial in its gravity; and there is in the history of his life, as in the tones of his voice, the dominating, thrilling note of absolute probity and sincerity.





William Jennings Bryan

By Richard Linthicum

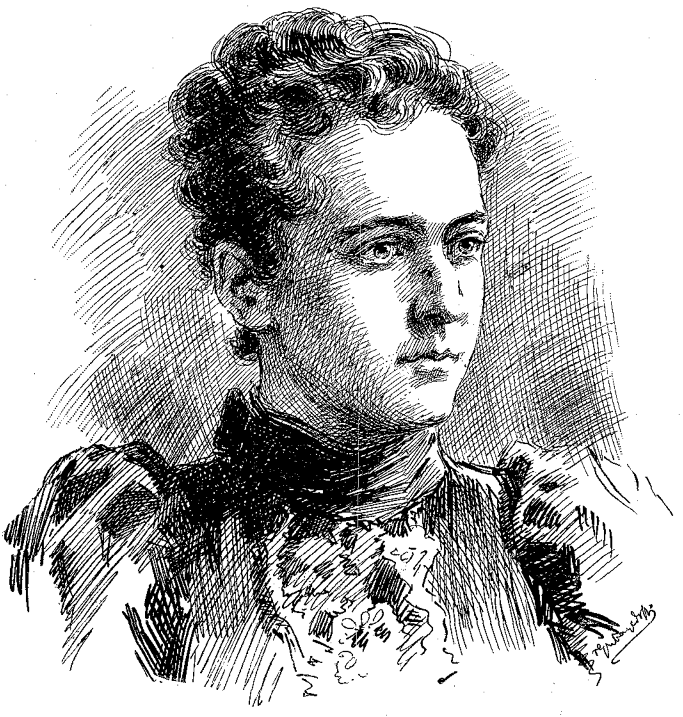
IN personal appearance Mr. Bryan bears a strong resemblance to Samuel J. Randall when the latter was in the prime of life; in profile he most nearly resembles the bas-relief portraits of Cicero. His head is massive, but not too large for his body; his forehead is broad and full; his hair is black as jet, rather coarse, and is allowed to grow to a greater length than fashion dictates. A swarthy Anglican complexion, an aquiline nose, a heavy lower jaw, a square chin, a wide mouth, perfect teeth as white as milk, thin lips, and full dark eyes that are never dull, all tell the physiognomist of a strong character, an iron will, an equable temperament, denoting also intellectuality and fluency of speech.

The sturdy figure of Mr. Bryan is such as can be had only by a man of perfect physical development and having perfect health. In height he is five feet ten inches, and weighs 180 pounds. He dresses plainly but never slovenly. His appearance is rather statesmanlike or judicial than clerical. He is a man of wonderful energy and great physical endurance. His perfect physique he owes to his sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry; his perfect health he owes largely to his excellent habits.

His father, Silas L. Bryan, came from Virginia. He was a Circuit Judge in Illinois from 1860 to 1872. In the latter year he ran for Congress on the Greeley ticket and was defeated.

Mr. Bryan's mother was Maria Elizabeth Jennings, of Marion County, Ill. She died at Salem two weeks previous to her son's nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Bryan's father and mother were both deeply religious, and he inherits their characteristics in this respect. He joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church when he was fourteen years old, and is now a member of the First Presbyterian Church in Lincoln, Neb. This church has been without a regular pastor for nearly a year, but the church organization has been maintained. Mr. Bryan takes an interest in its affairs, and both himself and wife teach classes in the Sunday-school. In morals he is almost a Puritan. He does not use tobacco or liquor in any form, never utters a profane or vulgar word, and has such perfect mastery of himself that no one ever saw him angry. Keenly appreciative of humor, he never indulges in humorous statements except to illustrate a serious fact; in appearance, in word, and in act he is earnest, sincere, and intense.

William Jennings Bryan was born March 19, 1860, in Salem, Ill. His boyhood was passed on a farm near that place. At ten years of age he was sent to the public school in that town and attended it for five years, having previously been tutored by his mother. He then took a two years' academic course at Whipple Academy, and completed his education by a four years' course at Illinois College. During his college life he gave many evidences of forensic ability, taking part in inter-State oratorical contests and being selected as class orator and valedictorian in his graduation year. As a student in the law office of Lyman Trumbull he attended the Union College of Law in Chicago until June, 1883, when he removed to Jacksonville, Ill., and practiced law there for four years. In October, 1887, he located in Lincoln, Neb., and opened a law office with a former classmate, A. R. Talbot. His political career dates from this latter time, although he had participated in local campaigns from the time he attained his majority.



MRS. BRYAN

His public life began six years ago, when he was elected to Congress from the first district of Nebraska, and his career has been a succession of surprises to everybody but himself and his devoted wife. Bryan believes in himself, believes in every measure he advocates and every principle he represents; believes that he is armed with truth and enlisted in a righteous cause, and is, therefore, not surprised when he succeeds nor discouraged when he fails. These characteristics found felicitous expression in one of his recent speeches when he said: "One honest man clad in the armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the hosts that error can bring."

It is not remarkable that the voters in the First Congressional District of Nebraska were surprised when Bryan was first elected to Congress in 1890. The district usually gave 3,400 Republican majority; it gave Bryan 6,713 majority.

His first speech in Congress was a surprise to his fellow-members who heard it and to every citizen who read it. It was on the tariff bill. Members who had started to leave the hall came back to their seats. The galleries, which had been thinned out, were soon filled with attentive listeners; Senators left their side of the Capitol and found audience-room on the floor of the House. The day before the speech Bryan was unknown outside of his district; the day after the speech he had a National reputation as an orator. Everybody was surprised except the man who made the speech. Two years later Bryan's Congressional district was gerrymandered to give a Republican majority of 6,000, but it gave Bryan 140 majority, and every one was surprised again.

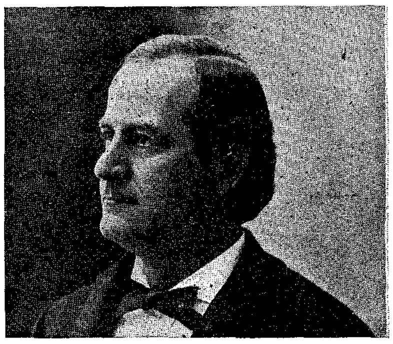
His reputation in Congress was already established when he came back in 1892 as a member of the Fifty-third Congress. He took an active part in framing the tariff bill, and was especially urgent concerning the income tax clause. In the debate on the bill he controlled the time of the Democratic speakers, and was the choice of his colleagues to reply to Bourke Cockran in the debate on the income tax. His first tariff speech was widely circulated as a campaign document, but in this session he eclipsed all his previous efforts by a three hours' speech against the repeal of the Sherman Act, which has been and still is being circulated as a masterpiece of literature on bimetallism. When Bryan took his seat at the conclusion of his speech one of his fellow-members remarked: "There is nothing more to be said on bimetallism; that speech exhausts the subject."

So thoroughly does Mr. Bryan believe in the principles of bimetallism, and in the ratio in which gold and silver have been coined, that he refused to deviate one particle from the position he had taken, or to make a single concession to his opponents. Mr. Bland, who was the recognized leader of the silver forces, undertook to secure a compromise after the ratio of 16 to 1 had been defeated, by offering an amendment declaring for free coinage at the ratio of 17 to 1, of 18 to 1, of 19 to 1, and, at last, of 20 to 1. On the proposition of 16 to 1 Mr. Bryan, of course, voted with him, but on the amendments providing for different ratios he voted with the advocates of repeal. On a question of principle he is as unyielding now as then.

At the close of his second term in Congress he was tendered a renomination, but declined it in order to become a candidate for the United States Senate. He again surprised every one but himself by securing the indorsement of the Democratic and Populist Conventions, but was opposed by a faction in his party which differed from him on the money question as well as the Populist theories which Bryan has espoused. His opponent in this contest was John M. Thurston, and the canvass was a series of brilliant joint debates. The Legislature was Republican, and Mr. Thurston was elected.

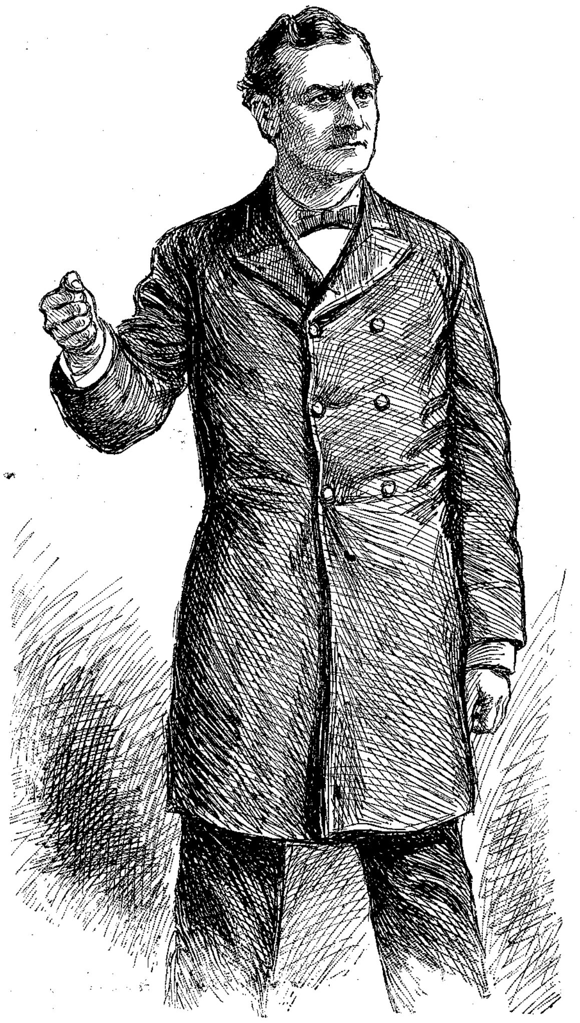
Then came the principal surprise in Mr. Bryan's career up to that time. He made no secret of his aspiration to the Presidency of the United States. Those who knew him least smiled at what they considered presumption; those who knew him best chershed the belief that his nomination was a probability, yet when it came it surprised many of his most ardent supporters The night before his nomination, when the names of candidates were being presented to the Convention, Mr. Bryan sat in his room at a hotel and confidently predicted that the Convention would nominate him on the morrow. When the news came that he had been nominated, his self-command did not desert him. He was calm and cool; he finished a message he had begun to write, and the chirography of the latter part was as clear and firm as the first. A graver expression came over his face, his eyes were bright, but he betrayed no sign of exalted feeling. The message he had begun to write when it was announced that he had been nominated is as follows: "In order that I may have no ambition but to discharge faithfully the duties of the office, I desire to announce that if elected I shall under no circumstances be a candidate for re-election."

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Bryan's name has been for more than a year mentioned in connection with a Presidential nomination, his selection as the party leader in this campaign was due largely to his oration on the adoption of the platform. This platform is almost identical with the one on which he made his canvass for the United States Senate against John M. Thurston. As an orator Bryan is thoroughly equipped. He developed a talent for oratory when a boy, and has improved every opportunity to display it. His handsome face, sturdy frame, and unstudied grace of movement and gesture put him at once on good terms with an audience. His voice is mellifluous and deep-toned; his manner is earnest, but never excited. In his most impassioned utterances he never conveys the impression of irresponsibility, but rather gives the idea of merely emphasizing the words of one who has thought clearly and has depth of feeling. He does not speak extemporaneously upon subjects of importance; he has said that he would as soon think of plunging wingless into an abyss.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN
From a recent Photograph

Of the now famous speech before the Chicago Convention Mr. Henry George wrote: "With his first words there began a scene which I think must be without parallel,



not merely in the history of American conventions, but in the history of the world; a display of the power of well-chosen speech to move and stir great masses of men that can hardly before have had its equal. All that the imagination pictures of Demosthenes and Cicero, all that we have heard of the great orators of the English tongue, was realized to-day in a vaster audience than any orator of by-gone days could possibly have addressed. . . . When he began to speak, his clear, penetrating, exquisitely modulated tones soon compelled an attention that deepened as he proceeded to put in well-chosen words the thoughts which were in the breasts of a majority—their earnest demand, their defiant purpose. The man had come for whom such a hall and such an audience seemed the most fitting place and garniture."

Bryan knows the classics and has them at his tongue's end; he is grounded in knowledge, and has a marvelous memory. His English is plain and terse; he never strains after ponderous words or sounding phrases. He has a faculty of saying things that a person easily remembers. Since his nomination people have remarked a coincidence between his career and that of Lincoln. Bryan is and Lincoln was a Radical, but both have been conservative in act and kindly in expression. Both served terms in Congress. Both were candidates for the United States Senate, engaged in joint debates with their respective opponents, and both were defeated. Two years after his defeat by Douglas, Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency; two years after his defeat by Thurston, Bryan has been similarly honored.

Mr. Bryan is a poor man. Since his campaign for the Senate he has been the editor and one of the proprietors of the Omaha (Nebraska) "World-Herald." In addition to his editorial duties he has given much time to the cause of bimetallism, having been in demand as a speaker at silver meetings and political gatherings. He has recently spoken in almost every Southern and Western state. One of his most notable efforts in this particular was his reply to Secretary Carlisle's Kentucky speech, made in the same town where the Secretary advocated a gold standard. He was one of the signers of the address in behalf of silver issued March 4, 1895, declaring the money issue to be the paramount one of this campaign, and urging a union of all the silver forces.

Mr. Bryan was married October 1, 1884, to Mary Baird, of Perry, Ill. Mrs. Bryan attended the "female department" of the Academy at Jacksonville, where Mr. Bryan was a scholar. She graduated the same week as he, and, like himself, was class valedictorian. She studied law and was admitted to the bar, but has never practiced. She has a taste for literature and is fond of politics. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan have three children—Ruth, ten years old; William J., Jr., seven; and George, five. They have a comfortable home in Lincoln, Neb. They rarely go out into society, though both are of sociable temperament. Mrs. Bryan is her husband's junior by two years. She is below the medium height, with dark eyes, a pleasant face, and without affectation in manners. There never were more representative types of rugged American manhood and simple, unaffected American womanhood than William J. Bryan and his wife, when they stood side by side, plainly clad, and received the congratulations of the masses on the day following Mr. Bryan's nomination. The reception was without ceremony or ostentatious display. The gathering was in every sense democratic, and the candidate and his wife looked an ideal, self-made independent American couple.

Some personal recollections and incidents relating to Mr. Bryan have lately been given to the public by Mr. A. R. Talbot, Mr. Bryan's law partner in Lincoln, and himself a strong Republican. I may quote from these to throw a stronger light on the Democratic candidate's personality. Mr. Talbot says:

> Will Bryan and I were classmates in the Union Law College in Chicago. We entered the College the same day, in 1881, and we left it together. We usually occupied adjoining seats, and during two years we were the closest of chums. I first met him the year before in Galesburg, at an oratorical contest. He represented Illinois College in the contest, and took second prize. I don't remember his subject now, but he made a deep impression. Even then he had a considerable reputation as a public speaker. He had, while attending college, stumped the State of Illinois for W. M. Springer, with whom Bryan was always on the most intimate and friendly terms. Will was known as a ready, witty talker, and he was much in demand. His utterances were usually carefully prepared in advance, and were always polished and graceful. While we were attending the law college he delivered an address on Abraham Lincoln that was very generally commented on. I worked in one law office and Will in another—Lyman Trumbull's, by the way—for $5 per week. We paid all of our expenses out of that.
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> All the time he was in law college Will gave a great deal of consideration and study to questions of government. He read up thoroughly on constitutional law, and he was early impressed with the idea that the people were being unjustly burdened by monopolies. He maintained even then that the menace of the country was the encroachment of wealth on the rights of the common people, and he thought there was serious trouble ahead for the country. He was a strong Democrat, and he came honestly by his Democracy, for his father, Silas Bryan, was one of the stanchest Democrats in Illinois. And, by the way, his father was a character. He was a politician, but at the same time he was known as a religious enthusiast. He was a great man to pray. He would pray at any time or in any place. You never could tell when Silas Bryan was going to break out in prayer. He served in the Legislature, and he invariably dropped to his knees and offered up a silent prayer before he addressed the Chair, and often during the proceedings he would get down on his knees for a few moments of prayer. Then he was made a Circuit Judge, and he continued his praying. Will Bryan is quite as religious as was his father, only he is less demonstrative.
>
> Bryan is an upright, conscientious, Christian man. I have never known a finer character. I am positive that he went into politics with no selfish motives. He is thoroughly convinced that the country is beset with conditions that call for the highest patriotism, the noblest endeavor, and he regards it his duty to help right what he says are the wrongs of the people.
>
> Two years ago a gentleman from New York sat in Bryan's private office there trying to get him to make a contract to deliver fifty lectures at $100 a lecture. Bryan was poor then, as he is poor now, and I urged him to accept the offer. But he would hardly listen to the man. He said he would not speak for money. He was not in politics for himself, but for the people, and he did not expect to make anything for himself. He said he would not take anything but his expenses. "Why," he remarked, "it is necessary that those who can should give their lives to the work of emancipating the people. Somebody has got to do this, and I have made up my mind to enter into it heart and soul, but not for my own benefit." He didn't sign the contract.

Harriet Beecher Stowe[1]

A Sketch

By John R. Howard

MRS. STOWE IN 1868

From a Photograph in the possession of Mr. J. R. Howard

"Is there not a fault in this word *dead?*" writes Mrs. Stowe to a friend. "Have we not heathenized it? 'Passed to the higher life' is what we should say." And surely it is not grievous, but joyous, when so pure and serenely strong a spirit as hers is freed from the trammels of the body.

In 1817 the second Mrs. Lyman Beecher, describing in a letter the family into which she had come, with a graphic touch upon each of the children of Roxanna Foote, says: "Harriet and Henry come next, and they are always hand in hand. They are as lovely children as I ever saw—amiable, affectionate, and very bright." And through their long, earnest, potent lives these two continued in close heart-sympathy, without a shadow of misunderstanding or a break of constant love. It is a comfort to think that again they may be walking "hand in hand."

Widely different in physique, they were not unlike in many elements of character and mind, while in a certain sweet, unassuming simplicity, in quick and sustained generosity, in a keen sense of humor, in occasional moods of withdrawal from persons and things about them, and above all in a controlling instinct to live and labor amid "the things of the spirit," they were strikingly similar.

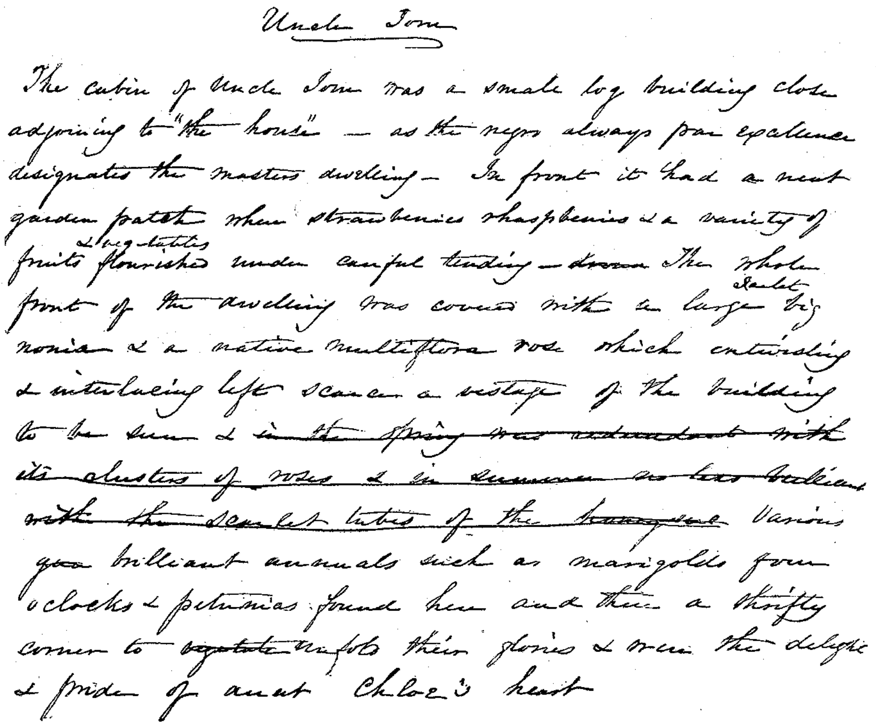
Mrs. Stowe's face, like those of all her mother's children, showed the delicate refinement of the Foote mask, overlaid by the stronger and more sanguine Beecher integument. Her curling, crispy hair, more or less freeing itself from the velvet bands with which she was accustomed to confine it, gave an informal grace to her head. Her eyes, whether twinkling with merriment or subdued to thoughtfulness, were always kind and pleasant. Her slender frame, with something of the "scholar's stoop" of the shoulders (although so faithful a mother and housekeeper might claim other reasons besides study, for that), was neatly but not stylishly dressed. Her manner was ever self-possessed, gentle, considerate; without the graces of one habituated to society, she was most evidently a gentlewoman, born and bred.

The sturdy English Beecher stock, infused with the poetic Welsh sensibility of the Wards, and combined with the refinement of the old Connecticut Foote family, found its highest fruition in Harriet and Henry Ward, whose natures were so richly and variously gifted. The home atmosphere in Dr. Beecher's Litchfield household, and afterwards in Boston, was pre-eminently religious and theological, with such incessant exercise in intellectual discussion that the children—particularly the younger ones—without much direct school training, grew up instinctively absorbing from their elders a familiarity with all the more serious questions of the day, which no amount of pedagogy could have drilled into them. Yet Harriet's schooling began at five years of age; and long before she was put at the task of writing compositions, the facility of unconscious absorption gave her the benefit of the master's discussion with the older scholars in history, rhetoric, moral philosophy, etc., so that her native powers of thought and of expression were very early available. Her avidity in reading was another marked characteristic; and the quick, appreciative spirit was at an unusually early period receiving its stores for future use. The fact that she found nutriment in such *un*juvenile authors as Paley, Bishop Butler, Bishop Heber, Richard Baxter, and Cotton Mather in her father's library, at once indicates and accounts for the strength of her mental fiber and moral sense, while the poetic fancy was bewitched with the "Arabian Nights" and "Don Quixote," and with the Byron and Scott that Dr. Beecher gave to his children and read with them. Some years at the school of her elder sister Catharine, in Hartford, had rapidly developed the sensitive, eager little woman, for from dreaming and writing poetry she was turned to Latin and arithmetic, Butler's "Analogy," French and Italian.

On her return home, at about the age of seventeen, she passed through the severe ordeal so well described as "experiencing religion"—a discouraging doctrinal process, which, only after four years of exhausting argument, and counsel from her wise brother Edward and her liberal-souled sister Catharine, she finally reduced to the simple principles of love and trust, in which her whole after life was passed. Affectionate, unselfish, profoundly religious by nature, sensitive, poetical, with more than a touch of the mystical in her spiritual aspirations, she had found in Christ the influence which was to move and guide her, and which, through all the bitter and joyful experiences of a long, varied, and notable life, was indeed the heart of it. It is not possible to understand this woman without comprehending how absolutely the love of Christ possessed and inspired her.

Of course the present brief sketch cannot even outline Mrs. Stowe's life, or depict her character; it will but try to recall with affectionate remembrance some of her traits and ways.

The faculty of unconscious absorption, which has been mentioned as marking her school days, was always of great value to her. When, in 1832, Dr. Beecher went to the



Uncle Tom

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building close adjoining to "the house" — as the negro always par excellence designates the masters dwelling — In front it had a neat garden patch where strawberries raspberries & a variety of fruits & vegetables flourished under careful tending — ~~down~~ The whole front of the dwelling was covered with a large scarlet bignonia & a native multiflora rose which entwisting & interlacing left scarce a vestige of the building to be seen & ~~in the spring was redundant with its clusters of roses & in summer no less brilliant with the scarlet tubes of the honeysuckle~~ Various ~~gay~~ brilliant annuals such as marigolds four o'clocks & petunias found here and there a thrifty corner to ~~vegetate~~ unfold their glories & were the delight & pride of aunt Chloe's heart

FACSIMILE OF THE "UNCLE TOM" MS.

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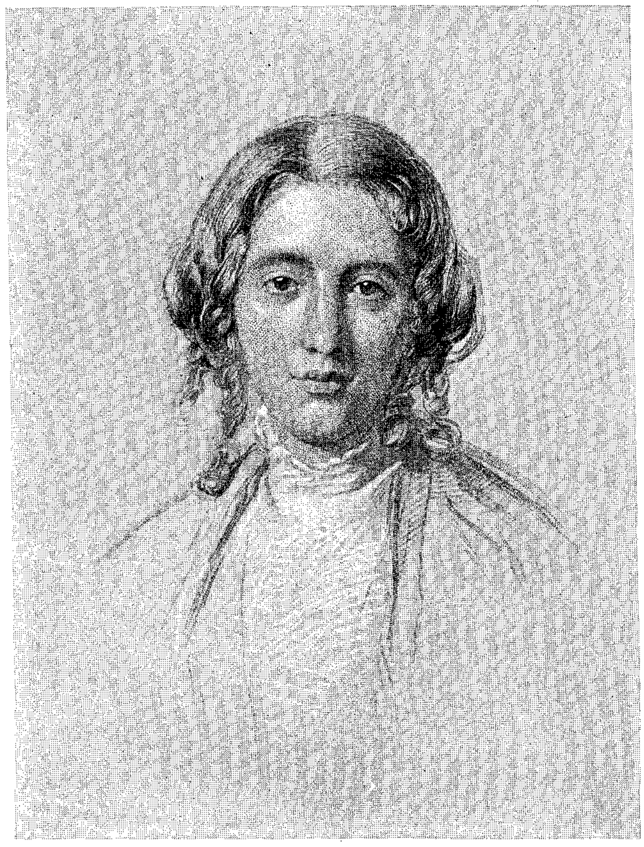
[1] Of the illustrations accompanying this article, the Richmond portrait, the portraits of Mrs. Stowe's father and mother, and the pictures of the homes in Andover, Litchfield, and Mandarin, are reproduced, by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., from the "Life of Mrs. Stowe" by her son, Charles E. Stowe.

presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, in Cincinnati, Miss Catharine accompanied the family to establish the Western Female Institute, and Harriet was (as she had been in Hartford for a while) her chief assistant. In the Life of Mrs. Stowe by her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, is related the incident of her visiting Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati, in 1833, and going to see "an estate that afterward figured as that of Colonel Shelby in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" The lady who was with her at the time said afterward: "Harriet did not seem to notice anything in particular that happened, but sat most of the time as though abstracted in thought. When the negroes did funny things and cut up capers, she did not seem to pay the slightest attention to them. Afterwards, however, in reading 'Uncle Tom,' I recognized scene after scene of that visit portrayed with the most minute fidelity." And yet a letter that she wrote at that time to a friend contained not a word about plantations or slavery, but was altogether given up to education and their new college.

Mrs. Stowe's absorptive faculty, indeed, never failed her. How many times, in friendly circles, she would seemingly drop out of the conversation and be intent on her thoughts—perhaps, if in her own home, or in some familiar haunt, with a book or with writing, or merely in a "brown study"—when suddenly she would rouse, join in the talk, and show a complete knowledge of what had been going on. Never seemingly on the alert; going about, in doors or out, much of the time, in dreamy mood; often appearing utterly indifferent to scenes or sounds without her, in some mysterious way she would be aware of it all, and often astonish her companions with remarks on matters that had escaped those who thought themselves wider awake than she.



H. B. Stowe

(1841)

From a Pastel by Richmond

Her susceptibility to Nature in all its manifestations was an unending delight to her life, and an enrichment of her imagination. Her love of flowers and all vegetal growth, and her intimate knowledge of that whole realm, were evident in the blooming beauty and verdure that embowered her successive homes, and illuminate the pages of every book she ever wrote—from the trailing vines and ferns and scarlet poppies and golden oranges of "Agnes of Sorrento" to the docks and dandelions of Sam Lawson's huckleberry pasture. And her inherited artistic taste and small advantages of instruction in drawing when a girl gave her a facility with pencil and brush which she persistently improved, and which has preserved many a picturesque bit of natural beauty.

Nor were her affinities confined to inanimate Nature. The flies, the bees, the birds, the dogs (her especial pets and familiar companions), the cats, the denizens of the barnyard, the deacon's bony nag and the village race-horse, the majestic Italian buffalo and the belligerent ram that butted over the tithing-man and caused Dr. Lothrop's "Laughin' in Meetin'"—these and many more she knew and loved and made to live afresh in her vivacious pages.

As to children—read "Little Pussy Willow," "A Dog's Mission," and "Queer Little People"—the stories of animals and pets for little folks' enjoyment and unconscious leading towards the beautiful and the generous; remember the exquisite loveliness of Eva and the mischievous pranks of Topsy; recall the witchery and grace of the little Presbyterian girl turned Episcopalian, in "Poganuc People;" stroll again along the rugged, sea-dashed rocks of Orr's Island with Mara, the pretty "Pearl" of that rough retreat; see how this sympathetic soul appreciated boy-nature in Mara's little friend, misnamed Moses—the friendless Spanish waif thrown on that Puritan coast—and in Mary's lover, Jim, of "The Minister's Wooing" (the most artistic and complete of all her books), and—but the list is too long: re-read, and be assured that her mother-heart embraced all that is beautiful, perplexing, interesting, annoying, comical, and, alas! tragical, that boy life and girl life have for mothers to know.

In a dainty little book entitled "Under the Old Elms," Mrs. Mary B. Claflin, the widow of ex-Governor William Claflin, of Massachusetts (who has recently herself passed away), has told many interesting things of the well-known visitors who often sojourned with them in that lovely old home in Newtonville. Among these are some pleasant memories of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Beecher. One incident concerned Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Whittier, who "were congenial spirits, and their favorite amusement when they chanced to be together at 'The Old Elms' was telling ghost stories. . . . These days will live in the memory of all who were fortunate enough to hear from their lips stories of tappings and ghostly visitations, and of music from the spirit land. Mr. Whittier would smite his knee, as was his custom when anything pleased him, and Mrs. Stowe's merry laugh would echo through the house."

This recalls a lovely winter spent in Italy (1859–60), when Mrs. Stowe, with two of her daughters and her son, and Mr. Beecher's daughter, passed two months in Florence, one in Rome and one in wandering along the shores of southern Italy, in company with a number of Brooklyn friends—two separate parties, but in close daily companionship. In Rome Mrs. Stowe had Wednesday evening receptions; and it occasionally happened that, after the generality of guests had departed, a few would remain. Then conversation ran into free and friendly talk, with quip and jest and repartee, and when it turned into the channel of story-telling the fun waxed high. One evening, besides the neighbor-group and a few young American students who had run down from German universities for a visit with home friends, there were present Charlotte Cushman, Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, Robert Browning (whose gifted wife was a dear friend of Mrs. Stowe, but whose health precluded her from social enjoyments), and that prince of publishers and genius of *raconteurs*, James T. Fields, with his charming wife. The stories came from all quarters of earth and sea and sky, and, seated in the midst, Mrs. Stowe, with twinkling eyes and provocative quietude, was one of the most apt in capping story with story, while her glee at a good point scored—whether her own or another's—was delightful to see and most infectious. The laughter was almost continuous; it was like a sparkling, roaring bonfire, interrupted only for the brief throwing on of new fuel in the shape of a fresh story, and then flaming up again. It would be hard to imagine a merrier group.

Mrs. Stowe's *vis comica* was like that of her brother

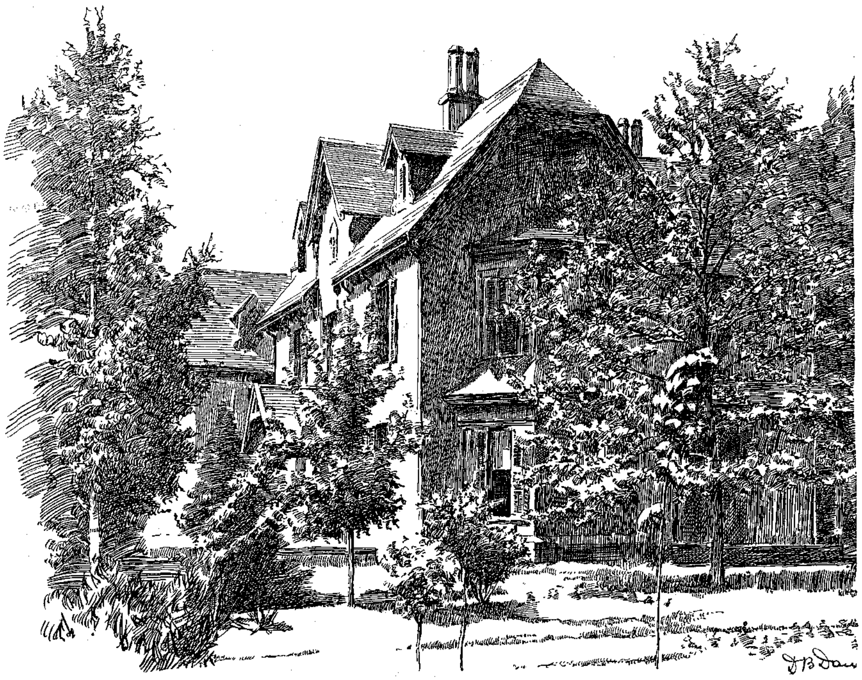
Henry, and, indeed, like that of Abraham Lincoln, not only a lubricator amid the grinding machinery of life, and a solace in times of depression and discouragement, but a brightener of all seasons for those around and a powerful weapon in discussion, when a quick-turned jest would flash an argument and penetrate where logic could find no entrance. Her books are full of it, and it is one of the essential charms of her graceful, attractive style.

MRS. STOWE'S HOME AT MANDARIN, FLORIDA

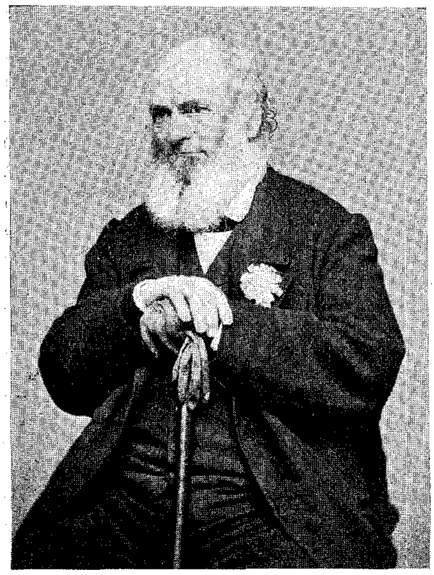
An always noticeable thing about Mrs. Stowe was her serenity. A favorite quotation of hers was, "He that believeth shall not make haste," and to one who saw her frequently it would seem impossible (at least within the last twenty years) that she could be moved to agitation or profound emotion. And yet this was she who saw and recorded those tremendous scenes of tragedy in "Uncle Tom," who recalled the thunderous threatenings and denunciations of "Dred," who depicted the agonies of hopeless love in Padre Francesco of the "Agnes," who revealed the bitter misery of mother-love over a lost boy in "The Minister's Wooing," and who in almost every one of her books showed how

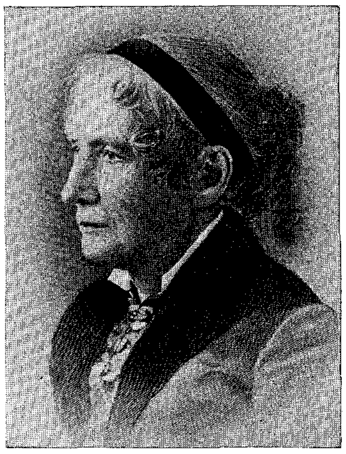
> Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
> Thrill the deepest tones of woe.

Her soul was sensitive to every wind of heaven and of earth, and yet, amid sorrows and sufferings, excitements and struggles of many kinds, the prevailing temper of her spirit was serenity.


MRS. STOWE'S HARTFORD RESIDENCE

She first came into the Brooklyn circle of her brother Henry's friends in the spring of 1850, two or three years after the founding of Plymouth Church, Dr. Stowe's family being on their way to Brunswick, Maine, where he had accepted a professorship in Bowdoin College. It was the year when the country was deeply moved over the slavery question; when Daniel Webster slew his own fame in the "Seventh of March Speech," favoring the luckless bargain proposed by Henry Clay, "the Great Compromiser," by which California was to be admitted as a free State in exchange for the Fugitive Slave Law. And this outrageous law, which not only gave Southern slave-owners the right to pursue and recapture their escaped slaves in free States, but made it the duty of the free citizens of those States to assist in the hunting of men, women, and children, was the beginning of the end. It brought the horrors of actual slave-catching into the consciousness of Northern people; it aroused the dulled Northern conscience and the sluggish Northern temper. The distresses of hunted fugitives, the breaking up of families that for ten and twenty years had been living useful lives of freedom, and forcing their members to scatter and flee or to be carried back to slavery, often torn, wounded, and bleeding—all this, with memories of hunted slaves along the Kentucky and Ohio border line, so passionately moved the spirit of this woman that she burned to do something in aid of the poor sufferers. Her pillow, nightly wet with tears of pity, gave her no repose; and amid the cares and trials of making a new home in a strange place, with four little children to care for (one a baby in arms), and all the petty details of household life about her, she "was in the Spirit," and the Voice said also to her, "What thou seest, write!"

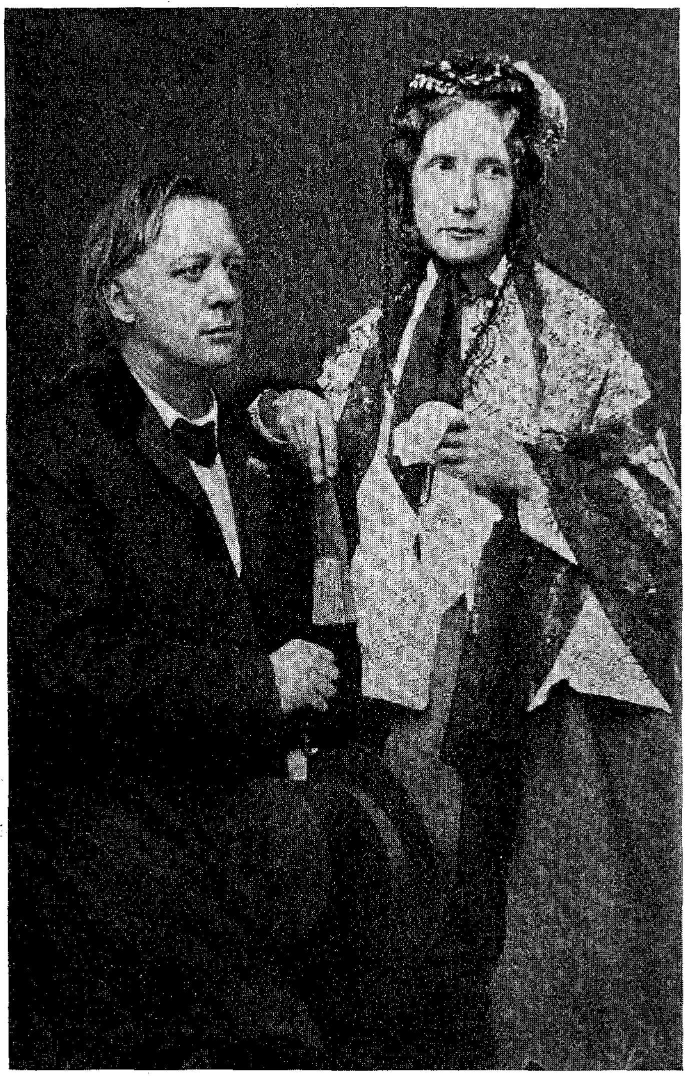

DR. CALVIN E. STOWE
(1868)
From a Photograph in the possession of Mr. J. R. Howard


MRS. STOWE IN LATER LIFE

The world knows the story of the wonderful book—how it aroused the North, England, the civilized world, to the possible horrors of American slavery, "made the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law an impossibility," and stirred tens of thousands of growing youth and stalwart men to such depths that Kansas, Frémont and the Republican party, John Brown, Abraham Lincoln, and Emancipation followed in quick succession. Not that the book did it all, but that it was the solvent of genius that precipitated the gathering Anti-Slavery sentiment and made it visible, ponderable, effective, there is no doubt.

Take one instance of thousands. At the celebration of Mrs. Stowe's seventieth birthday at "The Old Elms," under the auspices of her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., June 12, 1882, when Whittier, Holmes, and others of note graced the occasion, among the gathered guests was Judge Albion W. Tourgée, the author of that powerful picture of the South and the negro after the war, "A

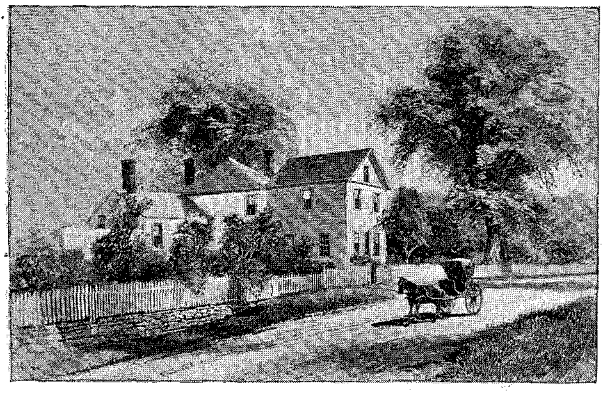
Fool's Errand." On being invited to speak, he addressed Mrs. Stowe as his mother; told how the reading of "Uncle Tom" when he was a mere lad stirred in him such a rage at the wrong and enthusiasm to see it righted that it seemed to change him from boy to man; so that when the war came, with this still burning in him, he broke away from college and entered the army at the very first call. It had shaped his whole life, filling it with zeal for a sacred cause. The sight of this strong man in tears of gratitude and reverence, and of the modest little lady looking up at him with childlike unconsciousness and surprise as she put her hands into his, stretched out to her at the close, was very touching and impressive. Doubtless all of Tourgée's Southern books came from this early impulse, and they have done potent work in the cause of the lowly; yet doubtless, too, there were innumerable other hearts and heads, and helpful lives, inspired by that labor of love. Its effects were incalculable, and, so long as the world thinks, Mrs. Stowe will live as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and as one of the greatest forces of her generation.



MRS. STOWE AND MR. BEECHER

From a Photograph by Gurney, New York, owned by Mr. Davis Garber, and reproduced with his permission

The element of justice was very strong in Mrs. Stowe's character; so that, while the world was startled by the hideous pictures of slavery under cruel masters, the gentler side of the picture was no less faithfully given, although, at the time, it made but little impression. So keen an observer as Joel Chandler Harris, of the Atlanta (Georgia) "Constitution," in his introduction to the first of his fascinating "Uncle Remus" books (new edition), says: "Mrs. Stowe . . . attacked the possibilities of slavery with all the eloquence of genius; but the same genius painted the portrait of the Southern slave-owner, and defended him." The kindly Colonel Shelby and his tender-hearted wife, and the careless but generous St. Clare with his arguments about slavery to his Vermont aunt, are quite as notable, if not as powerful, as the plantation horrors of Legree.

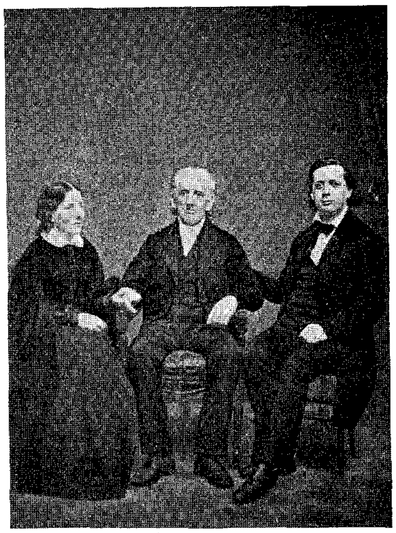


MRS. STOWE'S BIRTHPLACE, LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT

Yet it is the woman herself that we are now interested in, and the simplicity and naturalness of her character appeared in nothing so remarkably as amid the tumult of applause and adulation that arose with the unexampled instantaneity and wide extent of the circulation of her book. Writing from Brunswick, in July, 1852, to one of the Brooklyn friends, after some bright chat about family matters, she continues:

> Do you want to hear of my European correspondence? Well, then: *Imprimis*, a note, edged with black, sealed with the royal arms of England, states succinctly that "Colonel Grey has been commanded by His Royal Highness Prince Albert to acknowledge the receipt of Mrs. Stowe's letter, dated the 30th of March, and to thank her for the copy of the work that attended it." It is dated Buckingham Palace. Think of that! The very note smells of palaces. One fancies Colonel Grey seated amid Titians and Correggios, carving, gilding, and what not. Think what Colonel Grey's eyes must have rested on only a moment before and a moment after! Think of the wonderful fact that Royal Highness actually for as much as five minutes was made conscious of the existence of your most obedient! Truly, what am I, and what is my father's house!!
>
> Then, nextly, is a note, neat, terse, and dignified, from Macaulay, saying that he had read my work, "he could not say with pleasure—for no work on such a subject could give pleasure—but with respect both for the talent and benevolence of the author."
>
> Then comes a letter of four pages—frank, able, and very cordial—from the Earl of Carlisle. Yesterday a very warm-hearted, cordial note from Dickens. I got also four very precious lines from Kossuth—*worth in my eyes the letters of a dozen kings.*
>
> Well, how do you feel now? Will this do? . . .
>
> Tell Eunice [Mrs. H. W. Beecher] I *don't* feel proud because my baby has teeth before hers. I think just as much of her as if it hadn't happened.

When, in the following year (1853), Mrs. Stowe went, with her husband and her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher, to England, and was herself received into the "palaces" of which she had written half in awe and half in fun, her sweet simplicity of manner and genuine modesty won all hearts. She was never a bit "spoiled" by all her honors, but went her way, giving and receiving kindness on every hand. That same faculty of noting little things as well as great, however, gave her Yankee keenness many morsels of private enjoyment. She once told the friend to whom



DR. LYMAN BEECHER

MRS. STOWE HENRY WARD BEECHER

(About 1861)

From a Photograph in the possession of Mr. J. R. Howard the above letter was written that, during a reception at the Duchess of Sutherland's, she was intensely amused at hearing one *grande dame* say to another, "It's fortunate she's so quiet"—as if they had expected to see some great, bouncing, "impossible" woman in the celebrated authoress whom they must treat politely.

The readers of The Outlook owe much to Mrs. Stowe for her generous aid and untiring labor during the early years of "The Christian Union." Her pen, her influence, her counsel, her suggestions, were faithful and effective for making its prompt successes. But to enter upon that would open up too many matters of interest, and we must find an end.

It would be easy to fill pages of The Outlook with illustrations of the peculiar moods, the charming traits, the really lovely characteristics of this delightfully human but truly saintly woman. Yet, when all is said, the source and all-permeating influence of her life was Christian love—love to Christ and perfect trust in the divine goodness, amid all the trials and distresses of earth, of which she had to bear many of the hardest and most grievous, and love to all of God's children, towards whom her heart went out in incessant affection and benefaction. One of the men who were her brother Henry's earliest friends in Brooklyn, and one whose friendship was close and faithful to the end, had become also a well-beloved friend of hers. He was visiting her at the Old Stone Cabin in Andover, and one afternoon she told him that she often arose in the morning at half-past four and went out to enjoy the birds and the dawn, and she challenged him to join her. The next morning they went out, and in that rare, sweet atmosphere they talked, and were silent, together. And she read to him some verses which she had written at such an hour. Since then they have been read and sung by many, to whom they have brought the very peace of Christ. No more appropriate close could be found for these fugitive memories than one or two of the stanzas of her hymn of the dawn, for they express, not only the calmness and beauty of the fresh day, but also the serenity of the unending dayspring of love and faith that lighted her life:

Thomas William Edward Charles Henry
Isabella Catharine Dr. Beecher Mary Harriet

THE BEECHER FAMILY

From a Photograph in the possession of Mr. J. R. Howard

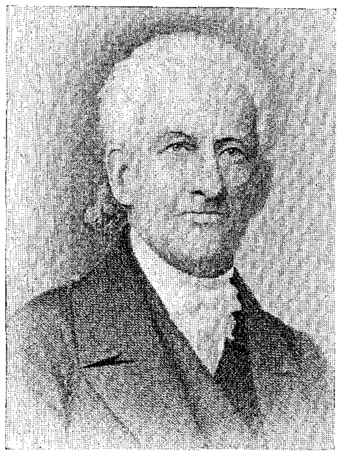
Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

. . . .

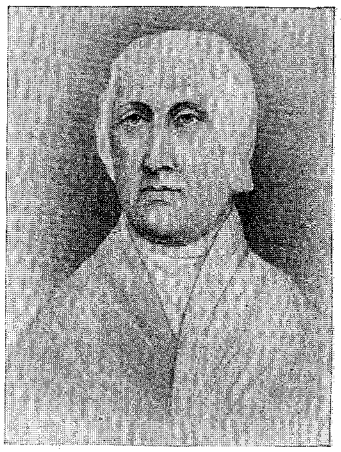
Still, still with Thee! As to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

. . . .



LYMAN BEECHER

(Mrs. Stowe's Father)



ROXANNA FOOTE

(Mrs. Stowe's Mother)

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought: I am with Thee!

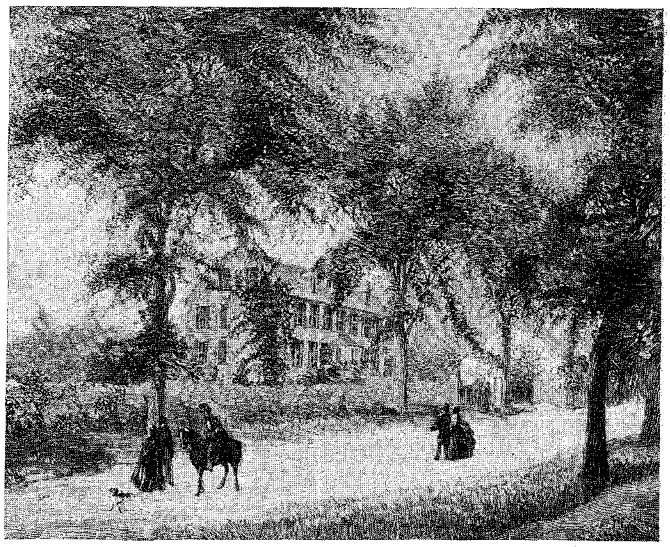
❧

Personal Recollections

In response to a request from the editors of The Outlook, the following reminiscences of Mrs. Stowe, and of appreciation for her work and aims, have been elicited.

FROM EDWARD EVERETT HALE

I feel quite sure that no person would have met Mrs. Stowe for an hour who would not have seen that she was a person of remarkable natural genius—unless, indeed, the hour happened to be one when, by accident, almost, her attention was devoted to some special subject which interested her particularly, and therefore in that hour she seemed absent-minded. I have seen her come into the house to make a friendly visit, and take up a book within the first half-hour of that visit and interest herself in it, and then sit absorbed in the book, and in nothing else, till it was time for her to go home in the evening. I have known her, simply because she had an interesting book in her hand which she wished to read, take a street-car going out of town, and ride three or four miles without observing that she should have been going in the other direction. You might have fifty such stories of absent-mindedness told to you; but they are not fairly characteristic stories. They only illustrate the intensity with which she gave herself to any subject which she had in hand.



THE ANDOVER HOME

She was absolutely conscientious in the preparation of her stories. I remember that in one of them it was necessary that she should introduce a young couple who, on a very small income, married and lived in a cheap little house in a disagreeable quarter of the lower part of New York. She would not sketch the details even of an unimportant chapter describing this life without acquainting herself personally with the manner of life of people who lived thus, as she never had lived herself, that the lights and shades might be absolutely true to nature. I do not believe that she ever exaggerated anything for artistic effect. We know very well that nothing that she wrote was undertoned. I think she forgot herself entirely in her literary work.

After the year 1852 I was so fortunately placed that I knew a great deal of her literary work and her habits of composition. She had nothing of the mechanical book-maker about her. If she wrote a book, it was because she thought it ought to be written, and was resolved to write it for the glory of God and the good of the world.

When I was made the editor of "Old and New," six of us, who were all twenty-five years younger than we are now, met together and with mutual accord determined that we would write a story, which I believe I may say is well known, called "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other." We were three women and three men. The women were Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, and my sister Lucretia; the men were Frederick W. Loring, Frederick Beecher Perkins, and myself. I made the plan of the story, with A. B., C. D., E. F., and so on, for the heroes and heroines; I assigned to each writer the part which each writer should take; and everybody entered with much spirit into the arrangement. Alas! our dear friend Loring was killed by some roving Apaches before he had more than made notes for his part of the story; but for love of him we included some scraps of his letters in the book as it was made up. It is a good illustration of the accuracy of criticism that the only thing, I believe, which the critics determined on was that Mrs. Stowe wrote the whole of the Guilford chapter, which was in fact the contribution of Mr. Frederick Perkins. Nobody, in any printed article which I saw, designated with correctness a single author of the five.

In the original draft of the story I said that the three heroes and three heroines would come together in Chicago in October, and there "meet their fate." It was so ordered that the great fire in Chicago took place in the very month which I had thus foreordained, eight months before. I had the pleasure myself, before the ruins were cold, of going over the ground and making the study for the closing act of that history.

I do not think that Mrs. Stowe knew, any better than any one else, which of her works were going to please the public. I am not sure that she cared. An author's judgment is never worth much on such a subject. I am sure that no publisher knows in advance. And I have long since ceased to think that the public's verdict of any book is any more correct than the verdict of a small circle of judges. That is to say, there is many a lost novel which has quite as much worth as stories that have had what the booksellers call a "run."

FROM JULIA WARD HOWE

Another crowned one has gone from our midst. In the fullness of years, and in the days in which rest is most earnestly to be desired, all that was mortal of Harriet Beecher Stowe has been laid with kindred dust. Her life has, for long years, been one of feebleness, of bodily and mental infirmity, but she bequeaths to us a record bright and imperishable. The gift of genius was hers, a gift whose value was enhanced—shall we say, a hundred-fold?—by her noble conception of its responsibilities. With no stronger weapon than a woman's pen did she take upon herself the vindication of a wronged and oppressed race, and the arraignment of the mighty institution which held it only a little above the condition of the beasts that perish. The spark kindled by her imagination spread into a fire that lighted up two continents with its glow. She portrayed the negro, and truly, as possessed of every human attribute, as capable of culture and as worthy of freedom. She held up slavery to the abhorrence of the later civilization, with which it was in strange and glaring contradiction. The witness was accepted. The apparently hopeless cause which she so warmly espoused triumphed, as in the end God's causes will always triumph. The American Nation, yea, the human race, owes a debt of endless gratitude to this woman, who lived simply and modestly among us, faithful in the exercise of her nearer duties, and in the employment of her great abilities which makes hers a name to be held in lasting honor and remembrance.

FROM RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON

I am not familiar with Mrs. Stowe's publications, other than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which I read many years back. Although without experience, observation, or hearsay of such conditions as are mainly described in this work, I had no doubt that, near the border-line of slave territory, they must have existed to some extent; otherwise a tale so graphically and feelingly and powerfully told was impossible to mere human invention. I read the work with intensest interest, and conceived deepest admiration for the genius of the author.

As for the influence of this particular work, in my opinion there is nothing in the history of Letters to compare with it. The first appearance of "Waverley" in Edinburgh, of "Ivanhoe" in London, of "Quentin Durward" in Paris, vast as was the influence of each of these, were, taken together, far behind the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Of all works of fiction it has led in the strength and endurance of its earliest impression.

FROM CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

In private life, noble qualities endeared her to those who were so fortunate as to know her. She had a deep, affectionate nature, great magnanimity, freedom from petty views, jealousies, and affectations, a certain high and noble charity for the sin and weakness of the world, not a touch of Pharisaism, and a simplicity that made her ignore as unimportant many of the conventionalities. Though she had moods of abstraction and dreaminess, the uniform tenor of her life was cheerful; though she saw the evil of life, she was an optimist, for underneath all other mental processes was an abiding faith in the Divine Goodness. Without exact literary training, and cultivating literature as a means rather than an art, she possessed the artistic temperament; she drew, she painted flowers with unusual sentiment wherein was expressed her love for them, she had a great dash of dramatic power in narration, and she had that final gift to the novelist, the power of the raconteur; her taste in music was for that which was either gay or stirring, or which appealed most strongly to heroic sentiment; she had a remarkable appreciation of the various moods of nature, and an admiration, which seemed natural, for that which is best in art. Notwithstanding her serious comprehension of life, she liked gayety, and enjoyed what in the phraseology of the last generation used to be called fun—a capacity which seems to be dying out of modern life. And, perhaps most important of all in a person of her moral intensity, she had a broad and keen sense of humor—humor with the fiber not all refined out of it. She had the excellences and the defects of the talented and now historic family to which she belonged—courage of opinion, desire to be right at any cost, entire confidence in the correctness of its own views, indeed self-confidence which sometimes carried its members into non-conformity with general opinion and drew upon them the charge of eccentricity. Nor can her make-up be accounted for without allowing her that indefinable something in the accomplishment of results which we call genius.

FROM MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

In the August "Atlantic Monthly" Mrs. James T. Fields writes:

It was my good fortune to be once in Rome with Mrs. Stowe, when she came unexpectedly face to face with an exhibition of the general feeling of reverence and gratitude towards herself. We had gone to the room of the Brothers Castellani, the workers in gold. Mrs. Stowe was full of enthusiasm, and we lingered long over the things which the brothers brought forward to show. Among them was the head of an Egyptian slave carved in black onyx. While we were enjoying it, one of the brothers said to Mrs. Stowe, "Madam, we know what you have been to the poor slave. We are ourselves but poor slaves still in Italy—you feel for us—will you keep this gem as a slight recognition of what you have done?" She took the jewel in silence, but her eyes were filled with tears, and it was impossible for her to speak.

. . . .

It was much at variance with her natural taste to appear before the public as a reader of her own stories, as she did in the autumn and winter of 1872 and '73. She was no longer able to venture on the effort of another long story, and yet it was unwise for her to forego the income which was extended to her through this channel. She wrote: "I have had a very urgent business letter saying that the lyceums of different towns were making up their engagements, and that if I were going into it I must make my engagements now. It seems to me that I cannot do this. . . . I feel entirely uncertain, and, as the Yankees say, 'didn't know what to do nor to don't.' My state in regard to it may be described by the phrase, Kind o' love to—hate to—wish I didn't—want ter—I suppose the result will be I shall not work into their lecture system."

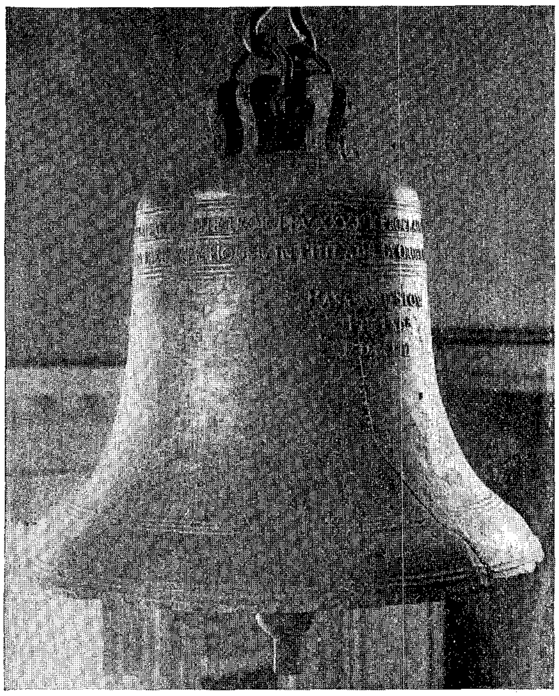
. . . .

"Cold weather," writes Mrs. Stowe, "really seems to torpify my brain. I write with a heavy numbness. I have not yet had a *good* spell of writing, though I have had all through the story abundant clairvoyance, and see just how it must be written; but for writing some parts I want *warm* weather, and not to be in a state of a 'froze and thawed apple.' . . . I hope to get a clear, bright month in Florida.

"I did want to read some of my story to you before I went. I have read it to my husband, and, though one may think a husband a partial judge, he likes it. All I want now to go on is a good *frame*, as father used to say about his preaching. I want calm, soft, even dreamy, enjoyable weather, sunshine, and flowers."

The Higher Life of Philadelphia[1]

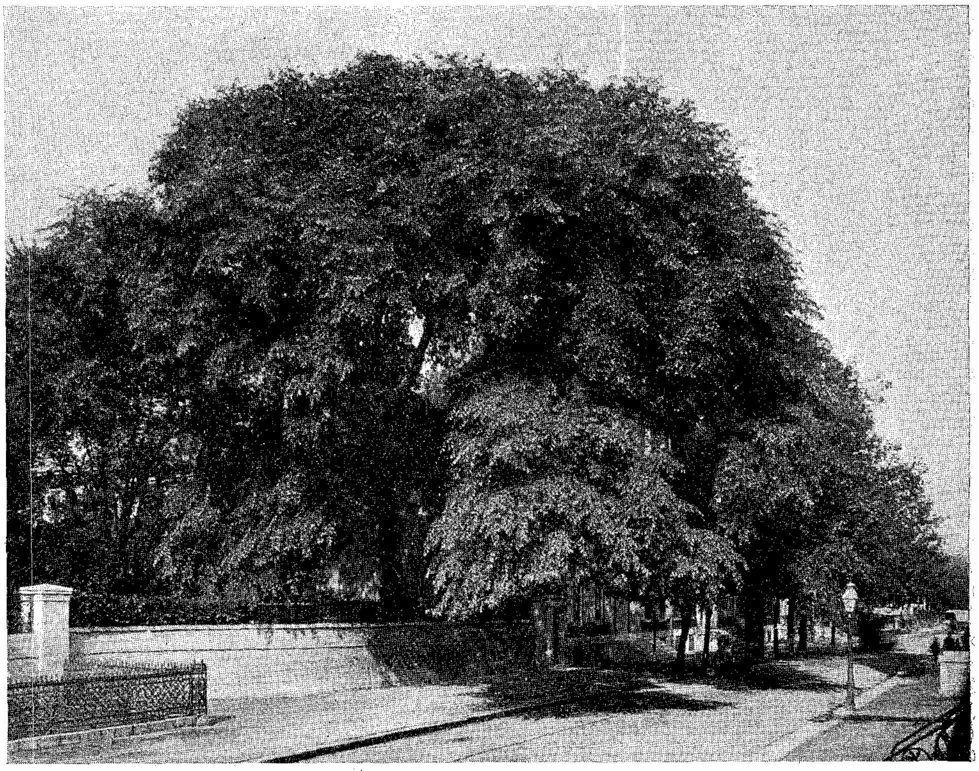
By Talcott Williams



THE OLD LIBERTY BELL

Apology is the keynote with which most Americans approach the discussion and description of their cities. For Philadelphia I have no apologies to make. It has its faults. I know them well. But I honestly believe that as I write there is not, the world over, a civic million and a quarter in which so many men and women are enjoying safety, security, food, shelter, and comfort, at so low a cost in personal effort and labor, as in this city. No city in which so many families have their own roof and doorstep. None in which the Church of Christ is so much the support of the poor and supported by the general mass and not by the rich. None in which so small a percentage live either as the very poor or the very rich, or in which so large a percentage live with neither poverty nor riches. This city, in all its history self-governing, has stopped the increase of its debt, a feat of self-denial to which no European cities have yet been equal. It has lowered its debt when theirs are rising by leaps and bounds, strangling trade with an irredeemable mortgage. It has paid for its water-works and its gas-works out of profits, repaved its streets at the expense of street railway corporations, and gained communication to its very heart at the expense of rival railroad companies. The realty improvements to this end have directly added to the taxable wealth of the city, and the indirect revenue from this source would be deemed a brilliant return if these viaduct lines were municipal. It has provided itself with one great park, selected with far-sighted wisdom thirty years ago, and in the past decade twenty-seven small parks, so that no home, when the system is completed, will be over half a mile from green grass and a children's playground. It jealously preserves its historic monuments when other cities destroy them. It led every American city in the kindergarten and manual training, though failing to keep pace with their full development. Faults exist, lamentable, depressing, and serious. Being a city in which the control vests in an enormous number of small taxpayers, who live in small houses in a small way and have small views, civic standards are both low and narrow. The sum spent on street-cleaning is not one-quarter large enough, and the streets are dirty, though improving. Wretched pavements were long tolerated, until 200 miles were laid at the cost of some $7,000,000, paid by the street-car companies, and as many miles more by the city. The water, while lavish in amount—four or five fold that given in Europe—is poor in quality, and public opinion is sluggish. A foul ooze of petty blackmail surrounds police operations in some districts. While twelve hundred policemen on ward and division committees were forced to resign six years ago, and by charter no office-holder can step inside a primary or convention, police and official influence is constant and omnipresent, though the efficiency of civic administration steadily improves. The schools are low in standard, and, what is worse, they satisfy the great mass. They are poor, and by the side of schools in Berlin or Paris make but a poor comparison; but, on the other hand, it is not necessary to provide meals at the public expense for tens of thousands of famished scholars; and if one must choose between a great government machine which by its iron bureaucratic efficiency raises schools to a high level and by its military burdens and heavy taxation depresses wages to a starvation level, the choice seems to me easy.

In a city thus constituted and organized, the problem presented by effort for a higher life is to crown the edifice already erected by thrift, security, and comfort, with spiritual aspiration and inspiration, and to improve what has been done by giving form and grace to what is now formless, always graceless, and too often shameless. The Church—I use the term in its broadest sense, for all the worshipers of God in the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish communions—is the first, and infinitely the most powerful, of these agencies. If it did its work, there would be nothing else to do. But it does not do its work. A tithe, under both Judaic and Christian dispensations, has come to be the recognized dedication to better things.



ELM AT BROAD AND WALNUT STREETS

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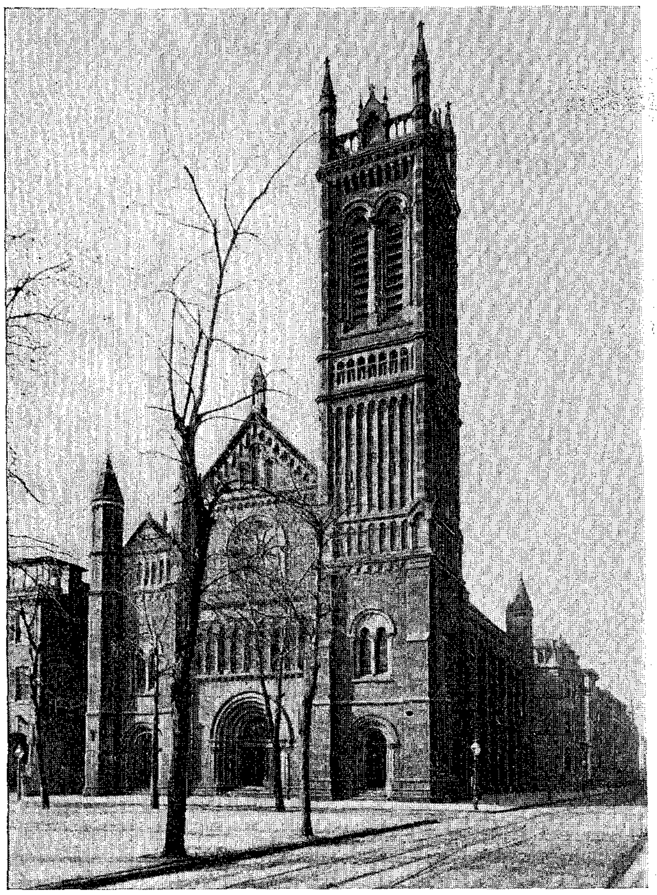
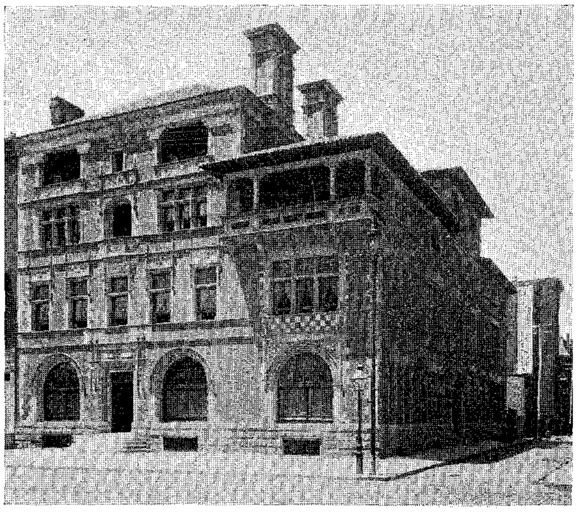
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895); "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896); "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Melville E. Stone (The Outlook for February 22); "The Higher Life of Boston," by Edward Everett Hale (The Outlook for March 28); "The Higher Life of New Orleans," by Grace King (The Outlook for April 25); and "Buffalo, the City of Homes," by the Rev. W. Burnet Wright, D.D. (The Outlook for June 27).



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

In Philadelphia, in 1890, there were 664 church edifices, with a value of $28,023,365. This was just half a tithe (5 per cent.) of the taxed real estate. Add to the churches themselves the rectories, hospitals, and various institutions (exclusive of those non-denominational), and a full tenth of the realty of the city is dedicated to the service of God. If there are added the schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions conducted by Christian men, not a tithe, but a tithe and a half, of the city's realty is in common Christian ownership dedicated to this higher cure of soul and body. I dare say other cities would give a like response to a like analysis, but I confess I am always awed by this unconscious and unostentatious tribute to the spiritual, and appalled that it accomplishes so little.

The churches of the city had, in 1890, 335,189 communicants. One-half of these were Roman Catholics (163,658), and the Roman Catholic population, adding baptized to communicants, is about 200,000 or so. If I turn aside from these, it is not from lack of admiration of the good work done by this ancient Church, but to enforce the responsibility of the communion whose privileges I share. The population for which the Protestant communion is responsible is about 800,000, deducting all others of every kind and creed. This population contains about 534,000 over fourteen years old, capable of church membership under the ordinary Protestant view. The recorded membership of these churches is one-third of this number. It was my privilege to have a missionary as my father. I passed my boyhood in a Mohammedan city, a bare fraction of whose population was nominally Christian, sunk in superstition and image-worship. If I had been told of a city in which every third adult in four-fifths of the population had assumed the solemn vows of church membership, I would have looked for a city of God on earth. If Philadelphia is not that, where lies the fault? In divided churches. In scattered responsibility. In 546 organizations where 100 would do the work infinitely better. In lack of all sense of territorial responsibility, so that the wearied clergymen I know are doubling and triplicating each other's trips, like milkmen, seeking each a family or two in a block. In utter refusal to recognize responsibility of the Church as a whole to the city as a whole. Always and everywhere denominationalism crucifying the Son of man at the gate that the priest and the Pharisee in the temple may be secure in the ritual, the creed, and the organization by which each seeks to worship a God in his own image.



THE ART CLUB

Yet, with all this sad lack, with this failure to keep at united work all this vast army of men and women, once at least in their lives touched with a sense of divine consecration—all other influences in the city are small by the side of those which stream from these churches. High liquor license in this city would have been a miserable failure but for the Law and Order Society, whose small expenditure each year maintains a vigorous detective watch on licensees, and opened the campaign, when high licenses were first granted, with a fund of evidence as to the character of the unworthier applicants. "Speak-easies" (illicit dram-shops) there are. They are small, obscure, in alleys, serving some one small demoralized neighborhood, or, in instances both better and worse, in a friendly way supplying a few neighbors with beer or whisky. But where, with 1,000,000 population, the city had 5,773 liquor-saloons under low license, and more of the hole-and-corner pest-holes than now, to-day 1,250,000 people have but 1,670 saloons, and a revenue of nearly $1,670,000 is added to civic resources. Arrests for drunkenness have decreased. Drinking on the streets is visibly less. The highest credit is due to our upright, courageous, and elected judiciary for these results. The Evangelical Christian League has done a most important work in suppressing the reappearance of gambling in and about the city, and in cleansing sundry plague-spots by the sound, judicious method of collecting evidence and then attacking the owner of the property with advice to purify or face the certainty of publicity and prosecution.

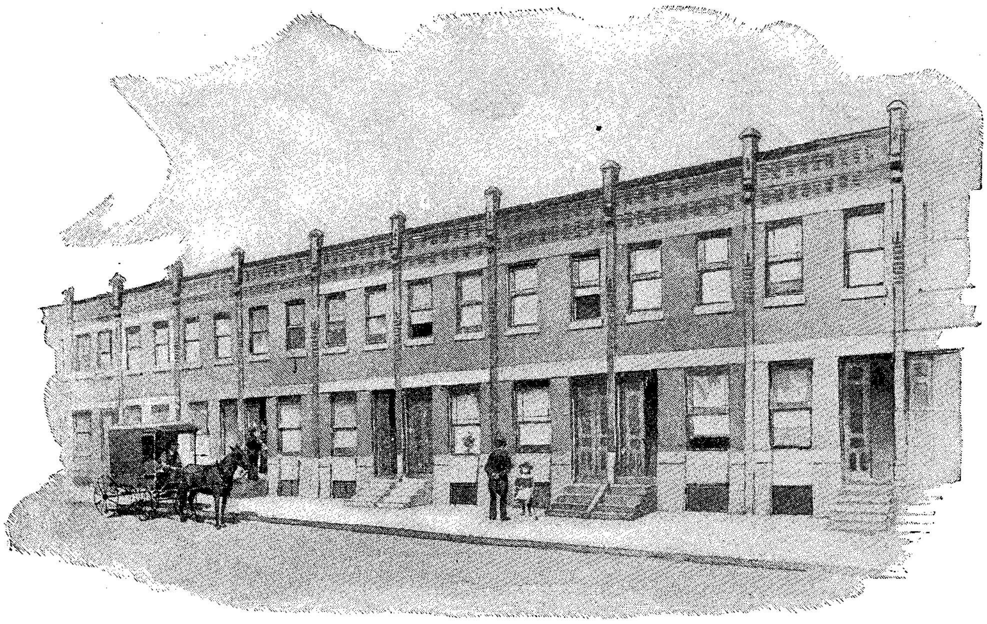
JOHN WANAMAKER

These are the two most conspicuous agencies for this particular work; but the real factor of improvement is the steadily rising tide of Christianity. When I remember what good men and women were praying for fifteen to eighteen years ago, and what has been accomplished since, I wonder that the churches do not unite in a special thanksgiving to God. Two or three great lotteries were then selling openly all over the city and advertising in the newspapers. Gambling-houses could be found up a flight, and often open from the street, for "bucket-shop" transactions, all over the central part of the city. A hideous plague-spot, which a modest woman could scarcely enter, stretched along an open street. Concert saloons and dives were accessible by the dozen. Prize-fights, thinly disguised as glove-fights, were of nightly occurrence. Liquor was sold, in defiance of law, at scores of low entertainments. Lotteries to-day are banished from papers, streets, and mails—the last and first because a Philadelphia Presbyterian elder became Postmaster-General. Gambling-houses and bucket-shops are closed, or exist only in hiding. The concert saloons, dives, and prize-fighting are all substantially suppressed, and there have succeeded dime theaters, which, though sometimes vulgar, are rarely indecent, and maintain a far higher moral standard than do more high-priced entertainments. Open licensed liquor-saloons, which were 1 to every 34 families, are now 1 to every 147 families. The center of the city has been in large measure purified. The streets are freer of evil than ever before.

These broad changes are only a part. The churches so constantly advertise their anxious desire to prepare us for another world that their good work in this is missed by most of the community. Of the money expenditure of the churches in a number of leading congregations whose balance-sheets I have seen, considerably over half is devoted to objects outside their own worship and expenditure. This proportion probably obtains as to the $1,000,000 raised yearly by the Protestant Episcopal churches and the $700,000 contributed for all purposes by Presbyterian churches. It is true of most Protestant churches. What is the result? A great network of libraries, of night schools, of guilds, of singing-schools, of industrial training-schools, which in the aggregate exceed all other like agencies put together. Each year sees these increase. The largest church in the city, Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, the Temple, in which Mr. Russel Conwell is doing a work akin to Spurgeon's, gathering a congregation of 5,000, supports a hospital and conducts a free "college," with 497 in its day and 1,585 in its night classes, whose over-pretentious name must not blind one to sound work on lines limited but useful. It has branch schools scattered over the city. By its lecture course, its concerts, its musical training, its clubs, its gymnastics, and a score of organizations, it honestly endeavors, and with surprising success, to make the church for all its members the center of social and intellectual as well as religious life. This is a single example nearly matched by Bethany Presbyterian Church. But every church does its share in this wide work. The libraries connected with Presbyterian churches alone number 70,000 volumes. The guilds connected with a single Episcopal church have 2,000 members. Nothing in all that is done in the city has appealed to me more than the patient efforts of pastors of small churches in laboring factory suburbs to provide lecture-rooms, organize classes, and develop an intellectual life.

INDEPENDENCE HALL

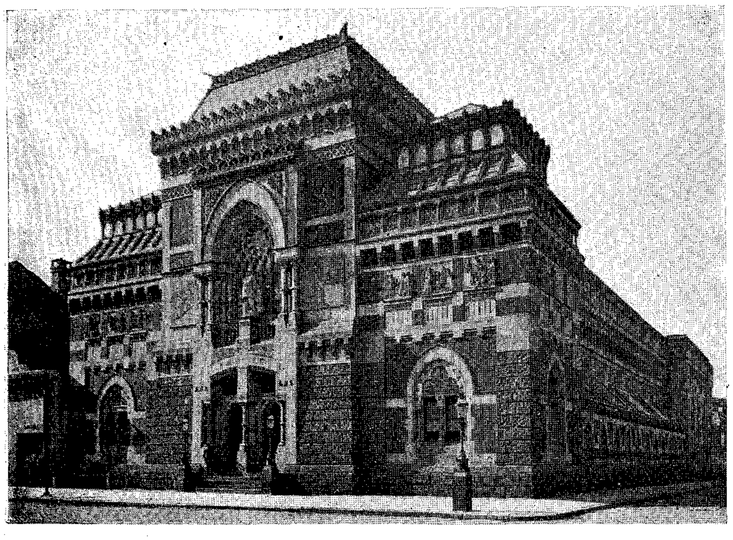
Health is the first of civic needs. The College of Physicians for a hundred years has been the expert medical adviser of the city. At the close of the last century it guided the struggle with yellow fever; and let us not forget that our American cities have been more successful in these contests with semi-tropical fevers than have European cities under similar semi-tropical summer isothermals, though the latter often make the braver outward show. In this century, and only three years ago, when cholera was an impending possibility, a delegation from the College, headed by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, waited on the Mayor and pointed out the need of asphalt pavements on certain slum streets. Councils at once appropriated $400,000. I know no other American cities, and few anywhere, whose acceptance of expert judgment would be so prompt. In ten years past, Hamburg, Marseilles, Madrid, and Granada have paid heavily for a disregard of like warnings. Pure water is the chief health need of the city, and a citizens' committee of fifty has for a year, through an efficient sub-committee, conducted experiments and carried on investigations to determine the best filtration system, and there is fair prospect that one will be adopted without the intervention of a pestilence, the heavy tuition fee paid by Hamburg under German city government. The prevention of tuberculosis has been for some time the purpose of a small but active society, which has diligently published and agitated and has secured several lesser reforms, notably one in the city hospital, while it is a mere question of time when the registration of all tubercular cases will be required. The New Century Guild has carried on investigations into the hygienic conditions under which women are employed, and improved them, besides, what is quite as important, drawing public attention to healthful surroundings provided by employers. Sweating, due in part to the influx of a Jewish population, has been fought by several agencies, including one headed by the Rabbi Krauskoff, and legislation secured providing inspection and restriction. In the prevention of contagious diseases, particularly of smallpox and scarlet fever, the city is singularly in need of active agitation, and the absence of any vigorous education of public opinion on the subject of vaccination renders it tolerably certain that a smallpox panic will rouse the public in the near future. The Women's Health Protective Association, under the indefatigable leadership of Mrs. John H. Scribner, has cried aloud and spared not in denouncing dangers to health. It has shared with other organizations in public meetings on the pure-water issue; it has maintained a monthly inspection of street-cleaning, and done useful service in raising the public din indispensable to public reform. The Civic Club, whose active efforts have been more devoted to education, has also its committees on subjects relating to health, has organized meetings, and has urged reforms. It is due to all these causes that Philadelphia has a steadily diminishing death-rate, that deaths from tuberculosis have shown a remarkable decrease, and that the increase to the well and working years of its citizens may be favorably compared with that of European cities with far more favorable climatic conditions.



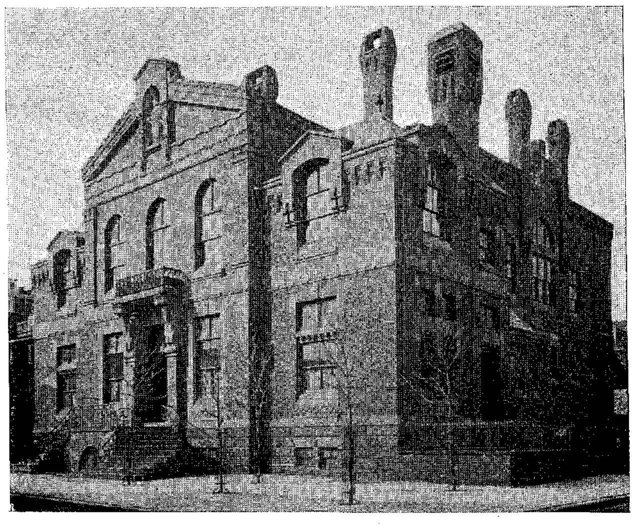
PHILADELPHIA WORKINGMEN'S HOUSES; THERE ARE 150,000 OF THESE

The intellectual education of Philadelphia owes more in its higher life to the University than any great city I know owes to its leading institution of learning. Most universities live apart from the cities in which they live. Few owe much to the city government. Continental universities are Imperial or State. The University of Pennsylvania is civic, owes a noble site to the city government, houses its law school in a city building, and in countless relations is accepted by various city departments as adviser. While the University has received large gifts, the largest from its present Provost, its characteristic is the number of small gifts. With 3,000 students, the University is the center of an active associated intellectual life which reaches thrice this number of active men and women scattered through the community. Under the management of its two successive Provosts, Dr. William Pepper and Mr. C. C. Harrison, this University teaches the community as well as its matriculates. Clubs, societies, and conventions center about most universities; but these are usually limited to professional students and the immediate university group. In the University of Pennsylvania the aggregate membership of such societies reaches nearly 3,000. The large lay membership is actively engaged in raising money as well as directly occupied in the field to which it is devoted, and single years have seen $80,000 raised, in large sums and small, in this way, for the use of the University. The Archæological Association, the largest and most important of these, has created a museum which is rapidly taking its place as one of the first ethnological collections in the country, and its Babylonian Committee has raised over $70,000 for the exploration of Niffer, to-day the most important archæological work in progress anywhere, under any auspices. Its fruits are divided between the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople and the University Museum, already the owner of the largest collection of Babylonian tablets save those in the Louvre and the British Museum. Carried on for eight years by a small group of men led by Dr. William Pepper, Mr. E. W. Clark, Mr. Clarence L. Clark, Mr. C. C. Harrison, Mr. W. W. Frazier, and others, this exploration is a movement of well-directed, liberal support of pure learning. In addition, the Museum has had expeditions in Yucatan, Florida, and the Southwest, and has one now in Peru and one in Malaysia. The interest it has created in museums has led to the organization of Educational and Economic Museums, both supported by the city. It is a remarkable proof of the wide horizon of interest in the city that, independent of the University, but aided by those interested in it, Peary's Arctic Expedition had its chief support in Philadelphia, where over $16,000 has been raised, in average sums of $23. This has been succeeded by an effort to organize an Antarctic expedition, promoted by the competent efforts of Mr. Angelo Heilprin. The Philadelphia Geographical Club heard in January Mr. Peary's report, and in March the report of Dr. Donaldson Smith's exploration along a route of 4,000 miles in East Africa. Of how many other cities was it true last summer, or any year, that its citizens were supporting archæological research in Babylonia, an Arctic expedition, investigation in Florida and Yucatan, with two other expeditions under preparation?

Public education suffers in Philadelphia from the inorganic, amorphous character of a city which, like London (to which it bears various local and internal analogies), has grown by the coalescence of different neighborhoods. These jealously retain local control of local schools, so that Philadelphia has never yet had a thoroughly organized civic school system. Low standards in regard to education shown by the well-to-do, too small a proportion of whose sons go to college, as well as by the larger laboring masses, have aggravated a faulty organization. The Public Education Association has for fifteen years formed a small, active, and most useful center for effort in school reform. It has failed, as has its successor in these efforts, the Civic Club, in its efforts to reform the organization of the schools; but, by the valuable and highly practical expedient of paying for the beginnings of reforms, kinder-



ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS



PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY

Harrison S. Morris

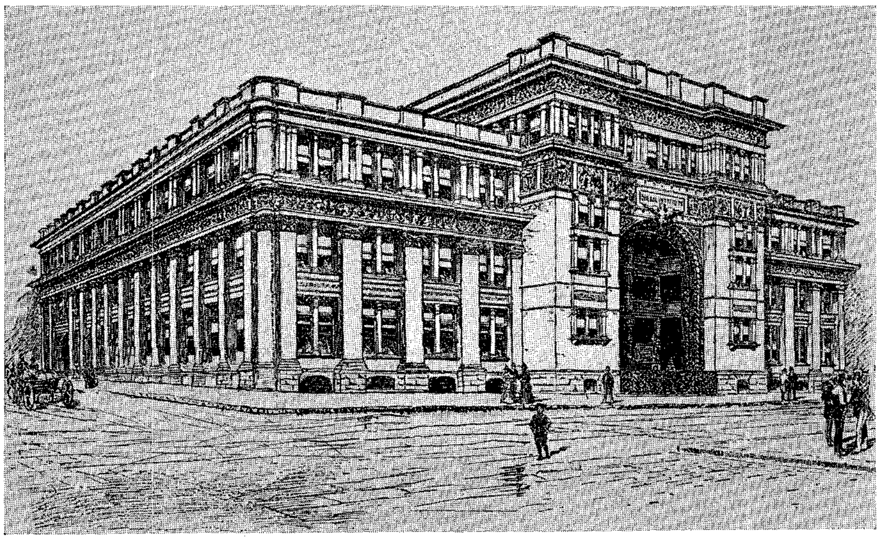
Dr. S. Weir Mitchell

Anne H. Wharton

C. A. Brinley

E. J. James

gartens have been introduced—a work promoted by a society directed to the end—cooking and sewing added to the school curriculum, and two large manual training schools opened. These are all now reforms accepted and supported by the city. In educational reform the Civic Club has for two years past led and organized local reform work. Wisely organized to educate and inform its members as to public needs quite as much as to agitate directly for reforms, and most ably led by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, the Civic Club has skillfully avoided the methods which turn some reformatory societies into noisy busybodies. A number of papers of more or less importance have been read before it. It has organized an exhibition of works of art suitable for school-rooms, and, more important still, has for two years carried on an active canvass for the election of women as ward school directors. This has been successful only when a regular party nomination has been secured from the political machine, but the energetic canvass carried on in one ward, the Seventh, was a typical example of the extent to which women can be organized, interested, and made effective in political work.


DREXEL INSTITUTE

The library problem stands next to the school problem. The same fission which afflicts all else has bequeathed, often as the lamentable legacy of one generation to the indifference of another, a large number of small, scattered, and special libraries, the latter often of individual excellence and value. Two subscription libraries divided this field, and have suffered from the flood of cheap books. No public library has hitherto existed, and no large endowment has been given one. The Pepper bequest of about $250,000 has, however, been wisely employed as a nucleus for a free library, of which Dr. William Pepper is President, and with it have been associated eight local libraries previously established by the Board of Education. These were generally due to local initiative, and it is the happy result partly of plan and partly of circumstance that Philadelphia, thanks in large measure to the zealous efforts of Mr. George B. Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, now has a library system, with an annual income of $100,000, which promises to combine the advantages of a strong central free library with local libraries enlisting local support, often by the provision of a building, and bringing books near the homes of each section—for these are not branches for distribution, but independent collections of books. One such branch, started by the College Settlement and assumed by the city, is in a Jewish immigrant population, whose appetite for books is natural to a race whose land had the earliest library town on record, Kirjath-Sepher. With 3,000 volumes, this library has had the extraordinary overturn of 300 volumes a day, and there are weeks which it closes with the last book gone from its shelves.

The three great educational foundations of the last half-century, left by Stephen Girard, V. Williamson, and A. J. Drexel, in all some $15,000,000, have gone in Philadelphia to what are essentially trade and technical schools. Girard College, whose work is familiar, up to recent years was a monument of the building mania, the educational Juggernaut under which so much of American education and learning is crushed and buried. Twenty years past have seen a great improvement in the methods of the school in the introduction of training in the mechanic arts suited to modern conditions; and its 1,524 boys, though their education is cut short at eighteen, furnish trained recruits to the great army of industry, the demand for its graduates exceeding the supply. The Williamson Trade School, a few miles outside of the city, teaches trades to 159 boys more on manual training lines. Both these house, feed, and care for the boys, and are industrial schools.

The Drexel Institute, thanks to having at its head a man —Dr. James MacAlister—trained in both the theory and method of education, has broken new ground. Taken as a whole, I regard it as the most important substantive addition to educational equipment made anywhere in a decade. Most such institutes make on the student of education the impression of a somewhat haphazard growth. The Drexel is ordered and organized. Its free lecture course, in subjects, in the experts it summons, and in the pay it

James McAlister

Frank Thomson

Mayor Warwick

Mrs. E. D. Gillespie

C. C. Harrison

Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson

offers, is comparable to the Lowell, though without the priceless advantage of publication. Its scientific departments serve two distinct ends: one, to furnish the many a technical training; the other, to give the few the opportunity for long-continued and systematic research and study, without barring the entrance by any scholastic requirements but capacity to do the precise work proposed. Strong believer as I am in general cultivation, it is, I submit, well, in a world of many powers, to open direct paths to learning. Technical training in the Drexel has, in addition, a carefully developed artistic as well as scientific basis. A library and museum, both small but both well related, furnish working tools and inspiration. The Drexel offers the art school wedded to the scientific laboratory to produce technical training in handicraft; with lectures, library, and museum to furnish liberal cultivation. Some 2,000 students have responded to this noble endowment and felicitous organization, one particularly fitted to supplement the work of manual training schools, and to meet the problem of that large number of both sexes whose breadwinning must begin at eighteen or nineteen years of age.

Art study and art applied to industry are the twin notes of the day. Twenty years ago we were all asking for it. To-day, in this single American city, which no one calls an "art center"—odious term (all places are centers to the earnest and all circumference to the tepid)—has 3,500 students in various classes drawing from cast or figure, and some 6,000 to 7,000 pupils of all ages in various institutions learning the rudiments, and much more than the rudiments, of various mechanic trades. Besides this, manual training and object work—modeling and the like—runs through all the public and most private schools, much of it in both being but poorly done for lack of adequate training and effective supervision. The Academy of Fine Arts addresses itself to the training of artists, and has 244 pupils in advanced work. The Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, an outcome of the Centennial, in its special training for textiles is still the leading institution in the country, and was for many years the only one. It gives in addition general instruction in the methods and decoration of all the artistic crafts, and has 765 students. Insufficiently endowed and scantily supported by the city, this school owes its growth, as do so many other like institutions, to the sedulous efforts of a few women, led and organized by Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, a great-granddaughter of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Two or three local institutes, of which the Spring Garden Institute, with 617 pupils, is the largest, give training in the arts, in handicrafts, and in simpler electrical engineering. Begun forty years ago, and up to a year ago, when it was given $100,000, having received only $33,600 in endowment, the Spring Garden Institute has gone on growing under local and neighborhood management and support, getting a building, collecting a library, building a hall, widening and increasing its courses, and receiving new ideas all the more readily because no large endowment has relieved it from the necessity of appealing to the public. It is now, as it was in 1841, the fortunate product of local city needs, local enthusiasm, and local regard. We all admire this sort of thing in a mediæval city. Why not admire it now? Philadelphia has six or seven such institutions, and no man can be fortunate enough to be asked to address one without new joy that an American city furnishes these simple, inexpensive, self-reliant centers of instruction, cultivation, and industrial training. The Master Builders' Exchange has established its trade school in building, plumbing, etc., and since 1891 its bricklaying class has had the recognition of three powerful unions. The Master Plumbers have another trade school, and the Master House-Painters one in their trade.

CITY HALL

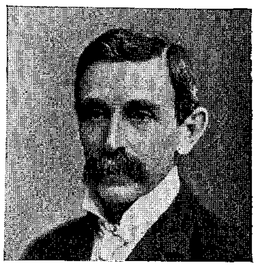
The broadest work in the prosecution of education outside of the schools is in the hands of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. Less organic in its connection with the University than its English models, this society, which owes everything to the efforts of Professor E. J. James, now does most of its work by paid lecturers, though a number of college professors share in its courses. A pioneer in this field in this country, the American Society has set out to organize centers for lecture courses which shall be as near as may be self-supporting. It has failed in getting organized consecutive work. It has succeeded in stimulating in its twenty-four centers in and about Philadelphia, with an attendance of 8,000 or 10,000, a vast deal of discursive reading. The number of books bought and read is amazing. It has been the center of a local intellectual awakening, most valuable although it has not taken shape in students who pass examinations. Local development with a view to permanent organization is the

Dr. William Pepper

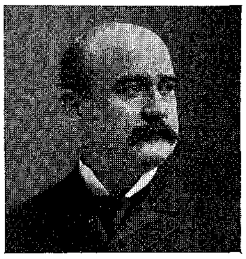
Herbert Welsh

A. J. Drexel

Horace Howard Furness



George B. Roberts

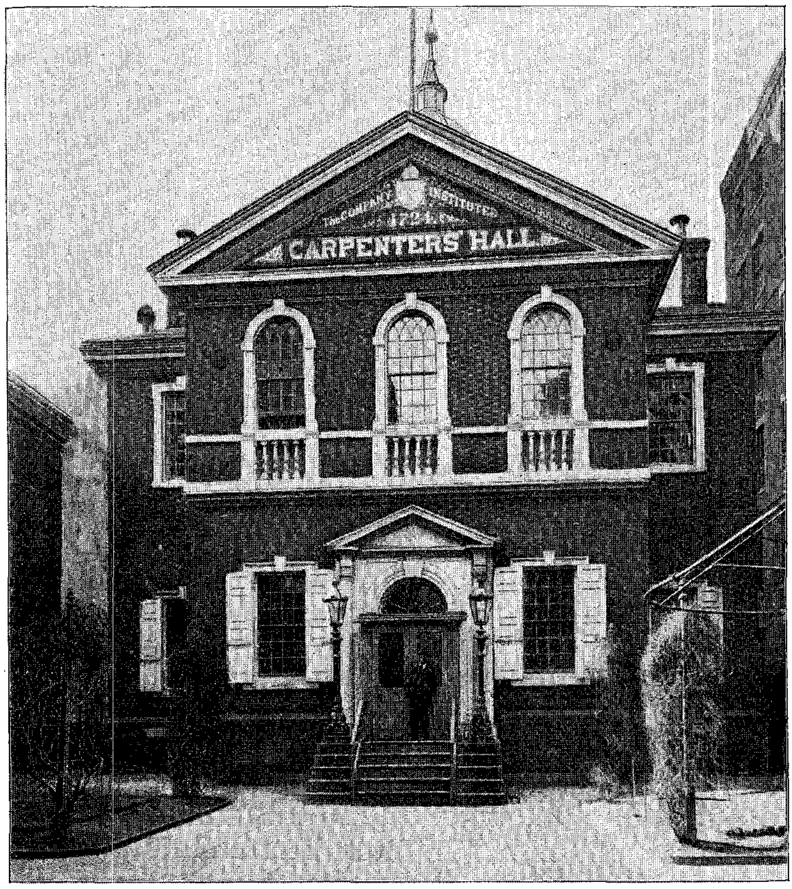


Hon. E. S. Stuart

Robert B. Ogden

chief feature of its policy under its present President, Mr. F. B. Miles. Annually it holds a summer meeting of a month in the University, whose lecture courses have been of marked ability, attracting picked audiences. More than one man of long experience has found himself in this meeting facing the best audience he has ever addressed. In the same field of post-school work, though on a different level, are the New Century Guilds organized by Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, who I sometimes think has avoided every possible error incident to efforts for working-girls. Begun by polling its members for the studies they desired, it has had 900 in its classes, though now but 179, and a membership of 500 use its rooms. It forms the center of an association of all such guilds in the city, with a membership varying, but running over 15,000. The Young Men's Christian Association in its central building has 1,500 students, and under the management of its Secretary, Mr. Halsey Hammond, reaches in various ways over 5,000 members, with branches over the city. The Women's Christian Association has turned its energies to the erection of a ten-story lodging-house, which houses over five hundred young women and provides them, under a single roof, with all the needs of a civilized life for three dollars a week. I hesitate to say which is the most extraordinary—that such a building should have been erected, or that it is full, well-managed, and happy.

The slums of Philadelphia are relatively small, but they offer a most difficult problem because there are scattered over the city, in the rear of the houses of the well-to-do, small groups of houses inhabited by the depraved. It was early noted that bringing Lazarus to the gate of Dives may be well for neither. These slums will never be redeemed until Christian men and women learn that when Christ said neighbor he meant neighbor. Consecutive work is, however, rendered difficult by the summer divorce between rich and poor which disorganizes all city work. The one seriously congested district in the city has been made the center of work by a College Settlement of women and of another by students from Princeton. Of the two the former has been the more successful. It has become the focus of a neighborly activity which takes many useful forms. The number directly affected is not very large, and I am unable to see that it differs very greatly from the mission work in constant progress in our large cities by churches, but its effect is unmistakable, and it has been accompanied by the creation of a park and library, both receiving city support.

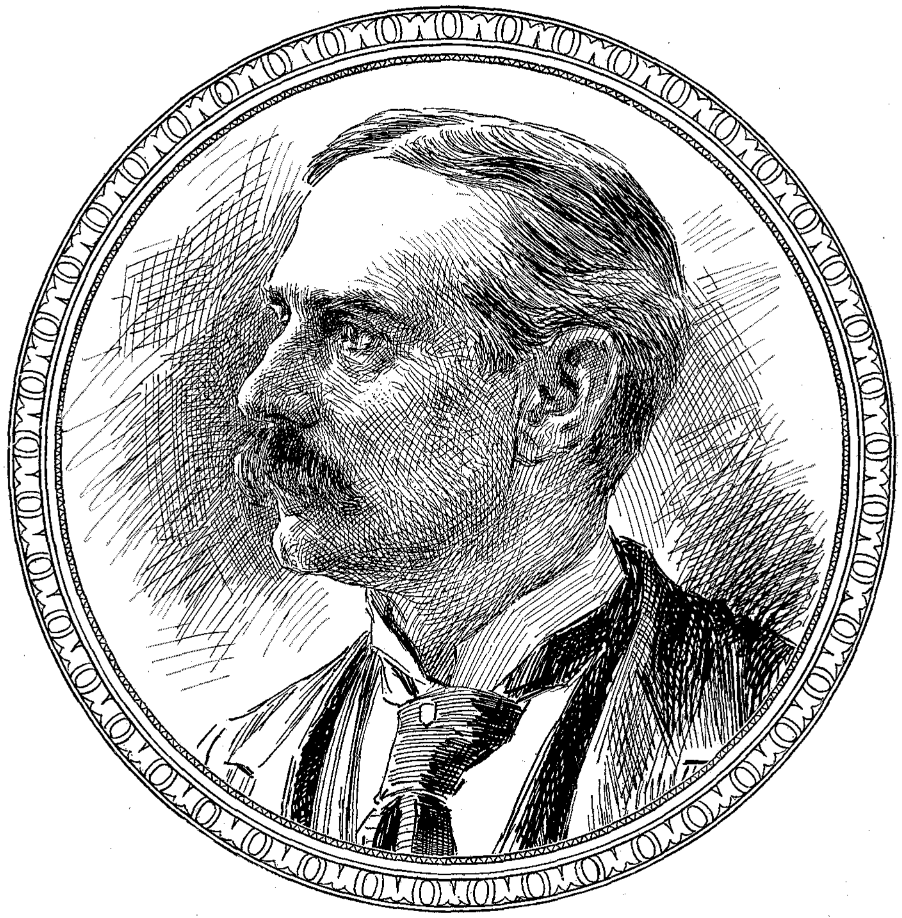


CARPENTERS' HALL

The only American Guild Hall

The impulse to village improvement has its representative in the Fairmount Park Art Association, now twenty-five years old, with 1,100 members, which has expended on works of art $250,000. This Association began its work considerably earlier than any like society of which I know, and has expended considerably more money. Again one must regret low standards. Conventional and non-critical admiration has dictated too many purchases, though some of the commissions have resulted in work altogether admirable. How noble a thing it is for a small, well-organized group of men and women to devote themselves for twenty-five years to making beautiful the city in which they live! The Art Club, organized eight years ago, gives in its gallery two annual and successive smaller exhibitions. The Civic Club has energetically agitated to procure legislation to provide a jury of experts on works of art given to the city or erected in its limits. Mr. Harrison S. Morris, the managing director of the Academy of Fine Arts, has made it the center of associated action to provide decoration for the new City Hall; Philadelphia, more liberal than New York, providing prizes and an appropriation to pay for prizes for the competition. The Small Parks Association has organized and led the movement for small parks, which Councils have bought and are providing for. Germantown, Chestnut Hill, and other suburbs have active village and road improvement societies. The Civic Club, active in many directions, has organized in the Seventh Ward a school movement for clean streets, with street receptacles for paper provided by the Club. Railroads usually do naught but make a town hideous. The Pennsylvania Railroad sets an example to all railroad corporations by lining its tracks and bedding its depots with turf and flowers. Not less important than beautifying parks is the furnishing of playgrounds for children. A munificent provision of $500,000 has just been made by will by Mr. Richard Smith for this purpose. Each summer, on slender means, the Culture Extension League procures the opening of school yards, vacant lots, and city parks not yet laid out, as playgrounds, teachers being hired to supervise the games. To the general effort to improve city appearances must be credited the active interest in its monuments. The Colonial Dames and other Revolutionary organizations have taken up the work of restoring Independence Hall and its adjacent buildings. The former has begun the erection of memorial tablets. Bartram's Garden and his historic house have been bought by the city, made a park, and, under the active co-operation between city and university, Mr. Eisenhower, Superintendent of City Property, has, with a wise liberality, called in the advice of Professor Macfarlane, holding the chair of Botany.

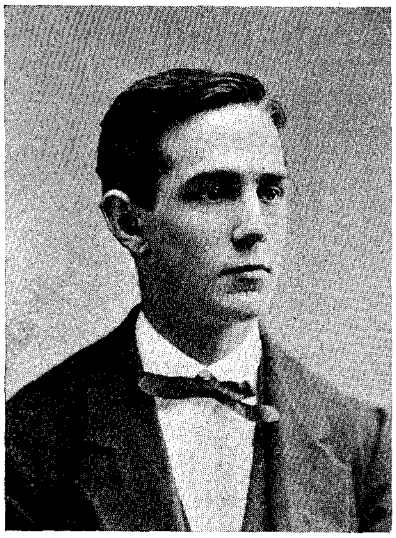
Great tracts of efforts are necessarily omitted here. I have, after all, but considered the blossoming efforts of the great organic structure which constitutes a city. On its history I have spent much patient study. To the anonymous service of any great city it has always seemed to me that a man might gladly dedicate a lifetime and die happy if he had been privileged to aid in its upward march, though no man knew his name and no office recorded his work. To Philadelphia no man can give this study and this labor without the conviction that its history has been one of steady and continuous development, and that all labor given to its service is rewarded a hundredfold by the glad consciousness of sharing in a winning fight for those things which make for the salvation of man and the coming of the City of God.



REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

The Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.

By John Willis Baer



FRANCIS E. CLARK
(Eighteen years old)

"Some twenty-seven years ago, in the old lecture-room of the Kimball Union Academy in Meriden, N. H., a boy of sixteen arose in the weekly prayer-meeting and gave a simple testimony for Christ. His words were few, but they came from a sincere heart; and upon one at least who heard them they made an impression that has lasted, with the friendship which began with them, for over a quarter of a century.

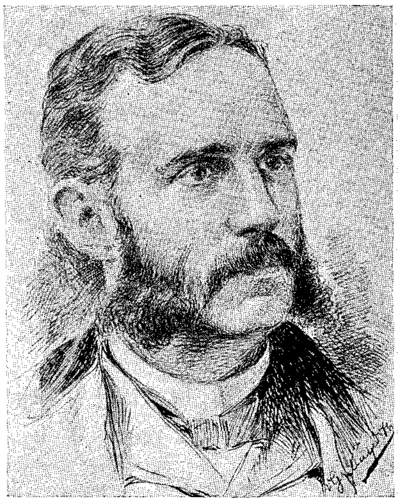
"That brief prayer-meeting testimony was a precursor of the Christian Endeavor movement. It was a keynote to the mighty symphony of prayer and praise which is arising from two millions and a half young hearts to-day.

"He was a modest, unassuming boy, yet withal very determined and wonderfully persuasive. He possessed a sensitive temperament, with instincts which were almost womanly in their delicacy and refinement, and yet he was every whit a man, strong, courageous, fond of manly sports, full of life and fire. He was all this as a boy of sixteen, and those who know him best to-day will tell you that he is all this and more as a man of forty-four."

Thus writes the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, D.D., about his classmate and bosom friend, Francis E. Clark.

Francis Edward Symmes—for Dr. Clark's father was Charles Carey Symmes, a native of New England, as was his wife—though he has many generations of New England blood in his veins, was born under the Union Jack, in Aylmer, Quebec, September 12, 1851. The father died of cholera at Three Rivers, P. Q., in 1854, while absent from Aylmer on a business trip. From Mr. S. J. Jarvis, of Aylmer, I learn the following interesting facts:

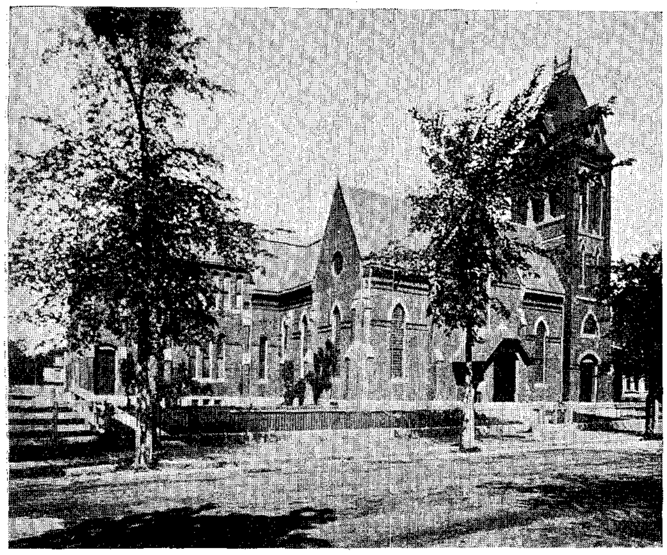
"After her husband's death, Mrs. Symmes, who was not a novice at teaching, opened a young ladies' academy at the old homestead, 'Cherry Cottage.' This institution flourished exceedingly well, and many bright girls were made brighter and happier by their association with Dr. Clark's mother. The past pupils are still to be found, and they will invariably tell you that the happiest days of their lives were when they were eligible to be called 'cherry-birds.' They will tell of the wonderful way in which 'dear Mrs. Symmes' used to instruct them in God's own book. They say there was none that could teach its truths as she could. Nor do they forget the curly-headed Frank, who was so smart a boy; and they are greatly pleased that he has been so used by God for furthering the Master's work."



REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.
(1892)

Dr. Clark's mother, sister, and brothers are buried in the cemetery a few miles from Aylmer, on the road to Ottawa. An aunt and cousins on his mother's side, besides numerous relatives of his father, still reside in Aylmer.

Mrs. Symmes lived but five years after her



WILLISTON CHURCH, PORTLAND, ME.

husband's death. Left an orphan so early in life, Dr. Clark tells me that, though he well remembers his mother, the face of his father lingers with him only as a vague memory. But God made up to him his great loss by providing for him new parents in the persons of the Rev. E. W. Clark and wife, a devoted uncle and aunt, who took him to Claremont, N. H., and into their home and hearts, adopted him (it being the wish of his mother) as their son, and gave him a liberal education. It was at this time that his name was changed from Symmes to Clark, his adopted father's and his own mother's name. There, in his new home, a country parsonage, under the best of religious training, he became a Christian at an early age, and decided to be a minister of the Gospel. Uncle and Aunt, or rather Father and Mother, Clark are both living to-day. Mr. Clark's voice was heard throughout the vast Mechanics' Building, Boston, in earnest prayer at the opening session of the last International Endeavor Convention. The mother is still an interested and active worker in the cause of missions. From Kimball Union Academy in Meriden he entered Dartmouth College, graduated with an honor in 1873 and with a good record as a scholar, and studied theology three years at Andover. From Andover he went immediately to his first pastorate at the Williston Church, Portland, Me.

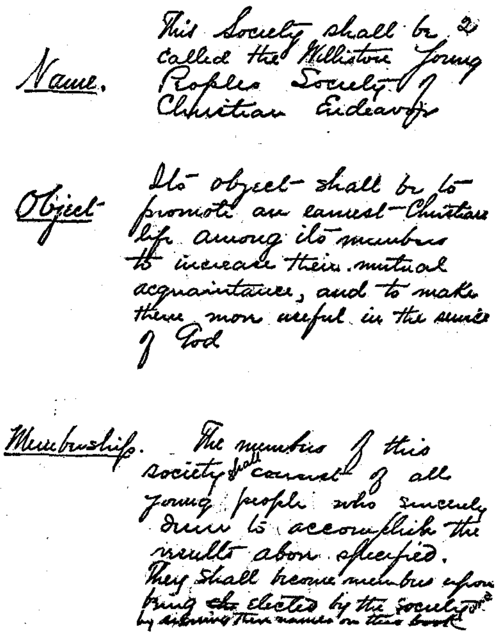
The Williston Church was at that time a new "mission," which had been started by a few earnest Christian people in a growing part of the city. The congregation was very small, and the services were held in a building which looked little like a church. Mr. Clark, however, soon became known as a preacher of ability, a zealous worker, and a devoted pastor. Large numbers rallied about him, and it became necessary to erect a church building of considerable proportions. Loved by all, especially by the young, Williston Church soon became famous for its evangelistic spirit and practical Christian work.

"It was in many respects an ideal church, and it had an ideal pastor; and these together furnished the ideal conditions for the Christian Endeavor organization. It came into being naturally, as the blossom comes. It was designed by a devoted pastor to meet the needs of a single church. It had in its conception no mixture of personal ambition, or denominational pride, or ecclesiastical rivalry. The man who conceived it believed in youthful piety and practical Christianity. He was himself an exemplar of these two ideas, and he had been conspicuously successful in realizing them in the church of which he was pastor; the Christian Endeavor constitution was the material mold in which these ideas found their natural development."

From Williston Church Dr. Clark was called in 1883 to the pastorate of Phillips Church, South Boston, where he ministered for four years. In 1887 the tide of Christian Endeavor had reached a mark that compelled National attention. The movement must have an official representative, and at the National Convention held at Saratoga the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., pastor of Union Church, Boston, Mass., presented a resolution which recommended the adoption of the "Golden Rule" as the official organ of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. At this time Dr. Clark was urged to become its editor, a position for which he was especially fitted, having inherited literary ability from his mother (a woman with poetical tastes and temperament), and having had experience at Dartmouth as one of the editors of "The Dartmouth." It was some time before he was fully persuaded that he ought to give up his pulpit for the editor's chair. At this same convention Dr. Clark was elected President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

CONSTITUTION.

Fac-Simile of Original Constitution.

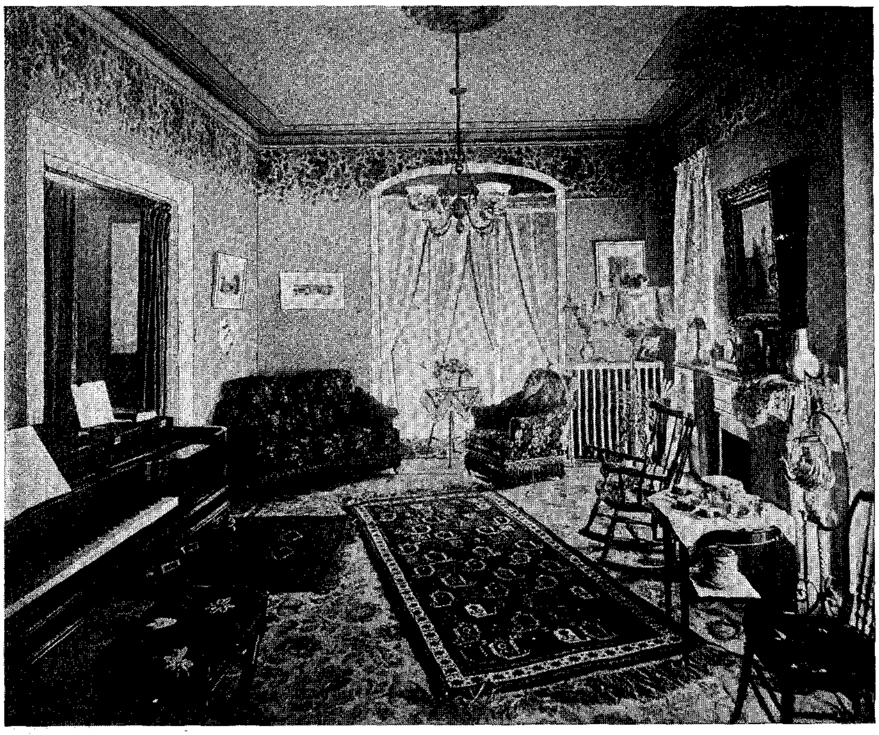


Name. This Society shall be called the Williston Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor

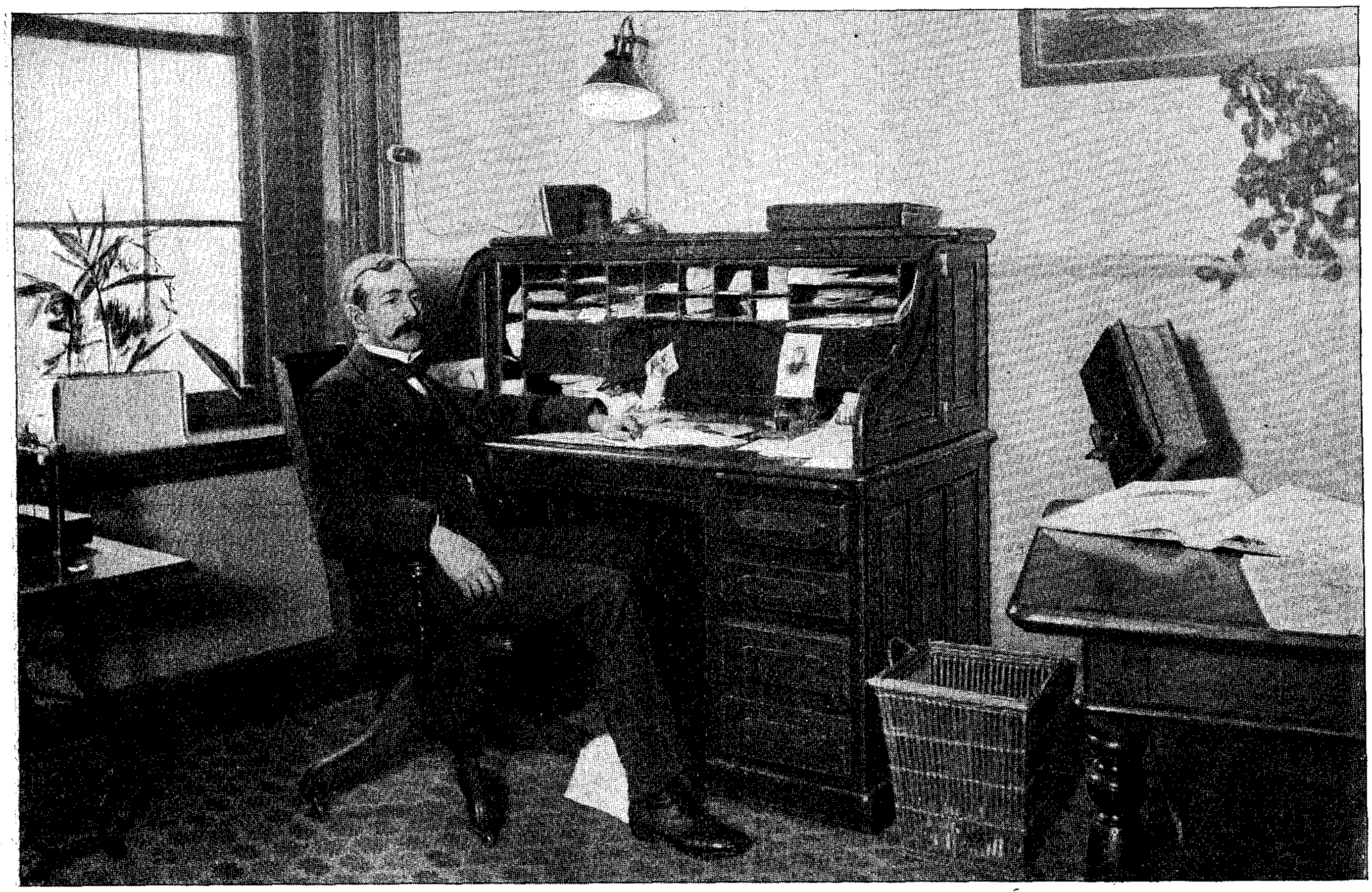
Object Its object shall be to promote an earnest Christian life among its members to increase their mutual acquaintance, and to make them more useful in the service of God

Membership. The members of this society shall consist of all young people who sincerely desire to accomplish the results above specified. They shall become members upon being ~~ele~~ elected by the society &c by signing their names on this book

Christian Endeavor deals with spiritual matters and methods of service so largely that little is really known about its own machinery; a new generation of Christian Endeavorers has come forward since the United Society was formed; and, naturally, they may not be acquainted with its origin and its object.



PARLOR WHERE THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY WAS ORGANIZED

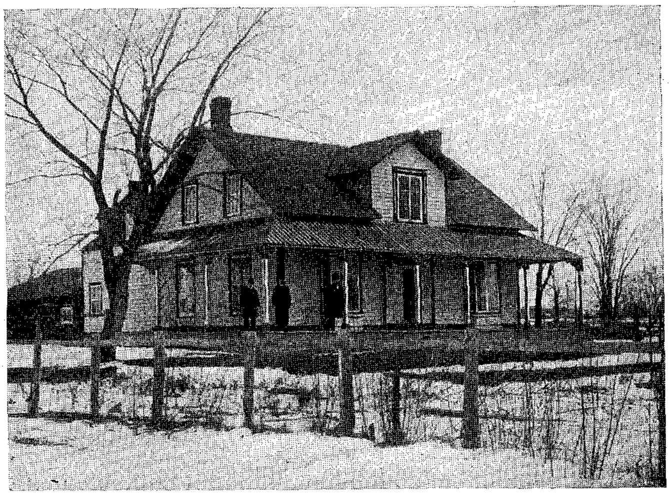


DR. CLARK AT HIS OFFICE DESK

For a few years after the formation of the first Society of Christian Endeavor, Mr. Pennell, Mr. Van Patten, Mr. Stevenson, of Portland, and Dr. Clark, with one or two others, did the work of the United Society. They furnished the information to those who wished it, and answered numberless letters. First, Dr. Clark made a hectograph copy of the constitution, and sent that out to inquiring friends. Then a supply of constitutions was printed for general distribution.

Thus things went on until the year 1885, when the United Society of Christian Endeavor was legally incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine (though it was afterward transferred to Massachusetts), for the purpose of publishing the necessary Christian Endeavor literature, and of furnishing the necessary information concerning the principles of the movement. That was the object of the United Society then, and it is no different to-day.

It is not the United Societies, you will notice, as it is often erroneously called, but the United Society, whose office is to supply information to those who desire it. It assumes no authority and levies no taxes. It seeks no control of State unions, local unions, or individual societies. Its corporate membership consists of all Christian Endeavorers who care enough for the privilege of voting at its annual business meeting to pay one dollar a year to support its work, or twenty dollars for life membership. Its trustees represent the different denominations. They are all well known, many of them most eminent in their respective denominations. They are all men who by their weight and character have commended the Society to their own denominations, and have thus largely promoted its growth. To many of them are due the increasing confidence and rapid growth of the Society in their respective denominations.



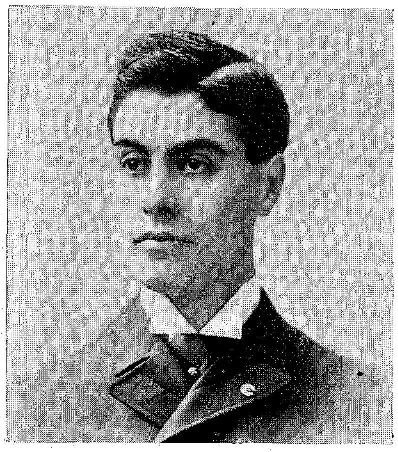
"CHERRY COTTAGE," AYLMER, QUEBEC, CANADA—BIRTHPLACE OF DR. CLARK

The United Society is, as I have said, a bureau of information, and is self-supporting. With a small income, it has accomplished its world-wide work most efficiently.

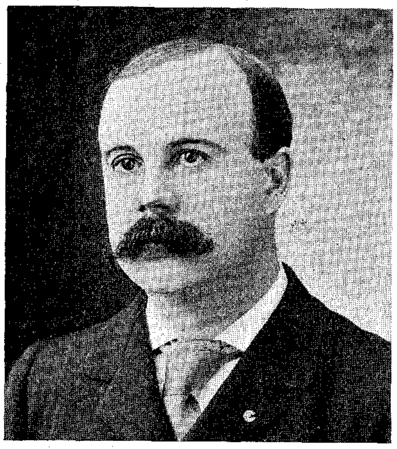
During all these years the "Golden Rule" has enabled Dr. Clark to contribute his time without a cent of expense to the Society of Christian Endeavor. It has paid his salary, and has enabled him to visit other lands in the interests of Christian Endeavor.

This is, briefly, the history of the organization called the United Society, which was founded in prayer, and has been carried on in the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause it represents. It has strictly minded its own business. It has interfered with no local society and no local union. It has left matters of local development where they should be left—to the pastors and churches, and to the societies and unions, State and provincial. It has received the commendation of wise and level-headed men in all denominations, and the manifest favor of God, in that during the years spanned by this brief recital Christian Endeavor has spread into every land, has grown faster than any other religious organization ever grew, and has constantly been bringing forth its peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Dr. Clark's acceptance of the editor's chair of the "Golden Rule" and the presidency of the United Society was an epoch in the history of Christian Endeavor. God called him to these places of honor and responsibility, and has led him all these years. A passenger once asked a pilot on a treacherous water if he knew every rock and shoal; the answer was, "Oh, no, but I know where the deep water lies." Dr. Clark turns the wheel that keeps the craft Christian Endeavor in the



J. WILLIS BAER
Secretary Christian Endeavor Society



WILLIAM SHAW
Treasurer Christian Endeavor Society

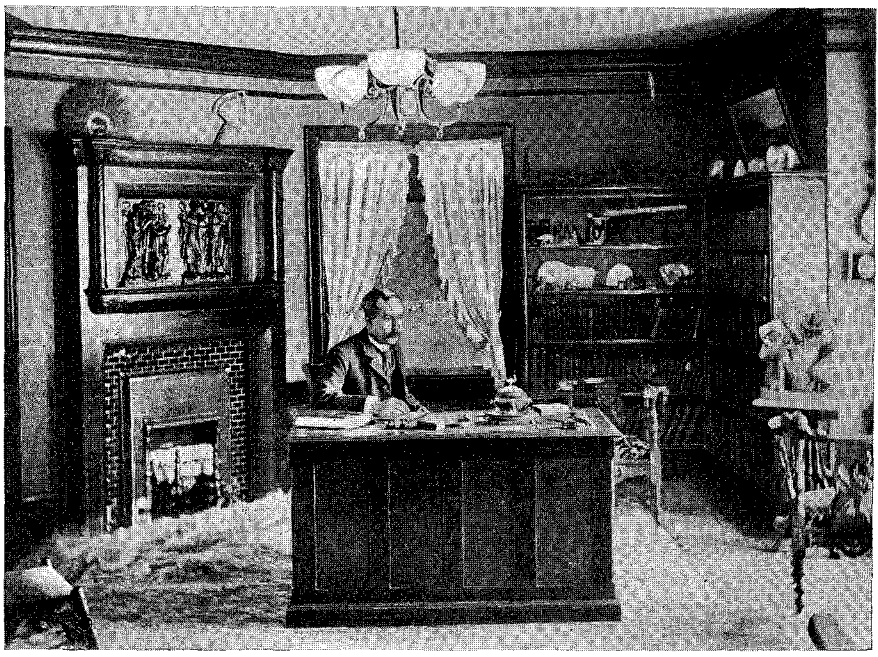
"deep" water. A firm believer in the deep, powerful, religious life expressed in the Church of Jesus Christ, he is an enthusiastic champion of the young people and their ability to do Christian work, appealing to the heroic and devout in their lives. A man of sincere simplicity and at the same time resolute strength, quiet, unassuming, always persistent, never obstinate, always aggressive, never pugnacious, always courteous, never punctilious, always religious, never sanctimonious, a friend of self-respecting interdenominationalism, an enemy of narrow sectarianism, Francis E. Clark is an ideal Christian Endeavorer.

Editor-in-chief of the "Golden Rule," President of the World's Union of Christian Endeavor, the United Society of Christian Endeavor and of its Board of Trustees, his is a busy life. I presume no other man living to-day has the acquaintance of so many young people throughout the world. He has not only addressed conventions of young people in every State, Territory, and Province in the United States and Canada, but he has made several trips to Great Britain and Continental Europe, and has also made a complete circuit of the globe, meeting with and addressing thousands in all foreign and missionary lands. It is easy to believe that a leader with his opportunities and successes must have great executive ability. He has it, and has it to almost a wonderful degree. Dr. Clark has surrounded himself with associates whom he delights to trust, and, like General Grant, he delegates certain departments of work and lines of policy to his subordinates; while still guiding with a master hand, he expects these associates to direct affairs in their departments, and places much of the burden of responsibility for success or failure upon their shoulders.

Dr. Clark's home is in Auburndale, one of the suburbs of Boston. It is here, free from interruptions and callers, that he does much of his editorial and other literary work. When not called away to meet appointments at conventions—and he has many such engagements—he divides his days equally between his study in his home and his office at headquarters, 646 Washington Street, Boston.

Any sketch of Dr. Clark's life would be incomplete without generous mention of his wife and family and his home life. Max Müller has said that "all really great and honest men may be said to live three lives: there is one life which is seen and accepted by the world at large—a man's outward life; there is a second life which is seen by a man's intimate friends—his household life; and there is a third life, seen only by the man himself and by Him who searcheth the heart, which may be called the inner or heavenly life." Dr. Clark's public life is fairly well known the world around. It must be so, naturally, and we need no longer dwell upon it. If you want to see the best side of this man whose name is a household word in many countries, look in with me upon his home life. Step with me to the door of his hospitable home. Even before you receive a hearty and affectionate greeting from the man, you will have received a generous welcome if you glance up at the main girders of the porch, for here, in a dozen different languages, the word *welcome* is beautifully carved. You will be at once invited into his library, which is also the "family" room, for this is a typical American home. It is here more often than upon public functions that you will meet Dr. Clark's "better seven-eighths," and their four children. Mrs. Clark is beloved by a great host of people, for not only did she make deservedly loyal friends in both Dr. Clark's parishes, as she has in their present home, but she has been his traveling companion upon many of his pilgrimages in this and other lands. She has much of her husband's executive ability, and is the originator of many methods of Christian Endeavor and other church work. She is especially qualified in every way to be the wife of the leader of two million and a half young people. Let me say of her what the Rev. Charles Perry Mills, of Newburyport, Mass., the pastor who organized the second Christian Endeavor Society, once said of Dr. Clark: "Some men are gentle without strength, some are strong without gentleness; he has both gentleness and strength." All who know Mrs. Clark will say that she has both gentleness and strength. Personal knowledge from several years of intimacy convinces me that a peep into the home life of the family would give the same uplift that the personality of the two heads of the family has given to thousands outside of the home, whose contact has been only with their outward lives.

Then, lastly, there is a third life—that seen only by God and the man himself. I cannot trust myself to speak of that. My privileges have been many, in that my associations with Dr. Clark have been intimate and affectionate, and I think I know something, too, of the deep spiritual life that is his. There have been experiences that have been confidential, that have given me inlets into his very heart-life, yet, with Müller, let me say, "It is seldom that we catch a glimpse of those deep springs of human character which cannot come to the surface even in the most confidential intercourse, which in every-day life are hidden from a man's own sight, but which break forth when he is alone with God in secret prayer—aye, in prayer without words."



DR. CLARK AT HOME

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.—JOINT POTENTATES

Among all the houses in a Scottish parish the homeliest and kindliest is the manse, for to its door some time in the year comes every inhabitant, from the laird to the cottar woman. Within the familiar and old-fashioned study, where the minister's chair and writing-table could not be changed without discomposing the parish, and where there are fixed degrees of station, so that the laird has his chair and the servant lass hers, the minister receives and does his best for all the folk committed to his charge. Here he consults with the factor about some improvement in the arrangements of the little commonwealth, he takes counsel with a farmer about his new lease and promises to say a good word to his lordship, he confirms the secret resolution of some modest gifted lad to study for the holy ministry, he hears the shamefaced confession of some lassie whom love has led astray, he gives good advice to a son leaving the Glen for the distant dangerous world, he comforts the mother who has received bad news from abroad. Generations have come in their day to this room, and generations still unborn will come in their joys and sorrows, with their trials and their affairs, while the manse stands and human life runs its old course. And when, as was the case with Dr. Davidson in Drumtochty, the minister is ordained to the parish in his youth, and, instead of hurrying hither and thither, preaching in vacancies, scheming and intriguing, he dwells all his days among his own people, he himself knows three generations, and accumulates a store of practical wisdom for the help of his people. What may be the place of the clergyman in an English parish, and what associations of sympathy and counsel the rectory may have for the English farm-laborer, it is not given to a northern man to know; but it is one good thing at least in our poor land that the manse is another word for guidance and good cheer, so that Jean advises Jock in their poor little perplexity about a new place to "slip doon an' see the Doctor," and Jock, although appearing to refuse, does "gie a cry at the manse," and comes home to the gude wife mightily comforted.

The manse-builders of the ancient days were men of a shrewd eye and much wisdom. If anywhere the traveler in the north country sees a house peeping from among a clump of trees in the lap of a hill where the northeaster cannot come and the sun shines full and warm, then let him be sure that is the manse, with the kirk and God's acre close beside, and that the fertile little fields around are the glebe, which the farmers see are plowed and sown and reaped first in the parish. Drumtochty Manse lay beneath the main road, so that the cold wind blowing from the north went over its chimneys, and on the east it was sheltered by the Tochty woods. Southward it overlooked the fields that sloped toward the river, and westward, through some ancient trees, one study window had a peep of the west, although it was not given to the parish manse to lie of an evening in the glory of the setting sun, as did the Free Kirk. Standing at the gate and looking down beneath the beeches that stood as sentinels on either side of the little drive, one caught a pleasant glimpse of the manse garden, with its close-cut lawn and flower-beds and old summer-house and air of peace. No one troubled the birds in that place, and they had grown shameless in their familiarity with dignities—a jackdaw having once done his best to steal the Doctor's bandana handkerchief, and the robins settling on his hat. Irreverence has limits, and in justice to a privileged friend it ought to be explained that the Doctor wore on these occasions an aged wide-awake and carried no gold-headed stick. His dog used to follow him step by step as he fed the birds and pottered among the flowers, and then it always ended in the old man sitting down on a seat at the foot of the lawn, with Skye at his feet, and looking across the Glen where he had been born and where for nearly half a century he had ministered. Kate caught him once in this attitude, and was so successful in her sketch that some have preferred it to the picture in oils that was presented to the Doctor by the Presbytery of Muirtown, and was painted by an R.A. who spent a fortnight at the manse and departed with some marvelous heads, still to be identified in certain councilors and nobles of the past. Both are hanging in the same house now, far from Drumtochty, and there they call one "Public Capaucity" and the other "Private Capaucity," and you require to have seen both to know our kindly, much-loved Moderate.

As John grew old with his master and mellowed, he would make believe to work close by, so that at times they might drop into talk, recalling names that had died out of the Glen, shrewd sayings that fell from lips now turned to dust, curious customs that had ceased forever, all in great charity. Then there would come a pause, and John would say, "Aye, aye," and go away to the bees. Under the influence of such reminiscences John used to become depressed, and gently prepare Rebecca for the changes that were not far off, when Drumtochty would have a new minister and a new beadle.

"The Doctor's failin', Becca, an' it's no tae be expeckit that a'll be lang aifter him; it wudna be fittin', an' a'm no wantin't. Aifter ye've carried the bukes afore ae minister for five and thirty year, ye're no anxious for a change; naebody 'ill ever come doon the kirkyaird like the Doctor, an' a' cudna brak ma step; na, na, there's no mony things a' michtna learn, but a' cudna brak ma step."

Rebecca went on with her dinner in silence; even capable men had weaknesses somewhere, and she was accustomed to those moralizings.

"A'm the auldest beadle in the Presbytery o' Muirtown—though a' say it as sudna—an' the higher the place the mair we 'ill hae tae answer for, Becca. Nae man can hold the poseetion a'm in withoot anxieties. Noo there wes the 'Eruption' in '43"—it could not be ignorance which made John cling to this word, and so we supposed that the word was adopted in the spirit of historical irony—"that wes a crisis. Did a' ever tell ye, Rebecca, that there wes juist ae beadle left the next morning tae cairry on the Presbytery of Muirtown?"

"Aye, forty times an' mair," replied that uncompromising woman; "an' it wud set ye better tae be servin' the Doctor's lunch than sit haverin' an' blawin' there."

No sane person in Drumtochty would have believed that any human being could dare to address John after this fashion, and it is still more incredible that the great man should have risen without a word and gone about his duty. Such a surprising and painful incident suggests the question whether a beadle or any other person in high position ought to be married, and so be exposed to inevitable familiarities. Hillocks took this view strongly in the kirkyard at the time of John's marriage—although neither he nor any one knew with how much reason—and he impressed the fathers powerfully.

"Becca cam frae Kilspindie Castle close on thirty year syne, and John's took the bukes aboot the same time; they've agreed no that ill for sic a creetical poseetion a' that time, him oot an' her in, an' atween them the Doctor's no been that ill-servit; they micht hae lat weel alane.

"She's no needin' a man tae keep her," and Hillocks proceeded to review the situation, "for Becca's hed a gude place, an' she disna fling awa' her siller on dress. As for John, a' canna mak him oot, for he gets his stockin's darned and his white stock dune as weel an' maybe better than if he wes mairried."

The kirkyard could see no solution of the problem, and Hillocks grew pessimistic.

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

"It 'ill be a doon-come tae him, a'm judgin', an' 'ill no be for the gude o' the pairish. He's never been crossed yet, an' he 'ill no tak weel wi' contradickin' . . ."

"She wudna daur," broke in Whinny, "an' him the beadle."

"Ye ken little aboot weemen," retorted Hillocks, "for yir gude wife is by hersel' in the pairish, an' micht be a sanct; the maist o' them are a camsteary lot. A'm no sayin'," he summed up, "that Becca 'ill gie the beadle the word back or refuse to dae his biddin', but she 'ill be pittin' forrit her ain opeenions, an' that's no what he's been accustomed tae in Drumtochty."

They were married one forenoon in the study, with Drumsheugh and Domsie for witnesses—the address given by the Doctor could hardly be distinguished from an ordination charge—and John announced his intention of accompanying his master that afternoon to the General Assembly, while Rebecca remained in charge of the manse.

"It wudna be wise-like for us twa," explained the beadle, "tae be stravagin' ower the country for three or fower days like wild geese, but the pairish micht expect something. Noo, a've hed ma share o' a Presbytery an' a Synod, tae say naethin' o' Kirk Sessions, but a've never seen an Assembly.

"Gin ye cud get a place, a' wud spend ma time considering hoo the officer comes in, and hoo he lays doon the buke, an' sic like; a' micht get a hint," said John, with much modesty.

So John went alone for his wedding tour, and, being solemnly introduced to Thomas, the chief of all beadles, discussed mysteries with him unto great edification; but he was chiefly impressed by the Clerk of the Free Kirk Assembly—into which he had wandered on an errand of exploration—who was a fiery-faced old gentleman with a stentorian voice and the heart of a little child.

"Ye never heard him cry, 'Officer, shut the door,' afore a vote?" he inquired of the Doctor. "Weel, ye've missed a real pleesure, sir; gin ye stude on Princes Street, wi' the wind frae the richt airt, ye micht hear him. A' never heard onything better dune: hoo ony man wi' sic a face and voice cud be content outside the Auld Kirk passes me."

John was so enamored of this performance that after much cogitation he unburdened his mind to the Doctor, and showed how such a means of grace might be extended to Drumtochty.

"Noo, if there wes nae objection in order, aifter ye hed settled in the pulpit an' hed yir first snuff, ye micht say, 'Officer, shut the door.' Then a' wud close the kirk door deleeberately in sicht o' the hale congregation, an' come back tae ma place, an' Peter Rattray himsel' wudna daur tae show his face aifter that. Ye hae the voice an' the manner, Doctor, an' it's no richt tae wyste them."

In public John defended the Doctor's refusal as a proof of his indulgence to the prodigals of the parish, but with his intimates he did not conceal his belief that the opportunity had been lost of bringing the service in Drumtochty Kirk to absolute perfection. John's own mind ran on the mighty utterance, and so it came to pass that the question of mastery in the kitchen of the manse under the new régime was settled within a week after his ecclesiastical honeymoon.

"Rebecca"—this with a voice of thunder from the fireplace, where the beadle was reading the "Muirtown Advertiser"—"close the door."

The silence was so imperative that John turned round, and saw his spouse standing with a half-dried dish in her hand.

"Ma name is Rebecca," as she recovered her speech, "an' there's nae ither wumman in the hoose, but a'm judgin' ye werena speakin' tae me, or"—with awful severity—"ye've made a mistak', an' the suner it's pit richt the better for baith you an' me an' the manse o' Drumtochty.

"For near thirty year ye've gane traivelin' in an' oot o' this kitchin withoot cleanin' yir feet, and ye've pit yir shoon on the fender, an' hung up yir weet coat on the back o' the door, an' commandit this an' that as if ye were the Doctor himsel', an' a' cud dae naethin', for ye were beadle o' Drumtochty.

"So a' saw there wes nae ither wy o't but tae mairry ye an' get some kind of order in the hoose; noo ye 'ill understand the poseetion an' no need anither tellin': ootside in the kirk an' pairish ye're maister, an' a'll never conter ye, for a' ken ma place as a kirk member an' yir place as beadle; inside in this hoose a'm maister, an' ye 'ill dae what ye're bid, always in due submission tae the Doctor, wha's maister baith in an' oot. Tak yir feet aff that steel bar this meenut"—this by way of practical application; and when, after a brief pause, in which the fate of an empire hung in the balance, John obeyed, the two chief officials in the parish had made their covenant.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that they carefully kept their bounds, so that Becca would no more have thought of suggesting a new attitude to John as he stood at the foot of the pulpit stair waiting for the Doctor's descent than John would have interfered with the cooking of the Doctor's dinner. When the glass was at set fair, they even exchanged compliments, the housekeeper expressing her sense of unworthiness as she saw John in his high estate, while he would indicate that the Doctor's stock on Sacrament Sabbath reached the highest limits of human attainment. The Doctor, being left to the freedom of his own will, labored at a time to embroil the powers by tempting them to cross one another's frontiers, but always failed, because they foresaw the consequences with a very distinct imagination. If he asked Rebecca to convey a message to Drumsheugh, that cautious woman would send in John to receive it from the Doctor's own lips; and if the Doctor gave some directions regarding dinner to John, Rebecca would appear in a few minutes to learn what the Doctor wanted. It was an almost complete delimitation of frontiers, and the Doctor used to say that he never quite understood the Free Kirk theory of the relation between Church and State till he considered the working agreement of his two retainers. It was, he once pleasantly said to the minister of Kildrummie, a perfect illustration of "co-ordinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination." It is just possible that some one may not fully grasp those impressive words, in which case let him appreciate other people's accomplishments and mourn his ignorance, for they were common speech in Drumtochty, and were taught at their porridge to the Free Kirk children.

It is an unfortunate circumstance, however, that even a scientific frontier wavers at places, and leaves a piece of doubtful territory that may at any moment become a cause of war. Surely there is not on the face of the Scottish earth a more unoffending, deferential, conciliatory person than a "probationer," who on Saturdays can be seen at every country junction, bag in hand, on his patient errand of "supply;" and yet it was over his timid body the great powers of the manse twice quarreled disastrously. As a guest in the manse, to be received on Saturday evening, to be conducted to his room, to be fed and warmed, to go to his bed at a proper hour—ten on Saturday and ten-thirty on Sabbath—to be sent away on Monday morning in good time for the train, he was within the province of Rebecca. As a minister to be examined, advised, solemnized, encouraged, to be got ready on Sabbath morning and again disrobed, to be edified with suitable conversation and generally made as fit as possible for his work, he was evidently within John's sphere of influence. It was certainly the beadle's business to visit the dining-room on Saturday evening, where the young man was supposed to be meditating against the ordeal of the morrow, to get the Psalms for the precentor, to answer strictly professional questions, and generally to advise the neophyte about the sermon that would suit Drumtochty, and the kind of voice to be used. One thing John knew perfectly well he ought not to do, and that was to invite a probationer to spend the evening in the Doctor's study, for on this point Rebecca was inexorable.

"A' dinna say that they wud read the Doctor's letters, an' a' dinna say they wud tak a buke as a keepsake, but a' can never forget ane o' them—he hed a squint and red hair—comin' oot frae the cupboard as a' opened the door.

"'There's juist ae wy oot o' the room, an' it's by the door ye cam in at,' a' said; 'maybe ye wud like tae come an' sit in the dinin'-room; ye 'ill be less distrackit.'" And

Rebecca charged John that no probationer should in future be allowed to enter the Doctor's sanctum on any consideration.

John's excuse for his solitary fault was that the lad thought that he could study his sermon better with books round him, and so Rebecca found the young gentleman seated in the Doctor's own chair and working with the Doctor's own pen, unblushing and shameless.

"Gin ye want Cruden's Concordance"—this was when Rebecca had led him out a chastened man—"or Matthew Henry tae fill up yir sermon, the books 'ill be brocht by the church officer."

Rebecca's intrusion, in turn, into John's sphere was quite without excuse, and she could only explain her conduct by a general reference to the foolishness of the human heart. It came out through the ingenuousness of the probationer, who mentioned casually that he was told Drumtochty liked four heads in the sermon.

"May I ask the name of yir adviser?" said the beadle, with awful severity. "The hoosekeeper? A' thocht so, an' a' wud juist gie ye due intimation that the only person qualified an' entitled tae gie ye information on sic subjects is masel', an' ony ither is unjustified and unwarranted.

"Fower heads? Three an' an application is the Doctor's invariable rule, an' gin a probationer gied oot a fourth, a' winna undertake tae say what michtna happen. Drumtochty is no a pairish tae trifle wi', an' it disna like newfangled wys. Fower!" and the scorn for this unorthodox division was withering.

Rebecca realized the gravity of the situation in the kitchen, and humbled herself greatly.

"It wes as a hearer that he askit ma opinion, an' no as an authority. He said that the new wy wes tae leave oot heads, an' a' saw a' the hay spread oot across the field, so a' told him tae gither it up intae 'coles' (haycocks), an' it wud be easier lifted. Maybe a' mentioned fower—a'll no deny it; but it's the first time a' ever touched on heads, an' it 'ill be the laist."

Upon those terms of penitence John granted pardon, but it was noticed on Sabbath that when Becca got in the way of the retiring procession to the manse, the beadle was heard in the kirkyard, "Oot of ma rood, wumman," in a tone that was full of judgment, and that Rebecca withdrew to the grass as one justly punished.

This excellent woman once accomplished her will, however, in spite of John, and had all her days the pleasant relish of a secret triumph. Her one unfulfilled desire was to see the Doctor in his court dress, which he wore as Moderator of the Kirk of Scotland during the Assembly time, and which had lain ever since in a box with camphor and such preservatives amid the folds. It was aggravating to hear Drumsheugh and Hillocks—who had both gone to the Assembly that year for the sole purpose of watching the Doctor enter and bow to the standing house—enlarging on his glory in velvet and lace and silver buckles, and growing in enthusiasm with the years.

"It's little better than a sin," she used to insist, "tae see the bonnie suit gien the Doctor by the Countess o' Kilspindie, wi' dear's knows hoo much o' her ain auld lace on't, lyin' useless, wi' naebody tae git a sicht o't on his back. Dinna ye think, man"—this with much persuasiveness—"that ye cud get the Doctor tae pit on his velvets on an occasion, maybe a Saicrament? The pairish wud be lifted; an' ye wud look weel walkin' afore him in his lace."

"Dinna plead wi' me, wumman; a' wud gie a half-year's wages tae see him in his grandeur; but it's offeecial, div ye no see, an' canna be used except by a Moderator. Na, na, ye can dust and stroke it, but ye 'ill never see yon coat on the Doctor."

This was little less than a challenge to a woman of spirit, and Rebecca simply lived from that day to clothe the Doctor in embroidered garments. Her opportunity arrived when Kate's birthday came round, and the Doctor insisted on celebrating it by a party of four. By the merest accident his housekeeper met Miss Carnegie on the road, and somehow happened to describe the excellent glory of the Doctor's full dress, whereupon that willful young woman went straight to the manse, nor left till the Doctor had promised to dine in ruffles, in which case she pledged herself that the General would come in uniform, and she would wear the family jewels, so that everything would be worthy of the Doctor's dinner.

"Hoo daur ye!" began John, coming down from the Doctor's room, where the suit was spread upon the bed; but his wife did not allow him to continue, explaining that the thing was none of her doing, and that it was only becoming honor should be shown to Miss Carnegie when she dined for the first time at the manse of Drumtochty.

CHAPTER XVI.—DRIED ROSE-LEAVES

Townspeople are so clever and know so much that it is only just something should be hidden from their sight, and it is quite certain that they do not understand the irresistible and endless fascination of the country. They love to visit us in early autumn, and are vastly charmed with the honeysuckle in the hedges, and the corn turning yellow, and the rivers singing in the sunlight, and the purple on the hillside. It is then that the dweller in cities resolves to retire as soon as may be from dust and crowds and turmoil and hurry to some cottage where the scent of roses comes in at the open window and one is wakened of a morning by the birds singing in the ivy. When the corn is gathered into the stack-yard, and the leaves fall on the road, and the air has a touch of frost, and the evenings draw in, then the townsman begins to shiver and bethink him of his home. He leaves the fading glory with a sense of relief, like one escaping from approaching calamity, and as often as his thoughts turn thither he pities us in our winter solitude. "What a day this would be in Drumtochty!" he says, coming in from the slushy streets and rubbing his hands before the fire.

This good man is thankful to Providence for very slight mercies, since he knows only one out of the four seasons that make our glorious year. He had been wise to visit us in the summer-time, when the light hardly dies out of the Glen, and the grass and young corn present six shades of green, and the scent of the hay is everywhere, and all young creatures are finding themselves with joy. Perhaps he had done better to have come north in our springtime, when nature, throwing off the yoke of winter, burst suddenly into an altogether indescribable greenery, and the primroses were blooming in Tochty woods, and every cottage garden was sweet with wallflowers, and the birds sang of love in every wood, and the sower went forth to sow. And, though this will appear quite incredible, it had done this comfortable citizen much good to have made his will and risked his life with us in the big snow-storm that used to shut us up for fourteen days every February. One might well endure many hardships to stand on the side of Ben Urtach and see the land one glittering expanse of white on to the great strath on the left and the hills above Dunleith on the right, to tramp all day through the dry, crisp snow, and, gathering round the wood fire of an evening, tell pleasant tales of ancient days, while the wind powdered the glass with drift and roared in the chimney. Then a man thanked God that he was not confined to a place where the pure snow was trodden into mire, and the thick fog made it dark at midday.

This very season of autumn, which frightened the townsfolk and sent them home in silence, used to fill our hearts with peace, for it was to us the crown and triumph of the year. We were not dismayed by the leaves that fell with rustling sound in Tochty woods, nor by the bare stubble-fields from which the last straw had been raked by thrifty hands, nor by the touch of cold in the northwest wind blowing over Ben Urtach, nor by the grayness of the running water. The long toil of the year had not been in vain, and the harvest had been safely gathered. The clump of sturdy little stacks, carefully thatched and roped, that stood beside each homestead were the visible fruit of the long year's labor, and the assurance of plenty against winter. Let it snow for a week on end, and let the blast from the mouth of Glen Urtach pile up the white drift high against the outer row of stacks—the horses will be put in the mill shed, and an inner stack will be forked into the threshing-loft, and all day long the mill will go with dull, rumbling sound that can be heard from the road, while within the grain pours into the corn-room, and the clean yellow straw is piled in the barn. Hillocks was not a man given to sentiment, yet even he would wander among the stacks on an October evening, and come in to the firelight full of moral reflections. A vague sense of rest and thankfulness pervaded the Glen, as if one had come home from a long journey in safety, bringing his possessions with him.

The spirit of October was on the Doctor as he waited for his guests in the drawing-room of the manse. The Doctor had a special affection for the room, and would often sit alone in it for hours in the gloaming. Once Rebecca came in suddenly, and though the light was dim, and the Doctor was seated in the shadow by the piano, she was certain that he had been weeping. He would not allow any change to be made in the room, even the shifting of a table, and he was very particular about its good keeping. Twice a year Rebecca polished the old-fashioned rosewood furniture, and so often a man came from Muirtown to tune the piano, which none in the district could play, and which the Doctor kept locked. Two little pencil sketches, signed with a childish hand, Daisy Davidson, the minister always dusted himself, as also a covered picture on the wall; and the half-yearly cleaning of the drawing-room was concluded when he arranged on the backs of two chairs one piece of needlework showing red and white roses, and another whereon was wrought a posy of primroses. The room had a large bay window opening on the lawn, and the Doctor had a trick of going out and in that way, so that he often had ten minutes in its quietness; but no visitor was taken there, except once a year, when the wife of the Doctor's old friend, Lord Kilspindie, drove up to lunch, and the old man escorted her ladyship round the garden and brought her in by the window. On that occasion, but only then, the curtain was lifted from the picture, and for a brief space they stood in silence. Then he let the silken veil fall and gently arranged its folds, and, offering his arm with a very courtly bow, led the Countess into the dining-room, where Rebecca had done her best, and John waited in fullest Sabbath array.

The Doctor wandered about the room—looking out on the garden, mysterious in the fading light, changing the position of a chair, smoothing the old-fashioned needlework with caressing touch, breaking up a log in the grate. He fell at last into a reverie before the fire—which picked out each bit of silver on his dress and shone back from the black velvet—and heard nothing till John flung open the door and announced with immense majesty, "General Carnegie and Miss Carnegie."

"Welcome, Kate, to the house of your father's friend, and welcome for your own sake, and many returns of this day. May I say how that white silk and those rubies become you? It is very kind to put on such beautiful things for my poor little dinner. As for you, Jack, you are glorious," and the Doctor must go over Carnegie's medals till that worthy and very modest man lost all patience.

"No more of this nonsense; but, Sandie, that is a desperately becoming get-up of yours; doesn't he suit it well, Kit? I never saw a better calf on any man."

"You are both 'rael bonnie,' and ought to be very grateful to me for insisting on full dress. I'm sorry that there is only one girl to admire two such handsome men; it's a poor audience, but at any rate it is very appreciative and grateful," and Kate curtsied to each in turn, for all that evening she was in great good humor.

"By the way, there will be one more to laugh at us, for I've asked the Free Kirk minister to make a fourth for our table. He is a nice young fellow, with more humanity than most of his kind; but did not I hear that he called at the Lodge to pay his respects?"

"Certainly he did," said the General, "and I rather took a fancy to him. He has an honest eye and is not at all bad-looking, and tells a capital story. But Kit fell upon him about something, and I had to cover him. It's a wonder that he ever came near the place again."

"He has been at the Lodge eight times since then," explained Kate, with much composure: "but he will on no account be left alone with the head of the household. The General insulted him on politics, and I had to interfere; so he looks on me as a kind of protector, and I walk him out to the Beeches lest he be massacred."

"Take care, my dear Catherine," for the Doctor was a shrewd old gentleman; "protecting comes perilously near loving, and Carmichael's brown eyes are dangerous."

"They are dark blue." Kate was off her guard, and had no sooner spoken than she blushed, whereat the Doctor laughed wickedly.

"You need not be afraid for Kate," said the General, cheerfully; "no man can conquer her; and as for the poor young padres, she made their lives miserable."

"They were so absurd," said Kate, "so innocent, so ignorant, so authoritative, that it was for their good to be reduced to a proper level. But I rather think your guest has forgotten his engagement. He will be so busy with his book that even a manse dinner will have no attraction." The Doctor looked again at Kate, but now she wore an air of great simplicity.

It was surely not Carmichael's blame that he was late for Dr. Davidson's dinner, since he had thought of nothing else since he rose, which was at the unearthly hour of six. He went out for a walk, which consisted of one mile east and another west from the village, and, with pauses, during which he rested on gates and looked from him, lasted two hours. On his return he explained to Sarah that his health had received much benefit, and that she was not to be surprised if he went out every morning at or before daybreak. He also mentioned casually that he was to dine at the manse that day, and Sarah, who had been alarmed lest this unexpected virtue might mean illness, was at rest. His habit was to linger over breakfast, propping a book against the sugar-basin, and taking it and his rasher slice about, which was, he insisted, the peculiar joy of a bachelor's breakfast; but this morning Sarah found him at ten o'clock still at table, gazing intently at an untouched cutlet, and without any book. He swallowed two mouthfuls hurriedly and hastened to the study, leaving her to understand that he had been immersed in a theological problem. It seemed only reasonable that a man should have one pipe before settling down to a forenoon of hard study, but there is no doubt that the wreaths of smoke, as they float upward, take fantastic shapes, and lend themselves to visions. Twelve o'clock—it was outrageous—six hours gone without a stroke of work! Sarah is informed that, as he has a piece of very stiff work to do, luncheon must be an hour later, and that the terrier had better go out for a walk. Then Carmichael cleared his table and set himself down to a new German critic, who was doing marvelous things with the Prophet Isaiah. In three thick volumes—paper-bound and hideous to behold—and in a style of elaborate repulsiveness, Schlochenboshen showed that the book had been written by a syndicate, on the principle that each member contributed one verse in turn, without reference to his neighbors. It was, in fact, the simple plan of a children's game, in which you write a noun and I an adjective, and the total result greatly pleases the company; and the theory of the eminent German was understood to throw a *flood of light on Scripture*. Schlochenboshen had already discovered eleven alternating authors, and as No. 4 would occasionally pool his contribution with No. 6, several other interesting variations were introduced. In such circumstances one must fix the list of authors in his head, and this can be conveniently done by letters of the alphabet. Carmichael made a beginning with four, KATE, and then he laid down his pen and went out for a turn in the garden. When he came in with a resolute mind, he made a précis of the Professor's introduction, and it began, "dear Miss Carnegie," after which he went to lunch and ate three biscuits. As for some reason his mind could not face even the most fascinating German, Carmichael fell back on the twelve hundredth book on Mary Queen of Scots, which had just come from the library, and which was to finally vindicate that very beautiful, very clever, and very perplexing young woman. An hour later Carmichael was on the moor, full of an unquenchable pity for

Chatelard, who had loved the sun and perished in his rays. The cold wind on the hill braced his soul, and he returned in a heroic mood. He only was the soldier of the Cross who denied himself to earthly love and hid a broken heart. And now he read A'Kempis and the "Christian Year." Several passages in the latter he marked in pencil with a cross; and when his wife asked him the reason only last week, he smiled, but would give no answer. Having registered anew his vow of celibacy, he spent an hour in dressing—an operation, he boasted, which could be performed in six minutes, and which on this occasion his housekeeper determined to review.

With all the women in the Glen, old and young, she liked the lad, for a way that he had and the kindness of his heart, and was determined that he should be well dressed for once in his life. It was Sarah, indeed, that kept Carmichael late, for she not only laid out his things for him with much care and judgment, but on sight of the wisp of white round his neck she persuaded him to accept her services, and at last she was satisfied. He also lost a little time as he came near the manse, for he grew concerned lest his tie was not straight, and it takes time to examine yourself in the back of your watch, when the light is dimming and it is necessary to retire behind a hedge lest some keen Drumtochty eye should detect the roadside toilet.

John had brought in the lamp before Carmichael entered, and his confusion was pardonable, for he had come in from the twilight, and none could have expected such a sight.

"Glad to see you, Carmichael"—the Doctor hastened to cover his embarrassment. "It is very good of you to honor my little party by your presence. You know the General, I think, and Miss Carnegie, whose first birthday in Drumtochty we celebrate to-night.

"No wonder you are astonished," for Carmichael was blushing furiously; "and I must make our defense, eh, Carnegie? else it will be understood in Free Kirk circles that the manse is mad. We seem, in fact, a pair of old fools, and you can have your jest at us; but there is an excuse even for our madness.

"It is long since we have had a young lady in our Glen, and now that she has come to live among us—why, sir, we must just do her bidding.

"Our Queen has but a little court, but her courtiers are leal and true; and when she ordered full dress, it was our joy to obey. And if you choose to laugh, young sir—why, you may; we are not ashamed with such a Queen, and I do her homage."

The Doctor stooped and kissed Kate's hand in the grand manner which is now lost, after which he drew out his snuff-box and tapped it pleasantly, as one who had taken part in a state function; but there was the suspicion of a tear in his eye, for these things woke old memories.

"Kate's a willfu' lassie," said the General, fondly, "and she has long ruled me, so I suppose her father must do likewise." And the General also kissed Kate's hand.

"You are both perfectly absurd to-night," said Kate, confused and red, "but no Queen ever had truer hearts to love her, and if I cannot make you knights, I must reward you as I can." And Kate, ignoring Carmichael, kissed first her father and then the Doctor. Then she turned on him with a proud air, "What think you of my court, Mr. Carmichael?"

"It is the best in Christendom, Miss Carnegie"—and his voice trembled with earnestness—"for it has the fairest Queen and two gentlemen of Christ for its servants."

"Very prettily said"—the Doctor thought the little scene had gone far enough—"and as a reward for that courteous speech you shall take Her Majesty in to dinner, and we old battered fellows shall follow in attendance." There was a moment's silence, and then Carmichael spoke.

"If I had only known, Miss Carnegie, that I might have . . . put on something to do you honor too, but I have nothing except a white silk hood. I wish I had been a militiaman or . . . a Freemason."

"This is your second remarkable wish in my hearing," and Kate laughed merrily; "last time you wished you were a dog on Muirtown platform. Your third will be your last, I suppose, and one wonders what it will be."

"It is already in my heart"—Carmichael spoke low—"and some day I will dare to tell it to you."

"Hush," replied Kate quickly, lifting her hand; "the padre is going to say grace." As this was an official function in John's eyes, that worthy man allowed himself to take a general view, and he was pleased to express his high approval of the company, enlarging especially on Carmichael, whom, as a Free Kirkman, he had been accustomed rather to belittle.

"Of coorse," he explained loyally, "he's no tae be compared wi' the Doctor, for there's nae minister ootside the Auld Kirk can hae sic an air; and he's no set up like the General, but he lookit weel an' winsome.

"His hair wes flung back frae his forehead, his ee'n were fair dancin', an' there wes a bit o' color in his cheek. He hes a wy wi' him, a'll no deny, 'at taks wi' fouk.

"A'm no sure that he's been at mony denners, though, Becca, for he hardly kent what he wes daein'. A' juist pit the potatoes on his plate, for he never lat on he saw me; an' as for wine, a' cudna get a word oot o' him."

"Ye're lifted above ordinary concerns, John, an' it's no tae be expeckit that a beadle sud notice the way o' a lad wi' a lass," and Becca nodded her head with much shrewdness.

"Div ye mean that, Rebecca? That cowes a'; but it's no possible. The General's dochter an' a Free Kirk minister, an' her an Esculopian—"

"Love kens naither rank nor creeds; see what ye did yersel', and you beadle o' Drumtochty;" and John—every man has some weak point—swallowed the compliment with evident satisfaction.

Meanwhile they had fallen on this very subject of creeds in the dining-room, and Kate was full of curiosity.

"Will you two padres do me a favor? I knew you would. Well, I want to know for certain what is the difference between the two Kirks in Drumtochty. Now which of you will begin?" and Kate beamed on them both.

"Whatever you wish we will do, Kate," said the Doctor; "but you will have me excused in this matter, if you please, and hear my friend. I am tired of controversy, and he has a fair mind, and, as I know well, a pleasant wit. Tell Miss Carnegie how your people left the Kirk of Scotland."

"Well, the dispute began"—and Carmichael faced his task manfully—"about the appointment of clergymen, whether it should lie with a patrôn or the people. Lord Kilspindie had the nomination of Drumtochty, and if every patron had been as wise as our house, then there had been no disruption."

The Doctor bowed, and motioned to Carnegie to fortify himself with port.

"Other patrons had no sense, and put in unsuitable men, and the people rebelled, since it is a sad thing for a country parish to have a minister who is not . . ."

"A gentleman? or straight? Quite so," chimed in Kate; "it must be beastly."

"So a party fought for the rights of the people," resumed Carmichael, "and desired that the parish should have a voice in choosing the man who was to take charge of . . . their souls."

"Isn't that like soldiers electing their officers?" inquired the General, doubtfully.

"Go on, Carmichael, you are putting your case capitally; don't plunge into theology, Jack, whatever you do . . . it is Sandeman's—a sound wine."

"Then what happened?" and Kate encouraged Carmichael with her eyes.

"Four hundred clergymen threw up their livings one day and went out to begin a Free Kirk, where there are no patrons.

"You have no idea—for I suppose you never heard of this before—how ministers suffered, living and dying in miserable cottages—and the people met for service on the seashore or in winter storms—all for conscience' sake."

Carmichael was glowing, and the Doctor sipped his port approvingly.

"Perhaps they ought not to have seceded, and perhaps their ideas were wrong; but it was heroism and a good thing for the land."

"It was splendid!" Kate's cheek flushed. "And Drumtochty?"

"Ah, something happened here that was by itself in Scotland. Will you ask Dr. Davidson not to interrupt or browbeat me? Thank you; now I am safe.

"Some one of influence went to old Lord Kilspindie, who had no love for the Free Kirk, and told him that a few of his Drumtochty men wanted to get a site for a Free Kirk, and that he must give it. And he did.

"Now, Carmichael," began the Doctor, who had scented danger; but Kate held up her hand with an imperious gesture, and Carmichael went on:

"The same person used to send to the station for the Free Kirk probationer, and entertain him after a lordly fashion—with port, if he were worthy—and send him on his way rejoicing—men have told me. But," concluded Carmichael, averting his face from the foot of the table, "wild horses will not compel me to give that good Samaritan's name."

"Was it you, Davidson, that sanctioned such a proceeding? Why, it was mutiny."

"Of course he did, Dad," cried Kate; "just the very thing he would do: and so, I suppose, the Free Kirk love him as much as they do yourself, sir?"

"As much? far more. . . ."

"Had I known what downright falsehood the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty was capable of, I would never have allowed him to open his mouth."

"Well, I am satisfied at any rate," said Kate, "and I propose to retire to the drawing-room, and I know who would love a rubber of whist by and by. We are just the number."

A minute later Carmichael asked leave to join Kate, as he believed she was to have him for partner, and he must understand her game.

"How adroit he is to-night, Jack!" But the General rather pitied the lad, with whom he imagined Kate was playing as a cat with a mouse.

"Have you ever seen the face below the veil?" for they did not talk long about whist in the drawing-room. "I do not think it would be wrong to look, for the padre told me the story.

"Yes, a very winning face. His only sister, and he simply lived for her. She was only twelve when she died, and he loves her still, although he hardly ever speaks of her."

They stood together before the happy girl-face enshrined in an old man's love. They read the inscription: "My dear sister Daisy."

"I never had a sister," and Carmichael sighed.

"And I never had a brother." Their hands met as they gently lowered the veil. "Well, have you arranged your plans?" and the Doctor came in intent on whist.

"Only one thing. I am going to follow Miss Carnegie's lead, and she is always to win," said the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty.

[To be continued in the August Magazine Number of The Outlook]

Tendencies in Collegiate Instruction

By Francis Hovey Stoddard

Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of the City of New York

Within fifty years the American college has entirely changed its organization, character, and purpose. On the desk, as I write, lies a baccalaureate discourse, preached thirty-one years ago, by the President of a New England college. It was a commemoration discourse summing up the results of twenty-five years of incumbency by the retiring President; and was at once a brief history of the institution, a bird's-eye view of its then present state, and a forecast of its probable future. The college was, and still is, a representative New England college, in the second rank as to size, but holding then, and continuing still to hold at the present day, an honorable position. In 1865, when this sermon was preached, the college had counted half a century of useful years, and had educated eighteen presidents and sixty professors for herself and for other colleges. It retains to-day such vigor that at its commencement a few days ago the college showed every sign of vigorous life, and announced plans in due form for celebrating its approaching one hundredth anniversary. The institution is so fairly representative of the type-form of the smaller New England college that a comparison between its constitution, character, and purpose half a century ago and the constitution, character, and purpose of the average small college of to-day is reasonable and is worth making.

Singularly enough, the first sign of development that one would expect—that of increase in number of students—does not appear. The small college after half a century is still the small college; and undergraduate instruction is still carried on mainly in small colleges. A few universities, such as Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, do now, indeed, number large classes of undergraduates. But the average number of undergraduate students in the colleges has scarcely been doubled in fifty years. In 1836 the college under review had one hundred and sixty-eight undergraduate students; it has less than three hundred to-day. The number of undergraduate students now at Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, Middlebury, Bowdoin, Bates, Colby, Trinity, will to-day average only slightly over two hundred. In other States some large and well-equipped institutions still keep their undergraduate divisions of very moderate size. Johns Hopkins has but one hundred and ninety undergraduates, Columbia (Arts) but two hundred and sixty, New York University (Arts) but one hundred and eighty-one, according to the last catalogues. The distinguishing characteristic of the modern college as compared with its ancestor is not mere size; the flight of fifty years has not greatly changed the numerical ratio, which still is governed by specific rather than general educational considerations.

But in other respects changes amounting to a revolution have come. The most noticeable of these changes is in the kind and extent of equipment used for college work. The complexity and expense of the modern organization has so developed that one almost doubts the earlier figures. It is almost incredible to us now that a college could exist at all with the slender endowment fund thought sufficient seventy-five years ago. "When the college," says this President in his baccalaureate discourse, "came from the hands of the Legislature as a chartered institution, its whole corporate property, buildings, funds, lands, and library, was worth less than five thousand dollars." "Hope," he truly says, "was the corner-stone." Yet the college did very good work with its five thousand dollars. It could not do good work to-day with that endowment. It could not even get a charter in New York State. For the State law in New York fixes a minimum of five hundred thousand dollars endowment to be possessed by the college as a condition precedent to conferring upon the college the power to grant degrees. In practice much more than five hundred thousand dollars is needed for even a small college. Amherst is not rich with two and a half millions of endowment. Exactly what proportion of the five millions of Johns Hopkins, of the four millions of the New York University, or of the ten millions[1] of Columbia, goes to the support of the instruction of the two hundred undergraduates one cannot say, but it is certainly a sum vastly exceeding any estimates current fifty years ago. It is probably under the mark to say that the complexity and extent of the equipment needed for a college, measured in either men or money, has increased tenfold in half a century.

It has increased because the character of the college education has changed. College education has changed in at least three respects. The college of to-day teaches young men instead of boys; it develops all faculties instead of the intellectual and moral faculties alone; it undertakes to train its student for many professions and occupations, instead of for but one or two. Seventy-five years ago the average college period was in the years from fifteen to nineteen; to-day it is in the years from eighteen to twenty-two. Before me lies the collegiate record of a single New England family. Its progenitor came to Boston in 1639. His son graduated at Harvard in 1662, aged nineteen; the grandson graduated at Harvard in 1701, at nineteen; the great-grandson graduated at Yale in 1756, at twenty; the great-great-grandson graduated at Yale in 1790, at nineteen; and the son of the last named graduated at Yale in 1820, at nineteen. The uniformity in age is not exceptional; it represents the general practice of the time. But the next two generations illustrate a new practice. The son of the man who graduated in 1820, at nineteen, himself graduated in 1869, at twenty-two; and the latest representative of this particular family will graduate at twenty-two next year. Here again the fact is not exceptional. The average age of the graduating classes of the ten leading colleges this year is over twenty-two years. The college period has entirely changed. Youths of eighteen to twenty-two, not boys of fifteen to nineteen, are now in colleges.

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[1] These figures are not exact, no precise information as to endowments being available, but they are under rather than over the actual amounts in each case.

And they are in the colleges to be trained in more than one direction. The modern college undertakes to develop the student in directions not within the plan of training of the earlier methods. The physical side, for example, is cared for. The college president of fifty years ago expected that a considerable proportion of his students would gain intellectual and moral power at the expense, partial or total, of the physical organization. In 1839 a professor, in his inaugural address at the same college which has served us as a text, says: "The plans which have been devised to secure the health of studious young men have generally failed. The subject of physical education has been and still is strangely neglected in this country, in every class of society; but the defects of this neglect are oftenest seen in our educated young men. Many of these, even before their study is completed, are so enfeebled as to be unfitted for enjoyment or usefulness; many find a premature grave just as they are entering on active life; many more have paralyzed physical and intellectual powers as the melancholy result of excessive or injudicious application. The efforts that have been made to prevent such evils have been attended with only partial success, and it would seem that nothing but bitter experience can induce the young to avoid the causes which produce them." The hopeless professor told the truth for his day. But a new day has certainly come. Physical education is now a regular part of every college curriculum, and the gymnasium dominates the campus. It is certainly not physical education which is neglected in our colleges to-day.

In fact, nothing which is demanded is neglected. For the whole paternal idea of collegiate intellectual discipline, prescribing specific, limited, and unvarying studies, has passed, with the raising of the average entrance age from fifteen to eighteen. College discipline was paternalism pure and simple in 1838. "What are the studies," continued the professor just quoted, "required for a thorough education? Briefly stated, they are Greek, Latin, mathematics, the philosophy of the human mind, logic, rhetoric, and practical moral and religious instruction. Reading should be sparingly pursued, except in connection with the course of study. He who reads much at an early stage of education, like the youthful traveler, will indeed find much to gratify his curiosity, but, not having learned to apply the principles of philosophy and taste, he will derive little practical improvement." Certainly, this is the voice of an earlier, not of a present, college day. For the whole conception has broadened. The college question is not now, What minimum list of "Studies Required for a Liberal Education" can be drawn up? It is rather, How wide an educational tender can this college make? The college of to-day fits for any occupation, and offers the broadest possible opportunity. Of the three local institutions, mentioned earlier in the article as having a moderate number of undergraduate students, New York University offers 162 strictly undergraduate courses, Johns Hopkins quite as many, Columbia somewhat more. *Nihil a me alienum puto* is the doctrine of the modern college, and this, as compared with the college doctrine of fifty years ago, implies a change so great as to be virtually a revolution.

That all these changes are for the better will not be everywhere agreed, but they are certainly in the line of an evolution. The general tendencies seem to be toward the disappearance of the college cloister life as a separate and peculiar influence, and to be toward the uniting of the college opportunity with the other influences of education. The progress of time has broadened the view of both professor and student. The attitude is no longer the intensely personal—the, collegiately speaking, provincial—attitude of half a century ago. In 1838 the newly appointed professor of English literature in our before-quoted college has his opportunity to give an inaugural lecture, and here is what he has to say concerning English poetry and English fiction, and concerning his own mission as instructor: "But, while our language is distinguished by such excellences, and while it abounds in writers who, in various respects, possess such high merits, and who have done so much honor to their country and their race, the student needs, and urgently too, directions and cautions in his perusal of our prominent and standard authors. Of English essayists, I am acquainted with none, unless at times Johnson forms a noble exception, whose pages are not fraught with sentiments and a spirit decidedly opposed to the Gospel of Christ. The whole current of thought which is pursued in them, and the entire impression which they are adapted to create, is undeniably unevangelical. Among the poets of high and established reputation, with the exception of Milton, who possesses a peculiar character and occupies a peculiar station, but two, Young and Cowper, give prominence to the distinguishing truths of Christianity, breathe in their writings a strictly Christian spirit, and urge the performance of purely Christian duties. The mass pander to the evil passions and to the licentious inclinations of men; and slight would be the danger to the Christian principles, and to the purity of mind and the moral habits of the young, from all which heathen 'minstrels ever said or sung' compared with the mischievous influence which those who have written in our own language are fitted to exert, beginning no farther back than Dryden, whose poverty and profligacy led him, regardless of decency and conscience, to minister to the vices of a most dissolute age, and coming down to the debauched and reprobate Byron, whose works are suited to prepare men to think and feel like fiends, and, with the brute, to wallow in the sty. Of the works of fiction, the mass are the merest trash, fit only to be allowed to pass unimpeded to that oblivion to which they are so soon destined. They are all alike calculated to produce, in a greater or less degree, an intoxication of mind disqualifying for vigorous effort and high improvement, as well as unfitting for the serious and more important duties and for the severer trials of life. To examine these different classes of writings and to exhibit the peculiar traits, as it regards their excellences and defects, of prominent works in each, and to furnish, as far as may be practicable, security to the youthful mind against adopting erroneous views, and imbibing an unchristian spirit, and being seduced from truth and duty, from happiness and heaven, must be an object of high and inestimable value." Certainly these would be strange utterances for a professor of English literature to make to-day. Yet just this type of complacent and omniscient professor used to be common in our colleges. He has disappeared, and his disappearance is significant.

Significant also is the lessening of the importance of the individual graduate at commencement. He used to deliver an oration, to receive flowers, applause, congratulations, to be considered a completed and important example of learning. Now, in the midst of a crowd of classmates, he silently takes his degree, and passes almost unnoticed to join the ranks of the workers in the world.

The student, the professor, the college, all are becoming parts of a system of education rather than important separate forces. It is only when we look at the progress of education as a whole that we can rightly estimate the significance of the changes in a separate factor, such as is the college.

Books and Authors

Marcou's Life of Agassiz[1]

The reading public will take much interest in the perusal of this new Life of Agassiz. While it is a work largely in the interests of science, describing fully for the first time the achievements of one who left an abiding impress on the scientific progress of this age, it is also a life of a man who in a very recent past was widely known and admired, and whose wonderful personality will long be remembered.

Mr. Marcou was Agassiz's friend for thirty years, and is the last survivor among the naturalists who came to America with him. These facts incline one to a favorable prejudgment of his work; and, indeed, he has written a genuine biography—no eulogy nor panegyric; full of admiration for his subject, yet keeping truth constantly in view, not ignoring the failings of the man nor the errors of the naturalist. He has also skillfully interwoven accounts of many of Agassiz's contemporaries in science, or of such of his assistants or students as have become eminent; and a full bibliography much increases the worth of his volumes.

Agassiz's earliest researches in natural history were in the province of ichthyology; and herein he became well known, even while a student at Munich, for his work (in continuation of Spix's) on the fishes of Brazil. Later, his "Poissons Fossiles," in spite of its artificial classification, greatly heightened his reputation. The marked achievement, however, of his scientific career at Neuchâtel, where he was a professor for fourteen years, was his advocacy of the glacial theory. To De Charpentier is due the credit of the discovery of this theory; but Agassiz, who was at first strongly opposed to it, became, from observation, wherein he always excelled as a naturalist, its advocate and ablest defender—also greatly widening the range of its application, till it developed into his teaching in reference to the ice age. The famous "Discours d'ouverture" at Neuchâtel on this subject, given here in full in French as it was delivered, is called by his biographer "the climax of his scientific life as far as originality of research is concerned;" and although it must be owned that he here gave too much rein to his imagination, yet it is also true that from this time on his solid teaching concerning glacial action came to be more and more accepted; and, if we can trust Mr. Marcou's authority, his advocacy "advanced fully thirty years the recognition of the glacial theory, and he, and he alone, established the great 'Ice Age.'"

Agassiz came to this country in 1846, at the age of thirty-nine; and here he spent the rest of his life—the portion richest in fruitful results, if not in scientific activity. Most of this time he held a professorship in the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard University. His career in America is marked by the establishment of the well-known Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, and by the wide popularization of science which he effected throughout this country.

The Museum was one of the eager dreams of Agassiz's life, and one which he lived to see nearly approach realization. The history of the inception and growth of this enterprise is told by Mr. Marcou with his usual accuracy and fullness. Agassiz obtained for this object during the last fourteen years of his life the immense sum of $700,000—"the success entirely personal, and due wholly to his power of persuasion;" he lived to see the Museum in a position of intimate relations with the first museums of Europe; while as a center of original research and as an educational institution, the best proof of what it accomplished even during his life is found in the record which these volumes furnish of students there trained under his direction.

The remarkable popularizing of science which Agassiz effected among us was due chiefly to his ability as a lecturer. He was a born teacher, and this was one of his methods. From those first lectures of his at the Lowell Institute, onward and outward spread the circle of his influence; the *élite* and the common people crowded to hear him and hung upon his words, while his popularity grew at a rate that astonished himself. As a speaker, the power of his personality appeared; and yet Mr. Marcou points out that, as he became increasingly sensitive to applause (even courting it and waiting for it), the lecture was "too theatrical" to be his best method of teaching, which he claims was in describing and explaining specimens, with a few students about him, where he had no thought of effect and showed himself "a wonderful and rare naturalist and incomparable teacher."

The most important contribution which Agassiz made to natural history during his life in America was his "Essay on Classification." This was issued as the introduction to what was to be a great work, in ten costly volumes, upon the Natural History of the United States; but, like so many other of his schemes, it was begun but not completed, for only four volumes ever appeared. He meant it to be also a popular work, like his lectures; but he failed; very few could follow what he made so profound and philosophical. Even the "Essay on Classification" his biographer shows came at an inopportune time for influencing his contemporaries. It was in the very next year (1859) that Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared, and deeply impressed the scientific world. Agassiz at once took decided ground against Darwin. Following Cuvier, he did not believe in the descent of species. He claimed that he was not the foe of evolution or of development, but only "averse to drawing too hasty conclusions" unwarranted by facts; and to the end of his life he characterized the transmutation theory as "a scientific mistake, untrue in facts, unscientific in method, and mischievous in tendency." In the commotion which Darwin's book caused Agassiz stood almost alone, even his pupils in a body turning against him; and the bitter controversy which ensued separated him from some who had been his chief friends. If his attitude towards this question left him on what appeared to be the losing side, his biographer is surely right in claiming that he no less declared himself the true savant who would not give up his facts—which reminds one of those striking words nearly at the close of his life, "A physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle;" and as for his present and future fame, it is to be remembered that this question is still open. In the chapter which records this controversy Mr. Marcou makes it quite evident where his own sympathy lies. It is the only portion of his work tinged by strong partisanship.

Agassiz possessed a charm of personality which can hardly be described. His large frame, magnificent head, high forehead, searching eyes, were the signs of an unusually active mind and emotions intense and easily moved. He was brilliant in conversation, and of manners most winning; he was generally happy and good-natured, as he was kind and generous; and his friends were more and more drawn to love him. Yet, attractive, even fascinating, as he was, this "leader of men and above all a charmer" is said never to have been a good judge of character. Vain of applause and open to flattery, he was imposed upon by pretenders. He was of an eminently social nature—he must live surrounded by students or admirers—yet he was no manager of men; he must persuade or he could not control; he was continually in difficulty with his assistants; sometimes, as in the case of his secretary, Desor, they tried to take advantage of him, but more often it was his inconsistency or lack of tact—too familiar where he should have held his dignity, or giving reasons where he should have given orders—which made trouble and led to serious dissensions and separations. In money matters he was utterly unbusinesslike, always in debt from some visionary scheme or other; and yet his biographer's claim is just, that his Museum proves he must have had in him "something sternly practical mingled with his habitual idealism;" and he well calls him "at the same time a dreamer and a man of action."

In spite of his home influences, Agassiz became in early manhood a skeptic; but afterwards he gradually came to believe in a Divine Creator; and Mrs. Agassiz says, in her life of him, that this belief was the keynote of his study of nature. He was liberal towards all religious convictions; if he showed any sympathy, it was with Unitarians; he hated form, disliked theology, and would not talk about it. At heart he may have been a gentle Deist; or that "silent prayer" at Penikese, about which Whittier wrote a poem, may reveal the simple Quaker. He gave no clue at the last, so far as his friends declare. He raised himself in bed, and, exclaiming, "Le jeu est fini," he fell back and died.

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In Richard Le Gallienne's *Retrospective Reviews: A Literary Log* (2 vols., Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), the trait that attracts one's attention first, while reading these reviews, is that the critic displays an appearance of having read the books that he criticises! Often he picks out small flaws that a mere cursory glance could not detect. For instance, he grieves sorely at Mr. Pater's over-nice alterations in the second edition of "Marius the Epicurean." Like other men of his *genus criticum*, Mr. Le Gallienne is out on a quest, in these latter days of rampant industrialism. Browning is dead, and Tennyson is dead, and Swinburne is twanging his harp to the same unchanging tune, pretty, but a little trite. Where shall we find a new poet? Mr. Le Gallienne and the rest of the critics continue to manipulate their search-lights. As a postscript to his whimsical preface, Mr. Le Gallienne utters this mature conviction: "William Watson, John Davidson, Francis Thompson, and W. B. Yeats are the greatest poets since Algernon Charles Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Morris, George Meredith, and Coventry Patmore, long since classic—a classic, by the way, being an old book which continues to be read by young men." Ah, Mr. Le Gallienne! how could you say this after gushing over Lord de Tabley! Possibly because the review is retrospective! It is commonly known that the book reviewer is omniscient. Mr. Le Gallienne's omniscience does not reveal itself too obtrusively in these volumes, for he restricts his reviews to what has been somewhat arbitrarily denominated "pure literature." He makes observations only upon poetry, essays, the drama, and novels. His remarks are often penetrating and just. Much as he admires Browning and Meredith, he points out as the fault of their later work that they came in the end to see, not realities, but the image of realities. They might be said to discourse in a style of ultimate inference; at any rate, of Mr. Meredith this is the case. If Mr. Le Gallienne has any weakness as a "book-taster," to use Carlyle's rude phrase, it is that he finds almost everything "very good." Perhaps sometimes he writes an adverse criticism. If so, he has here suppressed it. His canon of criticism, "that the critic is still a gentleman though anonymous," throws light upon this peculiarity. No one need gird at Mr. Le Gallienne; he writes good English, and says ingenious things, many of which are true.

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[1] *Life, Letters, and Works of Louis Agassiz.* By Jules Marcou. Macmillan & Co., New York. 2 Vols. $4.

It is a great pleasure, at a time when so much strain, stress, and morbid emotion impose themselves upon the readers of verse, to come upon a volume so sound in its feeling, so delicate in its perceptions, so refined in its expression, so thoroughly wholesome in its view of life, as Miss Sophie Jewett's *Pilgrim and Other Poems*. Miss Jewett has been known for a number of years to magazine readers under the pseudonym of Ellen Burroughs, and there have gathered about this name those associations which are created by good work. In this little volume Miss Jewett has collected her scattered verses, and thus affords her readers an opportunity of measuring her progress, and of arriving at some estimate of her quality. She does not attempt many forms, but she discloses thorough knowledge of the forms she uses; among them the sonnet, the rondeau, a group of poems in various meters which she calls "other lyrics," and a very delicate and finished group of songs. Miss Jewett has a trained literary conscience. One who reads her sympathetically feels that she is likely to write too little rather than too much; to be held back from a complete expression of herself by distrust of her power rather than stimulated to over-expression by too great confidence. Delicacy of feeling and of expression are qualities which lie on the very face of her work. She is possessed with the aspiration which seems to lift so many American women to the highest plane of aim and action, and she has the stimulus of a faith which, while never obtrusive and very sensitive to opposing currents, still holds itself steadfast through the shadows which lie upon it or pass over it. Feeling so delicate and workmanship so conscientious are always prophetic of better things to come, and if one notes here and there a phrase where the poetic thought runs over shallows, the reader is also impressed with the conviction that the writer of these verses needs but the enrichment of life to supply qualities which are not lacking in her work, but which have not yet come to their full development. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Controversy is the soul of ecclesiastical history. Every one makes theological claims that some one else is in a hurry to deny, and of the making of polemical books there is no end. To the papal claims has been accorded undue importance, for claims of supremacy and claims of authority in reality negate themselves, because when the fact exists there is no necessity to make any claim. Claims always begin to be made after the reality has evaporated. This is eminently the case with the claims of the See of Rome. Yet it is thought that by an iteration of these assertions of precedence and intellectual infallibility, the fact will again be materialized. Perhaps! Yet there are many who believe that the world does not move backward, and that the social and mental status of the Middle Ages can never be reproduced by a Pusey or a Pugin. The Rev. Mr. Rivington was a "Cowley Father," and then became from an Anglo-Catholic a Roman Catholic. Consequent upon this he wrote a book called "The Primitive Church and the See of Peter," a work intended to prove that one could not get to heaven if he did not admit that the Pope of Rome had the sole right to tell him what to believe and to do, and that, without some force emanating from this Pope, the sacrament ordained by Christ were empty of grace. In reply to this Dr. William Bright, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge, wrote various articles now collected into one volume, *The Roman See in the Early Church, and Other Studies in Church History*. Dr. Bright triturates Mr. Rivington exceeding fine, and then piles upon the "ex-Cowley father" an Ossa upon a Pelion of erudition. The "Other Studies" also in reality bear upon the question of the position of the Roman See in history. Dr. Bright is an authority in the realm of Church history. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending July 10. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

To the new translation of Balzac the Macmillan Company have added *Pierrette* and *The Abbé Birotteau*, both translated by Clara Bell, whose admirable work in this department is coming to be very widely recognized. Mr. Saintsbury furnishes a preface.

It would not be easy to find a more charming combination of material, title, manner, and dress than are found in Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's sketches of travel in England, published by the Macmillan Company, under the title *A Cathedral Pilgrimage*—a dainty volume which takes its readers into some of the quietest and loveliest localities in England, into the heart of its richest history, and into the presence of its noblest architecture. Mrs. Dorr is a very agreeable writer, who knows her own quality, and neither endeavors to strain it nor to break away from it.

The very interesting chapters in *The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln*, prepared by Miss Ida M. Tarbell, which have appeared in the pages of "McClure's Magazine," have now been issued in book form, with one hundred and sixty illustrations, including twenty portraits of Lincoln. The chapters, as they have appeared from month to month, have been so widely read that most readers are already familiar with the writer's method, with the results she has obtained from fresh investigations, and with the genuine human interest of her narrative. This is, in the truest sense, a popular life of Lincoln. No other account of one of the greatest of Americans has set him so distinctly in his early surroundings, or has shown him so intimately in his early associations. This volume covers that period of Mr. Lincoln's life which has been most obscure, and throws new light upon it. It will have further attention when the work is completed. (S. S. McClure, New York.)

David Lyall's *Heather from the Brae* is a volume of short stories, or character studies, dealing with Scottish life. They are true to nature, simple, and of a strong religious tendency; they lack incident and humor. (The Revell Company, New York.)——*Ginette's Happiness*, by "Gyp," is not as sprightly as most of this witty French lady's novels. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.) From the same publishers comes Frank Frankfort Moore's *Daireen*, a *fin de siècle* love story of a languid kind, but with some clever bits of Irish character-drawing. ——A collection of short stories, written with a purpose, by Sarah Warner Brooks, is entitled *My Fire Opal*. (Estes & Lauriat, Boston.) The writer is interested in the prison reform movement.

Sir John Lubbock has a capital subject, one which no one could treat better, in *The Scenery of Switzerland, and the Causes to which it is Due*. No one can have enjoyed the mountains, lakes, and rivers of this wonderful country without having had a desire to know what stupendous natural forces underlie its physical geography. That a book like this has not been written before is remarkable. It is essentially a geological treatise, but is not too technical to be easily understood, and is clearly and profusely illustrated. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Adoniram Judson Gordon, a biography by his son, Ernest B. Gordon, is an admirable life of an admirable man. Dr. Gordon's son has inherited his father's spirit, and the book is full of filial love for all that his father stood for. This love, however, shows its strength, not in expression, but rather in repression—the son apparently feeling the needlessness of eulogy. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

The Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, Robert E. Speer, has written a careful study of Christ as a man, under the title of *Studies of the Man Christ Jesus*. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

The literature of child study is becoming voluminous. As the subject of child study progresses, it is seen that there are two methods of gathering facts: one, the collection of those facts which support the student's theories; the other, the collection of facts for the purposes of study. This latter method is the one that helps mothers best, for what most mothers need is the widening of their field of observation. *Child Observations* is a collection of facts made by the students of the State Normal School at Worcester, Mass. It has a valuable introduction on child study, what it is, and how to study the child, by the principal of the school, E. H. Russell. The work of the students is edited by Miss Ellen Haskell. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.) This book is valuable for mothers; it introduces us to the resemblances and the differences between children, and compels us to see that much that seems remarkable in individual children is remarkable only because the common facts of childhood are not generally known. No intelligent mother wishes to be provincial in her knowledge of childhood. It is the range of her knowledge which enables her to meet with intelligence the problems of her own child.——*Select American Classics* (American Book Company, New York), containing selections from Irving, Webster, and Emerson, well bound, and printed on fairly good paper, is sold at 60 cents.

Books Received

For Week ending July 10

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Select American Classics. 60 cts.

Riehl, W. H. Die Vierzehn Nothelfer, and Trost um Trost. Edited by K. E. Sihler. 30 cts.

Ebner-Eschenbach, Marie v. Krambambuli. Edited by A. W. Spanhoofd. 25 cts.

ESTES & LAURIAT, BOSTON

Brooks, Sarah W. My Fire Opal and Other Tales. $1.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Moore, Frank F. Daireen. $1.25.

"Gyp." Ginette's Happiness. Translated by Ralph Derechef. 50 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Frye, Alex. E. Home and School Atlas.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Phillips, Andrew W., and Irving Fisher. Elements of Geometry. $1.75.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Haskell, Ellen M. Child Observations. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Lubbock, Rt. Hon. Sir John. The Scenery of Switzerland.

Two Queens. From the Memoirs of Baron Simolin. Preface by F. Max Müller. 50 cts.

Balzac, Honoré de. Pierrette and The Abbé Birotteau. Translated by Clara Bell. $1.50.

Dorr, ulia C. R. A Cathedral Pilgrimage. 75 cts.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Gordon, Ernest B. Adoniram Judson Gordon. (Biography.) $1.50.

Lyall, David. Heather from the Brae. 75 cts.

Speer, Robert E. Studies of the Man Christ Jesus. 75 cts.

ERNEST E. RUSSELL, NEW YORK

Russell, Ernest E. The Reason Why. $1.

The Religious World

A New Step Forward at Chautauqua

Bishop John H. Vincent has announced a purpose to introduce at Chautauqua, during the present season, what he happily calls "The new education in the church," with the object of promoting biographical study. He quotes Mrs. Humphry Ward's use of Professor Jowett's words: "We shall come in future to teach almost entirely by biography. We shall begin with the life most familiar to us—the life of Christ—and we shall more and more put before our children the examples of great persons' lives, so that they shall have from the beginning heroes and friends in their thoughts." The experiment to be made at Chautauqua will be confined, this summer at least, to a single chapter in the New Testament—a representative chapter—historical, biographical, replete with fundamental doctrine, and designed, as few single chapters in the New Testament are, to afford broad views of revealed truth and stimulate faith and piety in the mind of the student. A little book entitled "Heroes of Faith," containing the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, being a study in the Greek New Testament for beginners, prepared by Burris A. Jenkins, D.B., with an introduction by Professor Joseph Henry Thayer, will constitute the basis of this summer's work. It is a simple and natural guide to the student along this line of inquiry. Besides this special class-work, "the new education in the Church" will later on include a seminar for the exhaustive study of the higher forms of home study and Sunday-school work, and will aid special classes in Biblical exegesis and literature. Special attention will be given to story-telling, picture-teaching, and the conversational method. The biographical method will enter into the regular devotional services at Chautauqua this summer, and will be used as a stimulus of spiritual life. It is within the scope of this new education in the Church to promote the scientific study of childhood, give a more critical treatment of the Bible, unite ethics and evangelical truth, enlarge the study of Christ as human and divine, familiarize the Church with the biographical centers of sacred literature and Church history, and lift up higher standards of personal character and attainment in the Church, the Sunday-school, and the home. Certainly this is a large field, with wonderful possibilities. Biblical biography contains charming stories of childhood, of home life, of struggles with poverty and discouragement, of ingenuity, of persistency, and of triumph. The biographical study of the Bible puts principles into concrete form; it arrests attention; it illustrates and demonstrates; it appeals to the imagination; it paints indelible pictures on the walls of memory; and it furnishes companions to love and comfort our whole life through.

Bishop Potter and the Lambeth Conference

The Lambeth Conference to meet in May, 1897, will discuss many important questions relating to the Anglican Church throughout the world. A cable dispatch to the New York papers states that Bishop Potter, of this city, has been requested by the Archbishop of Canterbury to attend a series of meetings convened by the Primate of the English Church in connection with the approaching Conference and to be held at once. The members of the committee to arrange the subjects for discussion comprise representatives of the Church in England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and the United States, and are as follows: The Rev. Dr. Edward Benson White, Archbishop of Canterbury; the Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple Maclagan, Archbishop of York; Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin; the Rev. Dr. R. Machray, Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of Canada; the Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, Bishop of London; the Rev. Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham; the Rev. Dr. James Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester; the Rev. Dr. Charles John Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol; the Rev. Dr. G. H. Wilkinson, Bishop of St. Andrew's; and the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York.

A Pilgrim Monument Unveiled

Provincetown, Mass., the place where the Pilgrim Fathers first landed, was on July 14 historically recognized by the State and the town authorities. A great throng of people from many parts of New England gathered in Provincetown to witness the unveiling and dedication of a large monument which has been erected in front of the Town Hall. Two large bronze tablets bearing memorial inscriptions are inserted in the sides of the monument. The occasion was observed by the townspeople with many demonstrations of joy; flags were displayed from the public buildings, and many of the private dwellings were handsomely festooned with flags and streamers. Literary exercises were held in the Town Hall, over which Mr. A. P. Hannum, of the Board of Education, presided as master of ceremonies. Mr. W. T. Davis, Chairman of the Old Colony Commission, formally presented the monument to the State of Massachusetts. Colonel Henry A. Thomas accepted it on behalf of the Commonwealth, and then gracefully presented it to the town, for which it was accepted by the Board of Selectmen. Addresses were made by Congressman John Simpkins; William S. Green, of Fall River; Shebnah Rich, the Cape Cod historian; Colonel Samuel E. Winslow, of Worcester; and Edwin S. Barrett. An original poem, written for the occasion, was read by Miss Cora H. Howes, and the exercises were appropriately concluded by singing "America." Recently The Outlook published a notice of the unveiling of a stone of memorial in the John Robinson Church at Gainsborough, England, in memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is quite evident that the public is appreciating more and more the debt of gratitude which we owe to the spirit and influence of the Pilgrims.

Millions of Bibles

The American Bible Society has lately issued its annual report. This shows that the total issues of the Scriptures by the Society at home and abroad for the year ending March 31 last amounted to 1,750,283 copies. The issues of the Society during the eighty years of its existence amount to 61,705,841 copies. These millions of volumes have been circulated in nearly one hundred different languages and dialects in all parts of the earth. More than one-half of its issues in 1895 went into the hands of the pagan, the Mohammedan, and nominally Christian people outside of the United States; 383,000 were sold in China alone. The Society expended during the year $503,500.52. Agents of the Society report a successful year's work in all parts of the world, except, perhaps, in Cuba and Turkey, both of which countries have been disturbed by internal dissensions. The British and Foreign Bible Society has issued, since 1804, 147,363,669 copies, while seventy-three other societies have issued more than 257,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions.

Robert College

Robert College has been for thirty-three years a center of Christian education in Turkey. The catalogue for 1896 has just come to us, and gives interesting facts concerning its work. Its history is too familiar to the Christian world to need more than a reference. Its founder was a New York merchant, Mr. Christopher R. Robert. In 1860 he invited the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., to join him in the effort to raise funds for the establishment at Constantinople of a college which should offer to young men, without distinction of race or creed, the opportunity to secure thorough education, equal to that obtainable in a first-class American college, and based on the same general principles. In 1863 the College was opened by Dr. Hamlin in a rented house at Bebek on the Bosphorus. Mr. Robert furnished all the necessary funds until his death in 1878, and then bequeathed to it one-fifth of his estate. His benefactions must have aggregated about $400,000. In 1864 "The Trustees of Robert College of Constantinople" were incorporated in the State of New York, and the College included with other similar State institutions in the University of New York. In 1869 an iradé for its establishment was granted by his Imperial Majesty the Sultan to the Legation of the United States at Constantinople, securing to the College all the advantages bestowed by the Imperial Government upon educational institutions in Turkey. In 1871 the first building, since called Hamlin Hall, was completed, and in 1892 the second, called Science Hall, was inaugurated. The College owns three residences—the President's house and two houses for professors. One interesting feature of the catalogue is its account of the graduates of the College. Since its beginning in 1863 it has graduated 311, the total number of students during that time being 5,574. It is interesting to note the various occupations of the graduates. They are found in almost all the avenues of work. Among them are clerks, merchants, bankers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and Government officials. The College has a preparatory school which covers three years of study, and which has been recently enlarged, and is now in pressing need of a separate building. The collegiate department occupies five years, and includes the various courses of our own colleges, and also thorough courses in the ancient and modern Armenian language and literature, and a Bulgarian course, whose object is to give the Bulgarian students as good and solid instruction in their vernacular as can be obtained in any Gymnasium in Bulgaria. There is also a Turkish course, which is optional. Physical culture is receiving more attention than formerly. There is also instruction in both vocal and instrumental music. The religious instruction is not controversial, but practical and unsectarian. The students are required to attend the morning prayers with which the work of the classes opens on week-days, and on Sundays the boarders are required to attend the morning and evening religious services and the afternoon Bible class conducted by the professors of the institution. The study of Christian evidences is included in the College curriculum.

Centers for Missionary Inspiration

In the July number of the "Missionary Review of the World" its editor-in-chief, Dr. Pierson, gives an interesting description of the "Henry Martyn Memorial Hall" connected with Cambridge University, England, which stands both as a memorial to the noble men who have gone to the various foreign fields from the colleges, and as a constant plea for more laborers. This building was erected in 1887. It is not large, and its principal features are a hall for general meetings, with small anteroom used as janitor's room and library. The outside is plain and modest, but the interior is a model of good taste and adaptation to its purpose. "The windows are small and high, leaving the side walls for a high wainscoting of wood surmounted by small panels filled with white painted scrolls bearing the names of men who have gone forth to mission fields, followed by the names of their particular colleges and the date of their departure for the field, and, if deceased, the date also of their departure from the field for a higher service above." Dr. Pierson says: "No student can come into this hall for a daily prayer service or an occasional missionary meeting without thus being compassed about with a great cloud of witness-bearers, whose constant and pathetic pleading for more laborers to enter the wide harvest-field he cannot but hear. Such a hall is the most effective and eloquent missionary advocate one can ever hear, and it is bound to make new missionaries so long as it stands." He then describes the various panels and inscriptions, beginning at the right hand of the platform-end of the hall and proceeding toward the right back to the point of starting. First is the inscription, "Ye have entered into his labors;" and underneath:

Henry Martyn. St. John's.
North India. 1805–12.
James Hough. Corpus.
South India. 1816–26.

Then in succession around the top of the wainscoting run the inscriptions: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few;" "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" "All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth;" "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations;" "One soweth, another reapeth;" and underneath these are the names and dates as indicated above. Also beside the tablets are portraits, flags of the different missionary countries, fresco devices with symbols for the Apostles, and a large colored chart showing the missionary statistics of the world, etc. "This hall has been designed and admirably adapted to feed and foster an intelligent and devoted type of missionary heroism." Oxford University is planning to build a similar structure to be called "Bishop Hannington Memorial Hall." The site is already purchased, and a building standing on the site is to be remodeled for the purpose. The students are making a noble effort to secure the needed funds, but about £2,500, or $12,500, more are required to complete it for use. Dr. Pierson suggests the erection of such a building in America, say in New York or Brooklyn, to be called "Brainerd Memorial Hall" or the "Judson Memorial." It would be an inspiration to missionary service and sacrifice, and could serve as a rallying point for departing and returning missionary students. He asks in closing: "Who will take the lead in providing this new nucleus for missions among our devoted young men and women?"

Swedish Lutherans in America

The old Swede Church in Philadelphia, one among the oldest of the Protestant churches in the United States, celebrated recently its one hundred and ninety-seventh anniversary. The present year marks the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Swedish Lutheran Church in America, it being in the year 1696 that King Charles XI. of Sweden issued the memorable royal order to the ecclesiastical state department to provide religious instructors for the Swedish colonies in America, then settled in what are now known as the States of Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. In 1696 the Rev. Andrew Rudman was selected as the first clergyman, and he was permitted to select for himself a fellow-laborer in his office, and for this Dr. Svedberg, who was well acquainted with him, proposed the Rev. Eric Bjork. To these two clergymen a third was also added by the King's command—the Rev. Jonas Auren. Before they left Sweden they were granted an audience with his Majesty, who most kindly received them, and commanded them to be the bearers of the books which the King had presented to the Swedes in America. Among these books were 500 copies of Luther's Catechism, translated into the American Virginian language. Upon the books the King's name was stamped in gilt letters. These books are now very rare in Pennsylvania, the old families of Swedish descent prizing them very highly. On June 25, 1789, the Swedish congregations in this country were, by royal order, granted the independence asked, and virtually transferred to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. The above facts we condense from an interesting historical article by Louis G. Northland in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean."

Berea College

This unique institution, which antedates the war, and is situated 130 miles south of Cincinnati, on the line between the "blue grass" and the mountains, has completed another successful year. Commencement, June 24, was held in the immense tabernacle, and attended by several thousand people. A notable scene was presented when Professor Rogers, who in 1859 was "warned" to leave the State by a company of sixty prominent citizens, shook hands with the Hon. John D. Harris, who pleaded guilty to having been one of that "gang"! Addresses were made by Dr. W. E. Barton, of Boston, the Rev. H. M. Penniman, of Chicago, who has recently become connected with the work at Berea, and the Hon. J. M. Ashley, of Toledo, O. Mr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, has headed a movement for securing $200,000 endowment, pledging himself to give one-fourth the amount. The students have subscribed above $3,000, and a considerable sum will be raised in Kentucky. President Frost has made many new friends in the East during the last year, and says in his annual report that "the tone of the school was never better than to-day, and the number of persons who are watching it with friendly interest was probably never so great." Berea is distinctively Christian, but controlled by no sect. Until larger endowments can be secured, about $12,000 must be provided each year by contributions from friends of the cause.

In San Francisco

A paragraph in The Outlook of June 13, on the condition of affairs in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, has called out the following letter, which we print in this place that all sides of the question may be known:

I have read with interest your article on the First Church of this city. The writer is evidently not at all familiar with the affairs of the church as they exist to-day, and bases his opinion upon conditions which do not exist. Were the difficulties of the church confined to the Dr. Brown affair, our problem would be a simple one, but we have an accumulation of discords that have been disturbing the peace of the church for ten years past, and this, coupled with the fact that the supporting families of the church have removed to a portion of the city remote from the present location, has brought about a condition which renders it imperative that the church property should be sold and a spot more convenient to our church families be selected. The past six years have demonstrated that if we remain in the present location the property will be consumed in expenses and lost to religious purposes. If we move now, the property can be sold for enough money to build a handsome church situated in a more convenient location and leave a surplus in the treasury of from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. We know of no man, foot-loose, East or West, that could take that pulpit and save the property to Congregationalism. The men that might do it are doing in their own pulpits as great, if not greater, work than they could do in San Francisco, and there are no inducements that can be offered here that would warrant any minister of the Gospel in leaving a successful and useful work in the East to undertake a task which the Board of Officers of the First Church and Society and a large majority of its members consider, from past experience, hopeless, and we must submit that we have quite as good opportunities for correct judgment on this question as has the editor of The Outlook. Could the First Church have been left to settle its own difficulties, it is possible that in time the removal of the First Church to a more convenient location, and an endowment (which has been contemplated) of the present property for evangelistic down-town work might have been accomplished, but the ministers who have assumed control of Congregational affairs on the Coast seem to have lost confidence in the ability of the First Church to handle its own affairs and precipitated by their action a condition that rendered an *immediate* closing of the church and its sale an absolute necessity-Dr. Brown and his friends, who constitute a large majority of the church membership, have been at all times in full accord with the entire Board of Officers of the Church and Society, Dr. Brown himself being willing to leave this city and coast whenever the interests of Christianity will be best served thereby.

J. H. Morse.

Brief Mention

Bishop Temple, of London, says that during the last twenty-five years Anglican Churchmen have contributed about $400,000,000 to religious objects.

A museum in Berlin has secured possession of Luther's Bible which he used in his study. Its margins are covered with notes in the Reformer's handwriting. It was printed in Basle in 1509, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

The Rev. George L. Robinson, D.D., pastor of the Roxbury (Mass.) Presbyterian church, has resigned in order to accept a call to the chair of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in Knox College, Toronto, Canada.

The Disciples of Christ in California have raised money to sustain an English Bible Chair in connection with the Stole University, to which Professor S. M. Jefferson, Professor of New Testament Literature in Bethany College, has been called.

The very handsome Methodist Episcopal church at Washington, N. J., was dedicated recently by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the "Christian Advocate," who preached from the text, "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand" (Isa. xxxii., 8). The sermon was a particularly strong appeal for liberality in religious things. The new church is said to be the handsomest in northern New Jersey.

"The Congregationalist" says: "The call of the Rev. Dr. F. W. Baldwin, of East Orange, N. J., to the Chair of History and Economics, just established at Bates College, is another evidence that the partition between Free Baptists and Congregationalists is decidedly thin. If his own church permits him to accept this summons of his Alma Mater, his influence, we are sure, will promote still further friendly relations between the denominations."

The sum of $18,500 has been raised for the semi-centennial in honor of the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Brooklyn, and the sum is constantly growing. The special committee hopes to complete the full amount of $25,000 by November 19, when it is proposed to celebrate the semi-centennial of Dr. Storrs's pastorate in the Church of the Pilgrims by special services in the church, and in all probability a great mass-meeting in the Academy of Music. No doubt the citizens of Brooklyn will be glad of an opportunity to join in a general tribute of honor to one of the city's most prominent preachers

The Home Club

The Homes and the City Franchises

Women, as a usual thing, do not pay much attention to the granting of a franchise, or to the forming of trusts, because they too rarely realize how close to the home the privileges of a franchise may come. The housekeepers of Brooklyn have just had a lesson in this respect. Two years ago there existed in Brooklyn seven independent gas companies. Through competition the price of gas went down to ninety cents a thousand. It was possible then, if a housekeeper did not like the quality of the gas delivered, or was dissatisfied with the bills rendered, to change to some other gas company. But now the seven gas companies are incorporated under the title of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, and gas has risen to $1.25 per thousand, with no possible redress for poor gas or excessive bills. If the housekeeper uses gas in Brooklyn, she must take it from the Union Gas Company. This company represents a capital of $15,000,000. It is a well-known fact that a large part of this capital would come under the head of watered stock, but interest must be paid on $15,000,000 by the consumers of gas in Brooklyn, whether that interest represents invested capital in fact, or whether it represents so much paper. There is talk of an attempt to destroy this monopoly. Probably the sudden rise in the price of gas in Brooklyn will do more to change the sentiment of the people and hasten the day when gas, like water, will be delivered by the city, than any amount of argument or printed matter could have accomplished.

A Bird Day Suggested

The Agricultural Department at Washington has issued a circular calling attention to the fact that from all parts of the country reports come of the decreased number of native birds. The causes given are the clearing of the forests, the draining of swamps, and more especially the killing of birds for feathers and for game. The egg-collecting is also held responsible, although there are many who insist that egg-collecting has but very little to do in the decreasing of bird life in our forests. Laws protecting birds have been passed in several of the States, but with the protecting of birds, as with everything else, the law unsupported by public sentiment accomplishes its purpose but feebly. It is believed now that a day set apart in the schools, and known as Bird Day, would increase the knowledge of birds, and for the children to know them better would mean to love them better. The circular says that the general observance of a bird day in our schools would probably do more to open thousands of young minds to the reception of bird lore than anything else that can be devised. In several of the States, at the expense of the State, lists of the birds peculiar to the States, and even to certain localities in the States, have been issued. The knowledge of birds should come to children, not through books, but through observation. They should be taught to observe them, to recognize them, to know something of their habits, and as soon as this is done the life of a bird will become sacred to a child. There has been issued a circular which shows that in some States, through ignorance, large sums have been expended in killing birds that are supposed to be injurious to farmers, and the authorities hoped, by calling special attention to the importance from a commercial point of view of the preservation of bird life, to succeed in arousing a popular interest, that in the near future would result in our forests again re-echoing to the songs of the birds as in former years. The proposition is made to combine Bird Day and Arbor Day, and this meets with approval.

Rational Requirements

The Philadelphia Board of Health enforces the act of June 18, 1895, which makes it obligatory for superintendents of Sunday-schools, parochial schools, and private schools to exercise the same care in regard to the health of the children as is enforced in the public schools; that is, each pupil must present a certificate of successful vaccination, or else of having had smallpox. It is surprising that there are clergymen and Sunday-school superintendents who are opposing the Board of Health in this matter. Often, when the question of contagion is discussed, it is spoken of as though indifference to one's neighbor and ignorance of the danger of contagion were peculiar to the class commonly termed poor. Such is not the fact. People of intelligence, fully aware of the danger of their act, will let children attend school who have been exposed to contagion in their own homes. Only recently, when measles was almost epidemic on the entire Atlantic coast among children, a small boy attended one of the most expensive schools in an Eastern city when a rash was broken out on his face, neck, and hands. His companions of nine and ten years of age commented on his appearance to him and to each other. Twenty-three cases of measles broke out in that class-room within the next two weeks. The little seed-sower of this epidemic almost died, his exposure at the time bringing about complications that were most serious.

Diphtheria, that dread of every mother, swept over a school, leaving after it empty homes and almost broken hearts. This was a private school, whose circular stated that the number of pupils was limited. The price of tuition was very high, and the school considered very select. Presumably the parents of all the children sent to this school were intelligent people, and yet one mother permitted her child to attend school regularly from a house where there were two cases of diphtheria, a fact not known to the community until the white ribbons were hung on the bell of that house. Terror seized the heart of every mother who had a child in that school, but it was too late, and every day one child and another dropped out of the ranks of that little school, and from twelve pupils eleven fell victims to the disease and six died. Character is the protection of the community. Intelligence, or law itself, protects fully only when enforced by character, and that, fortunately, is not a question of income.

The church should stand for the highest in every community. If the church tries to evade the law, if it does not uphold it, it ranks as an evil with the saloon in just so far as it fails to live up to the law.

Eternal Vigilance the Price of Safety

The necessity of housekeepers exercising the greatest care as to the source of their milk supply is becoming more and more evident. In New York City there are thousands of cows stabled, whose milk is distributed through the city. The inspectors have discovered that these cows are not housed or cared for in obedience to the laws of sanitation—or, to use a more homely word, in obedience to the laws of cleanliness; for sanitation is cleanliness as every housekeeper should know it. Nothing will protect the people from unclean and diseased milk but their own intelligence and care. After the milk enters the house the most constant oversight will not make it clean if it has not been properly protected in transit, or if it is not the product of a healthy cow. The consumer must be educated to high standards in order to compel the producer to protect his product and sell only that which is uncontaminated. Legislation can do much, but legislation will not be enforced unless public sentiment demands it.

For the Public Good

An effort is being made to publish the old Dutch Records of New York. The Board of City Records some time ago agreed that these old annals should be translated and published in a series of seven volumes. They limited the number of sets to three hundred. James Grant Wilson, of the American Authors' Guild, was President of the committee appointed by the Mayor to supervise the translation and the publishing of these records. It has been discovered, just at the point where the Board of Records was giving the contract for printing, that the Board had acted without authority, and that the work could be done only with the permission of the Board of Aldermen. It is to be hoped that some agreement will be reached by which these valuable records can be placed on the shelves of the libraries for the use of the people. It is especially advisable that this should be done now, when the interest in colonial history is so active and is being so widely encouraged by patriotic societies and school-teachers.

School-Room Hygiene

The National Council of Education which convened recently in Buffalo brought together the leading educators of the country. One of the most interesting papers presented was the report by William A. Mowry, of Hyde Park, Mass., Chairman of the Committee on School Sanitation. The title of the report was "School-room Hygiene." This report was based on papers received from teachers all over the country who had made a special study of the hygienic conditions of their own school-rooms. The report stated:

> Throughout the whole country the deplorable hygienic state of the school-houses is such as to demand serious attention and prompt relief. Some years ago, in one large Eastern city having more than 1,200 school-rooms, it was found that the average of all the rooms gave less than seven square feet of floor-space and less than ninety cubic feet of air-space to each pupil, while it is now generally agreed that the necessary floor-space for each pupil in a school-room should not be less than twenty-five square feet, and with the best ventilating appliances every school-room should furnish three hundred cubic feet of air-space per pupil.
>
> Severe charges are also frequently made by oculists against the schools. They assert that studying injures the eyes, and that the school-room is responsible for numerous cases of defective eyesight. The evils complained of are chiefly the result of wrongly constructed school-houses.

The Council listened to a paper by Dr. Aaron Cove, of Denver, Chairman of the Committee on City School Systems, on "The Business Side of City School Systems."

Untrammeled Experts

It is interesting, in connection with the recent discussion of the value of expert opinion when the question of art for the public was being decided, to know that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees to decide on the decoration of the new library building at Peoria, Ill., one of the trustees, a physician, said, in response to the suggestion that a detailed scheme should be required of the artists before the question was decided: "When you call me in to attend a patient, you do not make me analyze my course of treatment and tell you my reasons for prescribing certain drugs; and when you call in an artist, you should not exasperate him with questions, but give him the benefit of the same confidence." The logic of this declaration prevailed, and the artists, once chosen, were allowed to follow out the bent of their genius and training. The result, according to report, fully justifies the course of action pursued, for it is said that the library decorations are in perfect harmony with the purposes of the building, making it one of the most restful of rooms.

The Evils of Coffee-Drinking

The leading medical societies of Paris and Germany have published a protest against the evils of excessive coffee-drinking. These evils, they declare, are almost as serious as those of alcoholism, and the victim of excessive coffee-drinking finds the habit as hard to overcome as does the victim of alcohol. The circular protests against the use of coffee by growing children, which it claims is becoming more common every year. The symptoms of coffee poisoning are insomnia, depression of spirits, lack of appetite, and nausea.

Unity

The Daughters of the Revolution of New York have agreed on a new Constitution which unites the chapters. This settles the disputed questions that gave rise to so much trouble in the spring. The Long Island Branch of the society is recognized now as a separate chapter.

For the Little People

The Rose's Wonder-Book

By Edward A. U. Valentine

If I only had the eyes
Of the wingèd butterflies,
I could read the words of wit
That upon the rose are writ!
How my curious spirit grieves
O'er those flut'ring fifty leaves
Nature has so nicely bound,
When the insects hover round
And within its pages peep!
Surely, its red leaflets keep
Wondrous tales and elfin lore,
Over which they love to pore!
There, I fancy, honey-bees
Learn the verses and the glees
They are all so fond of humming
In their going and their coming!

Polly Popcorn

By Jessie F. O'Donnell

The Popcorn farm-house was delightfully situated in a grove, where great spreading leaves waved over it, sheltering it from storms and sun. Popcorns were so numerous that it afforded cramped quarters.

They were a branch of the Maize family, widespread through our dear America—a powerful and bounteous family, possessing broad acres of rich land, and pouring wealth lavishly into the coffers of the Nation.

Phœbe Popcorn was one of the Maizes, but now mistress of a household of her own, comprising Papa Phineas Popcorn, portly and dignified, as became the father of so promising a family; Aunts Patience and Prudence, dear old-fashioned souls! and a troop of little Popcorns—Peleg, with his smooth, broad head, "like a philosopher's!" said Papa Phineas, and his nose "like a pug puppy's!" said mischievous little Pat, who was too full of pranks and possibilities ever to be taken for a philosopher; and solemn Peter, so puffed up with the consciousness of his superiority to the rest of the Popcorns, his head could scarce hold its own wisdom.

Then there were the Popcorn girls: stately Penelope, and pretty Pauline, and precise, housewifely Priscilla, whom they called "Miss Prim;" plain little Polly, her brain full of impossible dreams; and Baby Primrose, the pet and posy of the Popcorns!

They looked exactly alike in their plain yellow garments, but even a Popcorn has an individuality; and so it was that Polly, although she came of a practical and hard-headed stock, was a poet and prophet, dimly conscious of a power in her soul that promised something better and broader than this cramped life in the thatched homestead.

"I don't believe we are to stay packed away here forever!" Polly confided to Penelope, who shook her head as she answered:

"You *will* believe it, Polly, when you get to be a young lady. I used to dream of a prince who would take me away to a palace of pearl and opal. He hasn't come, Polly. I'm still plain Penelope Popcorn. Better put such thoughts out of your head, child."

Polly smiled brightly at her sister's pensive face. "I know the prince will come for her some time. There's a place where dreams come true, I know!"

"Miss Prim" pursed up *her* little lips in a "prunes and persimmons" manner, and told Polly her time would be much better employed in packing away stores of starch and oil for family use; but Polly again whispered to herself: "All of us can't be housekeepers; there's a place for poets somewhere, I know."

Aunt Prudence pondered over Polly in much perplexity. "No good came from getting out of one's sphere," she said. "Polly must be content with her particular place in the Popcorn farm-house; she would surely get into trouble by reaching after outside things." Then she would sing in a thin, piping voice a song caught from the farmer as he walked through the Maize forests:

> Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest!
> Homekeeping hearts are happiest,
> For those that wander they know not where
> Are full of trouble and full of care:
> To stay at home is best.

But Polly went on dreaming her strange, beautiful dreams, in spite of ridicule and disapproval. Poets and prophets are rarely appreciated by people like the Popcorns, yet perhaps their pretty fancies are as true as the facts of the most practical philosopher.

Certain it is, in this particular case the little poet was right, for the Popcorn family had been bound in a strong enchantment by a powerful fairy called Dame Nature, and were not those prosaic, yellow-robed creatures at all, but beautiful white princes and princesses in disguise. The Popcorns did not know it. Ah, no! like many people in this world, they didn't dream they were enchanted, and possibly would never learn it, unless revealed by some greater power. Thus Dame Nature held the Popcorns in their commonplace disguise till they should meet the Heat Fairies who alone could set them free.

Through the beautiful summer the Popcorns stored away starch, sugar, and oil in plenty. Autumn came; the waving green forests grew brown and withered, rustling drearily in the wind which crept under the eaves of the farm-house, till the brothers and sisters snuggled closer together for warmth. One day, the farmer, gathering up all the Popcorn homesteads, carried them away to hang on rafters in a great barn for long weeks. Papa Phineas's family grew harder and drier than ever, and even hopeful Polly could scarcely preserve her precious faith in the place where dreams come true.

After many days, the little homestead was taken to a room where children played round a fire in an open grate, and eagerly watched the Popcorns as they were taken from the farm-house and thrown into a spacious wire apartment, where they rattled against each other in profound amazement.

Then some one took this queer new house and thrust it directly over those glowing coals. The pleasant warmth permeated the Popcorns through and through, and, presto! change! What wonderful thing was happening?

Papa Phineas was performing a polka; "Miss Prim," heretofore the model of propriety, hopping about in a marvelous white gown, with so many stiff skirts she looked like a balloon; Peleg, the ponderous philosopher, was light-headed as a poet; the twins were parading ruffled pea-jackets and puffed trousers; Aunt Patience wore a superb cap, with the daintiest of fluted ruffles; and placid Aunt Patience had flounces galore.

Polly could hardly persuade herself that she was awake, for poets are often as surprised as any one at the realization of their dreams; and it was bewildering, indeed, to see the Popcorn family skipping and leaping around each other, amid the clapping of fairy palms, for the little Heat Fairies were as delighted at the change they had wrought as any of the Popcorns.

It was the strangest, prettiest sight in the world—like the blossoming of white roses, or the bursting of snowy foam into bubbles and spray; like the flowering of some graceful fancy in a poet's brain; like white butterflies springing from worn-out chrysalides.

Polly rubbed her puzzled eyes as she saw Penelope holding up an embroidered petticoat and listening graciously to—was it the prince of whom her sister dreamed? Or was it only one of those poky Popcorn cousins, whose advances Penelope had always pretended to despise? How different he looked with those nodding plumes! and Penelope appeared pleased and content.

Funny little Pat was prancing about with Primrose in his arms; while solemn Peter was turning himself inside out in his delight, and executing a double somersault in the air; and even Mamma Phœbe was frolicking with the Popcorn uncles and aunts and cousins, till Polly's head whirled.

How was it with herself? Polly looked at her unchanged dress with a thrill of dismay; but just then she felt a sudden sharp pain, which set her trembling like a poplar-leaf, and, lo! Polly Popcorn was no longer an insignificant little person, but a beautiful maiden in a spotless, fluffy gown, with just a hint of the detested yellow garb in the golden slippers on her pretty feet, soon twinkling in and out to the tune of "Pop! goes the weasel!" as merrily as if she had never been pinched into a corner in the old farm-house. One of the Heat Fairies had touched her with his flame-tipped wand, and in an instant her dreams had come true!

Stories of Pigeons

The story is told of a flock of pigeons that outwitted a hawk. Hawks can fly high with less effort than the pigeons, and they both know it. This flock of pigeons were terribly frightened one day by the appearance of a hawk between them and the cote. If the hawk flew higher than the pigeons, he would swoop down and catch at least one of them. The pigeons worked hard to keep above the hawk; he lazily rose in the air, keeping just under them. Suddenly the pigeons closed their wings and literally fell below the hawk, falling so rapidly as to astonish the hawk. Before he recovered, the pigeons were safely housed in the cote, in the well-house, and two were in the kitchen. The other day—it was Sunday—a man came out of a stable with a bag in his hand. He came out into the middle of the street, and, looking up, gave a peculiar call. There was nothing in sight. He called again and again. Suddenly a beautiful gray pigeon dropped at his feet. In a moment another seemingly fell. In a few minutes about one hundred pigeons were on the street, all fluttering and crooning and bobbing about, a mass of beautiful grays, with touches of silver and green and gold and red, as the setting sun touched them. They almost touched the man, he was so close to them. He opened the bag and threw out cracked corn, and soon the flock were busily eating. They rose in a body, circled round and round, and then began lighting on the roof of the house and stable. Above the stable was a large cote, that had room for about fifty pigeons.

The Elephant's Change of Temper

Do you suppose that when an elephant has a toothache the ache is in proportion to his size? If so, it must be terrible for an elephant to have the toothache. A dentist tells this story of an elephant that belonged to a circus. He was very good-natured, but one day when his keeper went near him he made a vicious switch at him with his trunk. The keeper knew the elephant so well that he said at once the elephant was sick; something was the matter with him. He sat at a safe distance from the elephant and watched him. The elephant trumpeted loudly and acted as though he was very angry, but no one could decide what was the cause of the change in this good elephant's disposition. This continued for three days. At the end of that time one of the men said, "Why, when Jack (that was the elephant's name) lies down, he keeps rubbing one side of his head; I think he has got the toothache;" and everybody immediately said, "Yes, that's what's the matter." The elephant was chained safely to posts and iron rings, so that he could not move, and the dentist was sent for. The dentist looked in his mouth and saw that one tooth was badly decayed. He touched it, and the elephant trumpeted as though in great pain; then the dentist went to work and filled the tooth. After a time the elephant seemed to understand that the dentist was trying to do something for his pain, and he gave every evidence of appreciating the attention. Some weeks later the dentist visited the winter quarters of the elephant and the elephant recognized him. It was rather an expensive operation, for it cost one hundred dollars to fill that one tooth. Doubtless, then, the elephant's toothache is a larger ache than either you or I ever know when our teeth ache.

The Spectator

Among quiet people of only ordinary means hospitality has its penalties, and under most conditions it is something of a trial to both of the parties to it. The Spectator has long been of the conviction that those not in the habit of being entertained had as well not be invited out, and that those not in the habit of entertaining had much better not make exceptions to the general rule of their lives. For these convictions he has good reasons founded on personal experience, strengthened by the confessions of many others who have been bored as the Spectator has been bored. When the unaccustomed grand dinner or ball must be attended, the whole course of the family life of the quiet man is disarranged, and he says fifty times to himself on the momentous day, "I wish this abominable thing were over." Now, this is not a very festive mood of preparation for the entertainment that is provided; the consequence is inevitable. He is not entertained, he contributes nothing to the enjoyment of others. Of course he keeps all this to himself, and his women folk are left ignorant of the suffering he tries to conceal. But they see that something is the matter, and they contrast the head of their house unfavorably with the men who are more at ease on such occasions, with men who are trained by long experience to know what to do and what to say at such solemn functions. For the head of a family to be thus depreciated in the opinion of his own nearest and dearest is a loss very hard to make up, and one that the Spectator cannot contemplate unmoved. The going out to unaccustomed places works its active hardship most upon the man; but when the unaccustomed entertainment is given, then the women are apt to get a dreadful amount of punishment. Something is sure to go wrong. The ducks will be tough beyond experience; the salt will get into the ice-cream; the champagne will be put on the hearth to warm, and the claret will be placed in the ice-buckets. These things are sure to happen. The guests will notice them and be uncomfortable for fear that the hosts are suffering; and the hosts—well, the hosts will wish that it was all well over with. And when it is over, what will happen? Mrs. Host will be sure to have a good cry, and waken in the morning with a headache that gives promise never to get any better. So the Spectator is convinced that real kindness would permit the quiet people to stay quietly at home, and that real wisdom would prevent such quiet people from turning their home upside down and spending more money than they can afford in order to make both themselves and their friends uncomfortable.

* * *

The Spectator has said what he has with much hesitation, and he does not mean to go around, as some writers have been known to do, and ask his friends if they have read his piece in The Outlook on mistaken hospitality. No, the Spectator will "lay very low" about this, because he knows, just as well as he knows that he is a sinful man, that he will—if his life be spared a few years longer—have to go to many places of entertainment which will afford him no more enjoyment than two or three hours in a dentist's chair. Indeed, he would not say what he does if he did not hope that some one else would take up the matter in the same view, and, expressing these ideas in better and more popular fashion, work a reform which might result in the Spectator's exclusion from the twelve-course dinner and the post-midnight ball. And yet, when he thinks of it, the Spectator would not be left out. To be left out entirely would indicate that the Spectator is a surly fellow and only fit for social Coventry. No, he does not wish to be left out; he only desires that within his little and usually happy circle such things may not be. Then there would be no question of inclusion or exclusion, and all of such could take their slippered ease without the dread of those other times when a man, with the feelings of a trooper or the thoughts of a monk, would have to tie up his neck in stiff white linen and imitate the manners and the sentiments of a waiting gentlewoman.

* * *

But balls and dinners are not the only forms of mistaken hospitality. There is such a thing as house company—house company which suffers and makes to suffer. The Spectator, in what he is saying and what he has said, makes no allusion to those who have ample places and generous means. To them hospitality is a matter of course, as much a matter of course as the comfortable balance in the bank. The Spectator alludes only to those quiet people who live in small houses which are not larger than the regular occupants need for their comfortable and decent lodgment. Why such persons should stuff their houses with visitors passes the Spectator's comprehension. Who enjoys it? The guests certainly don't, for they are placed in narrower quarters than at home; the hosts don't like it, for they are frequently all but crowded out of house and home; the servants like it least of all, for their work is doubled and trebled, and their wages only increased by inadequate tips which insult rather than compensate. When such a visit is over, the hosts are apt to say, "Well, thank goodness! that is over," and the guests when they get home will congratulate themselves, and possibly remark with sighs of satisfaction, "Ah, bless us! are we not glad indeed to be at home again!" Writing these things down, they look cynical. And yet the Spectator is not a cynical man. On the contrary, he loves his kind as much as the next one. Upon this occasion, however, he speaks plainly, because he feels deeply. A man with five thousand dollars a year cannot be expected to do the things that a man with ten times that income would do without a second thought. Then why should Mr. Rusticus in his cottage, or Mr. Suburban in his Queen Anne villa, be expected to fill up his few little rooms in imitation of Mr. Midas, who has half a dozen houses of fifty rooms each, and servants so numerous that they can hardly keep out of each other's way? If he happen to be in himself a pleasant fellow, it is Mr. Midas's bounden duty to be hospitable to the utmost; but the others, unless they have gifts approaching genius, should entertain as little as possible, and then on the smallest possible scale. This suggestion is made out of kindness to all concerned, for the visited suffer no more in such times than the visitors; both are thoroughly uncomfortable, and both are heartily glad when the encounter at close quarters is finished.

* * *

The Spectator has known persons so ill-advised in their hospitality that they have invited guests to stay with them even though they live in flat or apartment houses. Few flats that are constructed are large enough to accommodate more than two persons; and then the relations of these persons should be most intimate and confidential—such, for instance, as husband and wife. Flats are so small that the amount of individual privacy to be enjoyed in them is most inconsiderable. Even the privilege to sigh, to sneeze, or to snore must be shared with the other occupants. Under such circumstances, what could be more uncomfortable than to be in a flat with visitors—visitors with whom a degree of formality needs to be preserved? The Spectator knows whereof he speaks, as he has in such circumstances been both the visited and the visitor. Emerson in one of his essays gives this counsel: "Lovers, preserve your strangeness." That advice might be given to friends quite as well. An intimacy which has no reserve is sure to end in disenchantment, if not in estrangement and active hostility. An intimacy accompanied by great discomfort is sure to end that way. So this is why the Spectator, from a full and a sad experience, has written in this way and counseled against ill-considered and mistaken forms of hospitality. Cherish the kindly feeling with all your heart, do the good and the generous deed with an open hand, but do not make both deed and feeling costly alike to him who gives and him who receives.

Notes and Queries

I am just entering the pastorate of a Congregationa church in a town of some 3,000, where probably one-third of the inhabitants do not go to church. Our church during the last two years has been through very trying experiences and has had no settled pastorate. Can you advise me as to methods of work, etc.? As far as I have read, I am a strong believer in Christian evolution. Am inclined to the taking up of the social questions of the day, believing that they are vital questions for Christian churches to consider and deal with. What commentaries would you recommend me to procure on "Acts" and "Romans" dealing with the practical life of to-day? M.

Lacking definite information, we can only in a general way respond to your request for advice. Draw around you the most faithful and active of the church, avoiding all semblance of personal partiality. Through these as a nucleus endeavor to quicken all with the spirit of Christian service. To draw in the unchurched, the "Men's Sunday Evening Club," presenting a varied programme for the second service, the core of which is a short but earnest address on some vital subject, has proved very effective. Probably Dr. Abbott's commentaries come nearest to what you inquire for. We suggest that you read Dr. Gladden's "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age."

"Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me,"

closes the second verse of Mrs. Ellen H. Gates's hymn, No. 20, Gospel Hymns No. 1, or No. 15 Gospel Hymns Complete, "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land."

Kindly quote the first line of the hymn on the topic "The Church," containing

"There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

W. R. B.

It is in one of Watts's versions of the 122d Psalm, beginning "How did my heart rejoice to hear."

Can you give me the remainder of the familiar quotation commencing "I'd rather be a toad and live upon the vapor of a dungeon—"? Also, can you tell me who is the author of these lines?

B. J.

The remainder is:

"Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses."
—Shakespeare's Othello, Act III., Sc. 3.

Please inform me where I can get the poems written by Eugene Field. Some of them have been published of late in "McClure's Magazine."

B. D.

Collections of Mr. Field's poems are published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Will you kindly inquire for us through the columns of your paper whether any art school in our country or elsewhere has among its students a Christian organization or any united effort on a Christian or philanthropic basis? At present we know only of an art students' church in Paris, which has given pleasure to American students abroad. In one art school in Ohio a short weekly prayer-meeting found favor with many of the students. During the past winter several students have taken classes in a mission Sunday-school, and now a plan is made to work through the churches. We very much desire to have Christian fellowship with other art schools such as exists between colleges, in order that our own work may be encouraged and strengthened. Any one who can inform us concerning anything that is done elsewhere will do us a great favor.

ART STUDENTS.

Can any of the older readers of The Outlook furnish me with a sonnet called "April," published at least twenty years ago in the "Atlantic Monthly"? It began:

"No days such honored days as these,
When first fair Aphrodite reigned."

I had supposed it was by Helen Hunt Jackson, but I am not able to find it. E. H. K.

I see that credit is given to Julia Gill for the poem "Christ and the Little Ones." The poem was written by Mrs. Marcia Locke Bailey, of Providence, R. I., and after her death published with other beautiful pieces of hers in a little volume called "Star Flowers." It was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1882. Mrs. Bailey also wrote "The Mistakes of My Life Are Many." C. V. W.

Any church desiring to dispose of about fifty copies of "The Church Hymn-Book," compiled by Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872, or twenty-five copies of "Gospel Hymns Consolidated," in fair condition, will please correspond with

REV. CHAS. N. GLEASON.
Edgartown, Mass.

To whom does T. B. Aldrich refer in the words,

"There's one, a later-laureled brow,
With purple blood of poets in his veins,"

etc., in No. XXV. of his "Later Lyrics," entitled "When from the tense chords of that mighty lyre"?

J. J. W.

Can some one please inform me the name and address of the proper person to correspond with to know definitely about "The Society of Mayflower Descendants," and to whom to apply for membership? F. R.

Correspondence

What Converted Me to Silver Coinage

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Up to a few years ago I had given little attention to the currency question. So far as I considered it at all, it seemed conclusive that one standard was all there could legitimately be, one final money article into which all currency, and thus all financial transactions, must be convertible. How simple most of the public questions seem when regarded superficially!

When the political prominence of the currency question became accentuated by the panic, the withdrawal of gold, the loss of business, and the idleness of men with families to support, I began to read and think. I was a gold-standard man, and was prejudiced by the fact of silver advocacy coming almost wholly from the small, silver-producing States. This looked like protection in the manufacturing States—self-interest carried into public affairs. I first read President Andrews's "Honest Dollar." I saw clearly enough that contracting the standard money meant a corresponding reduction in prices. General Walker and other authorities confirmed my own opinion that the quantity of standard money had a direct and marked effect on prices. On a steadily declining market men will hold back from investing and buying; they will buy as little as possible; the enterprising men will suffer, failures will be more frequent, debts will be harder to pay. Industries are chiefly carried on by energetic, sanguine men who use borrowed capital and credit to the fullest extent. A regular decline in their merchandise in hand adds greatly to their chances of failure. The disinclination to invest tends strongly to repress industry, the failure of employers dislocates employment. Thus it was apparent that appreciation of the standard money and depreciation of prices tended to depress industry, precipitate panics, and throw industrious men into unsteady employment or enforced idleness. The rate of wages is a small matter compared with the steadiness of work. The personal demoralization of workers and workers' families is greatly increased by lack of work and broken income.

Next my attention was directed to Mexico, where my own business connections gave me some personal knowledge. In the twenty years of our gold standard we had been beset with panic and depression. Almost half of that period has been "dull times," and three distinct financial panics had turned business men gray, and had converted numberless wage-earners into vagrants and tramps. Starting from a revolutionary collection of States, with almost no industries, and with an ignorant population, Mexico had progressed and prospered in a phenomenal way.

My own business with Mexican merchants, manufacturers, and miners had steadily grown. Scarcely ever a failure occurred, and frequent interviews with Mexican customers brought the information that wages had advanced, that business and employment was steady, and capital abundant. Foreign investments flowed in freely.

All this while Mexico had free coinage of gold and silver, and, consequently, a silver currency which was steadily depreciating in comparison with foreign currency and gold. But prices did not depreciate. A house or a machine or a horse or wheat was worth as much this year as last, and would be worth as much next year, barring minor fluctuations. Fears of a decline retarded no one, the actual decline bankrupted no one. Men had regular work. Imported goods were converted from the foreign invoices to the local currency, sold and paid for accordingly, without other difficulty than we find in pounds sterling or francs or marks into dollars.

International exchange is *exchange*, and a bushel of wheat or an ox's hide will bring a yard of woolen, a cwt. of tin, just the same whether a pound sterling stands for five American dollars or nine Mexican dollars. It will take no more work to produce the wheat or the hide, whether it is rated at two shillings or at four. I thus found that no disadvantage had accrued to Mexico by reason of her free coinage and silver standard, but manifest advantage. Our own conditions are not identical with those of Mexico, but the unfavorable influences of a coin contraction and lowered prices are intensified by our greater dependence upon trade and credit. As we have suffered vastly more than Mexico, as we are better situated to stand on our own feet, I reached the conclusion that free coinage had no terrors in store for us, but, on the contrary, would immediately restore prosperity, and thus I became a free-coinage man at the old ratio independent of other nations. By your leave I shall later say a word about the so-called 50-cent dollar and repudiation.

N. O. NELSON.

One Phase of the Higher Life of Brooklyn

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The articles in The Outlook upon the higher life of different cities have been a means of instruction and stimulus to all readers. Brooklyn is behind many other cities in some respects. It is badly lighted. It is not as well paved as it ought to be, though during the past year so many improvements have been made that this reproach will soon be but a matter of history. Brooklyn has not many art treasures, no good book-store, only a few monuments, and it is lacking in trees. But it has a splendid park, is crowded with fine churches, and has one of the best libraries in the country. Besides, "the Brooklyn Institute" is already becoming world-famous. There is one aspect of the higher life of Brooklyn which is not receiving the praise it deserves. In one respect she can hold herself head and shoulders above other cities, and that is because of the concerts which are held every summer at Brighton Beach. These concerts owe their existence to the self-sacrificing efforts of a few noble and clever Brooklyn women who have formed themselves into a society for the cultivation of musical taste among the masses. For eight years they have worked and striven, in the face of discouragement and sometimes almost overwhelming odds, to not only exalt the musical taste of the public, but to furnish to that public the best music obtainable in the country, at a cost within the reach of the humblest lover of music. As I am not a member of this society, nor acquainted with its president or officers, I can say all this without suspicion of flattery, or in any way as an advertisement. It is a simple act of justice. The public is far too insensitive to its benefactors. It often takes as a matter of course opportunities, advantages, which it would not have were it not for the self-sacrifice of some people whose sole motive is the public good. Here we have the opportunity of hearing the finest music in the world, rendered by one of the best orchestras in the country, conducted by one of the greatest conductors the world has ever seen, a man famous on two continents. What do we pay for these concerts? Twenty cents apiece, occasionally forty cents! I can buy as many tickets for the whole season as I have time to use, and they will cost me no more than the price charged for one seat in the Opera-House during the winter. It seems to me that when the Music Hall at Brighton is not well filled, it shows a singular disregard of great opportunities for culture, for recreation, for refreshment of the spirit, for the uplifting of the soul. The "Evening Telegram" had the other evening an article on the "Music Cure." It spoke of how music soothes tired nerves, and gives rest and relaxation to worn-out hearts, acting as medicine in many cases of troublesome disease. When I read this article, I thought of these Seidl concerts this summer.

The great difference between this "Seidl Society" and many others is that its object is not self-interest, it is pure benevolence. It is plain that such music cannot be furnished at such a price without some people putting their hands in their pockets and giving largely. Is this not as good as endowing a library, giving to a college, as good as many of the charities which win applause from every one? I have often thought that if some rich men would endow the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York, and make it possible for these great singers and musical artists to be heard by the great mass of music-lovers, of hungry, thirsty, aspiring men and women, who now cannot afford even a glimpse of the inside of the Opera-House, or one strain of glorious song to gladden and refresh them, it would be as noble an act as the founding of the Astor Library, or the building of the Chicago University, or President Low's gift to Columbia. For it cannot be denied that music has an indispensable place in the culture of the community. Even if it did not minister to the culture of the mind, the higher development of the whole nature, it would have its glory in that it is a recreation, a solace amid the whirl and stress of daily life. The people cannot do without it. If the higher forms of it are denied them, they will seek it in places which are a disgrace and a blot on our civilization. It is not alone for the people of Brooklyn that these noble women of Brooklyn are working. They are of help to the development of the higher life of New Yorkers as well. Of course it takes longer for people in New York to reach Brighton than for people in Brooklyn. But the concerts are worth the journey. Indeed, the whole community cannot be too grateful to Mrs. Langford and the other women who are doing so much for the cultivation of taste for the higher forms of musical art.

KENYON WEST.

Non-Resistance

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will The Outlook please explain the difference between non-resistance in extreme cases and selfishness?

It is so easy to let things go as they are and to feel that we need not interfere in other people's affairs, that the doctrine of non-resistance as explained by Tolstoï seems to me a very dangerous one.

Already, not only Congressmen, but some Church members, are saying that the missionaries in Armenia ought to come home, that they really have no right to be there if the Turks do not want them.

Must we believe that England and Russia did right in not resisting Turkish wickedness by force if need be? To some of us it has looked like selfishness, but is it to be counted to them for righteousness? Must my sympathy, my love for my neighbor, be wholly for the Turk, and not for the Armenian, especially the Armenian woman? Is it, after all, through love for the Turk that Christendom has used only mild persuasion?

How is it possible to love one's neighbor as one's self, and not defend her when she is in danger, whether it be from a wild beast or a devil in human form?

Are we to suppose that if the good Samaritan had arrived a few minutes earlier he would have stood by until the thieves had pounded the man into a state of unconsciousness, and then have come forward and offered his services?

And, taking the other side, would not the greatest love of the robber try to prevent his committing a crime, using force if necessary?

It is better for a robber to be killed than that he should commit a crime.

Christ teaches resistance in time of danger in Matt. xii., 29.

The extreme doctrine of non-resistance seems to me pernicious. Christianity is positive, not negative. The slaves would be slaves still but for the Union Army. Christ *cast out* devils. We have not that power, but we can *restrain* them. A man who does not believe in government ought to live where there is none, or he is not true to his convictions.

G. W. S.

Regents' Examinations

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Now that the final examinations in the public schools of New York State are over for the year, and those of our Seniors of the High Schools who "passed the Regents" have received their diplomas of graduation and have gone forth to prepare for more advanced education, or have entered the career of business life—to them I send this first appeal, trusting that by and through them the Faculties of our High Schools may be influenced; that they may arouse our Boards of Education throughout the State, and through that power that the Board of Regents may awaken to the great importance of a decided change in their examination papers.

Every year come the reports of mental and physical "breakdowns" caused by over-exertion and strain of study to pass "the Regents." While the general plan of examinations may be beyond criticism, a proper change in details would prevent the constantly recurring cases of positive injustice to individual students.

I would suggest a uniformity in the text-books used, or the preparation of several sets of examination papers, so that each school may have papers whose questions apply directly to the books that have been there studied. I have known of cases where Regents' papers have contained questions that could not be answered by any information contained between the covers of the text-book on the subject that has been used by a particular school, although the book had been carefully selected, and ranked among the best to be obtained.

I would suggest a system of substitute papers, so that a student who, for any reason, is unable to take the examination with his class may have an opportunity for a private examination at another time. A case occurred recently in one of our largest schools where a student who was prepared to take them found that Regents' examinations upon three of his subjects were set down for the same date. An appeal was made to the Board of Regents to secure change of date or permission for a private examination. This not being granted, the student was obliged to omit the subject, solely on account of lack of time for taking it.

We frequently have cases where students who are fully prepared for the work fail to secure their diplomas because of illness at examination time.

I would suggest that all papers securing a mark of seventy or more from the local teacher should be forwarded to the "Regents" for revision, so securing a thoroughly impartial marking. Upon a close paper it is often next to impossible for a teacher to avoid being somewhat influenced by personal prejudice, or by the previous work which the student has done in the class-room.

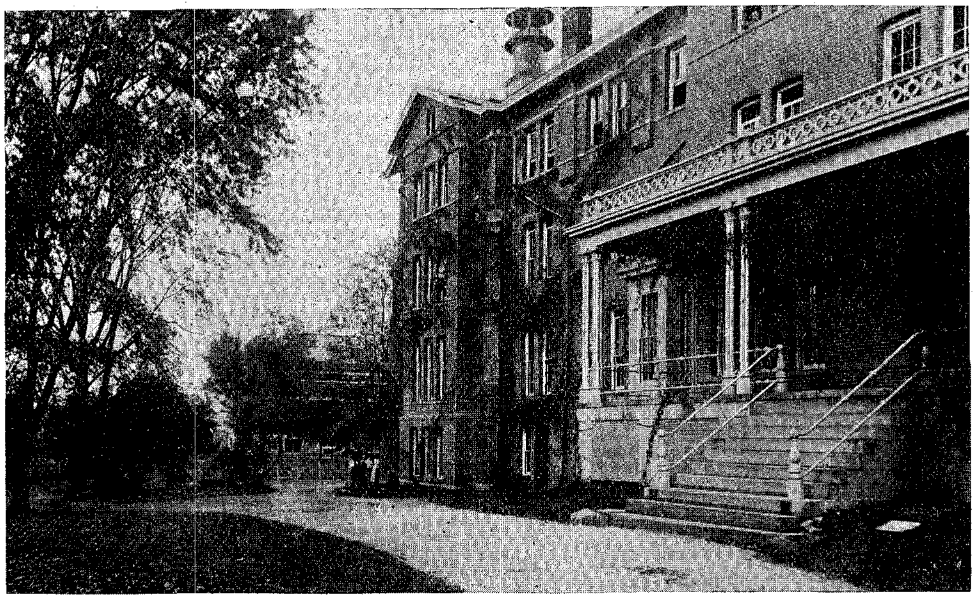
I have known a case of this kind where a teacher had marked a paper below a pass—thrown it out as beyond question a failure. An appeal was made, and, against strong opposition by the teacher, the paper was forwarded to Albany, and the pupil promptly and unhesitatingly given a "pass."

A high standard for examinations is what makes the diplomas of value, and while I would not reduce the standard, I would plead for more equal and exact justice to individual students and individual schools. What can be done about it? ITHACA.

[Publisher's Department]

THE WESTERN COLLEGE AND SEMINARY

FORTY years ago, at Oxford, Ohio, two young women were graduating from a new institution which was destined to become an important factor of educational life in the Central West. Mount Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Massachusetts, was then laying the foundations for the present system of women's colleges in America. The associates and friends of Mary Lyon, who were familiar with the Mount Holyoke system, as it had been applied with such happy results in the East, were desirous of seeing the same system introduced under favorable auspices in the great States west of the Alleghanies. Of this Seminary Miss Helen Peabody was a graduate, and for a time had been a member of its Faculty. When, therefore, the Western Female Seminary received its charter, in the year 1853, and a little later called Miss Peabody to inaugurate the Mount Holyoke system at Oxford, it was as a daughter of Mount Holyoke that the school began its work. No better selection could have been made for the responsible duties that awaited her. The school to-day is a living monument to the long, faithful, and capable service of its first Principal. Added to her natural endowments and training, which abundantly qualified her for her position, were indomitable courage and perseverance. On January 14, 1860, she saw that first, dearly bought home of the Western burned to the ground. A second structure and a better one rose from the ruins. On April 7, 1871, she again saw the Seminary building in ashes. A third edifice was placed on the same foundations in the latter part of the same year, to reward her devotion and express the esteem in which her work was held by the pupils and patrons of the Seminary. Through stirring providences of fire and pestilence and war her woman's faith never wavered; her hope for the future of the school was unfaltering. Since her resignation as Principal, eight years ago, Miss Peabody has lived in Pasadena, California. Her home is a kind of Mecca for those who were her students in the thirty-three years during which she presided over the institution. Their reverence for the godly woman, whose days of active service are over, has been handed down from mothers to daughters, and all who know her history delight to do her honor.


The Front Porch

Miss Leila S. McKee, of Danville, Kentucky, a graduate of Wellesley, succeeded Miss Peabody, and is now the able and capable President of the College. She has raised the standard of instruction to full college work, and is keeping it abreast with the best colleges of the country. Until her administration the school was continued on the Mount Holyoke plan, and each student was required to do a certain amount of domestic work daily. In later years this plan has been greatly modified, both at Mount Holyoke and Oxford. Although the lighter housework is done by the students, it occupies but half an hour daily, and is really more in the nature of relaxation than that of serious work.

A prominent feature of the College is its location. The buildings rise from an eminence which overlooks the Miami country, in one of the most beautiful and healthful regions of Ohio. There is a campus of sixty-five acres, and the picture one has of it from the pike, a mile out of Oxford, is not soon forgotten. The long drive winding up to the main building; a glimpse of Alumnæ Hall, with its ivy-clad tower; the pretty little brook; the summer-house; the smooth-clipped lawn; the acres of woodland stretching away at one side; the great front porch, embowered in rose and honeysuckle—all of these are gathered up in one's first impressions of the very agreeable outdoor surroundings with which the Western is favored. Nor is the impression indoors less pleasing. The cool and quiet library, with its handsome alcoves, its inviting shelves, and its splendid Tillinghast window; the art gallery; the pretty parlors; the pleasant chapel; the well-lighted reading-room, with its tables of fresh periodicals and its easy chairs; the neat and restful rooms for the pupils—all add to the favorable impression made upon the visitor.

The Western is a home as well as a school. It has never been an ambition of the management that the College should be large in its numbers. The wish is rather to select students who will maintain in scholarship and in character the high standard of excellence of which it is justly proud. The number admitted to its classes is limited, and for this reason the home feeling is the more easily cultivated. It is a household where each pupil comes into intimate relations with all the members. A visitor almost invariably speaks of the sympathy that seems to exist between the faculty and the students. This is a recognition of a great factor constantly operative in the life of this College. Each teacher knows every girl in the institution, and the girls all know each other. The interest of one is made the interest of all, and a staunch little democracy exists within the boundaries of the campus, in which character is constantly acting upon character. And this feeling of kinship does not cease when the school-days are over. The alumnæ are thoroughly loyal to the institution, and are its most devoted friends. They have a lively organization and several branch societies in which good fellowship and kindly interest are cultivated and perpetuated. These meetings and reunions of the alumnæ have given a stability to the College as helpful to its work as they have been delightful to the members. A substantial proof of this is a handsome fire-proof building presented to the College in 1893 at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, and known as Alumnæ Hall. A library having a capacity of one hundred thousand volumes occupies the whole north end of this building. The cases and shelving for the books are of electroplated bronze, made after the pattern of the new Congressional Library at Washington. Laboratories for the departments of physiological and biological sciences occupy the ground floor; a lecture-room and several of the recitation-rooms are located on the second floor; while the whole upper floor of this building is devoted to art. The departments of Art and Music offer exceptional advantages under the direction of six competent instructors.

It is an aim of the Trustees of the Western to select for the members of the Faculty teachers of thorough Christian culture from the best colleges of the land. The object of this policy is to secure for the Western the best and most approved methods of instruction pursued successfully in other institutions. The University of Michigan, the University of Chicago, Oberlin College, Vassar College, Smith College, Mount Holyoke College and Seminary, and Wellesley College, and several of the leading schools of music, are thus represented in the work of the Western, while many of its Faculty have done advanced work abroad. While the College is undenominational in character, it has always been in active sympathy with the practice and precepts of the Christian religion. The Bible is systematically and thoroughly studied under instructors whose attitude toward it is devout and reverent.

Sophomore Shepherdesses—Tree Day

The Western is often, and justly, commended for the health of its students. A prime necessity for this was secured at the outset in a healthful location. But in the complicated conditions of modern social life much more is required. In light, heat, ventilation, plumbing, water supply—and diet, exercise, physical training, cheerful surroundings, and agreeable companions as well—there are sanitary conditions requiring vigilant and intelligent care. These are matters for experts, and no expense has been spared to secure the best hygienic results. Col. Latham Anderson, of Cincinnati, a sanitary expert of wide experience and observation, was employed last year to make a thorough examination of the sanitary condition of the buildings and premises, and closed his report in these words:

"I desire to express my admiration for the high state of discipline of the institution everywhere apparent, especially as affecting the cleanliness and sanitary condition of the place. An unusual degree of intelligence and sound judgment has been evinced by the management in the precautions which have been taken for maintaining good hygienic conditions. The conservatism of the general management is also shown by the fact that tank water, as I am informed, has never been used for cooking purposes, although, as shown by the above examination, it is sufficiently pure for such purposes.

"It would be well for the rising generations of students if all educational institutions were managed with the same care and intelligence apparent here."

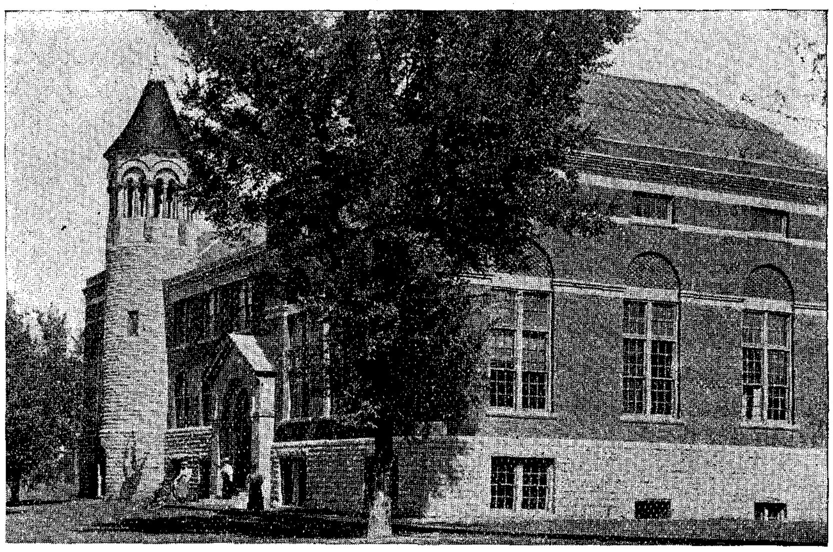
Every student is required to receive a systematic physical education under the direction of a competent expert. The system of training is after the method of the Anderson School of Gymnastics at New Haven. In cases of defective muscular development the intelligent application of such a system to the wants of a particular individual often secures results of the highest value. In addition to the regular gymnasium work, a large athletic field gives ample opportunity for outdoor sports, and athletics are in high favor with the Western girls. Tennis, cricket, basket-ball, baseball, and bicycling vie with each other in popularity, and doubtless contribute in no little degree to the excellent health the students enjoy.

The campus of the Western, beautiful at any time, is never more attractive than at the "Tree Day" season. May and June divide honors with October, for the trees are then in their glory, and its bit of woodland is the pride of the College. "Tree Day" is celebrated in the month of May, and the Western is the only "Western" college which makes a special feature of the ceremony. It has become the grand fête of the year, and guests attend from miles around. The students appear in costumes of every contrivance and color, and a spirit of fun and good will and merrymaking pervades the exercises. The ceremonies consist in farewells by the Senior Class to the tree they planted in the Freshman year, followed by the planting of another tree by the present Freshman Class. A splendid pageant forms part of the ceremonies, and there are many speeches, witty and learned, and much hilarity and frolic. The Western should be visited on "Tree Day" to be seen at its best. The grounds are in gala array, the girls are more charming than any landscape, and the mirth and light-hearted gayety in which the exercises are conducted realize a college girl's idea of a "good time."

The Trustees and Alumnæ Association are now engaged in an undertaking to raise a fund of fifty thousand dollars to endow the Chair of Christian Evidences, and to be known as the Helen Peabody Endowment Fund. Mrs. Calvin S. Brice has lately sent to her Alma Mater, by cablegram from St. Petersburg, a subscription of one thousand dollars to this fund.

The Western has undoubtedly a future before it. With its unique and most creditable history; with the affection of its alumnæ; with its unsurpassed location; with its handsome grounds and buildings; and with its excellent Faculty, there is every prospect that it will continue to grow in its influence and usefulness.

The accompanying cuts give some idea, though an inadequate one, of the beauty of the place. The graceful outlines of Alumnæ Hall; the stately proportions of the Main Building, with its vine-covered chapel; the charm of the winding drive; and the hills and dales of the rolling campus, cannot be reproduced by the photographer's art. To realize it all you must visit old Oxford town and look with your own eyes over the fair possessions of this queen of "Western" colleges.

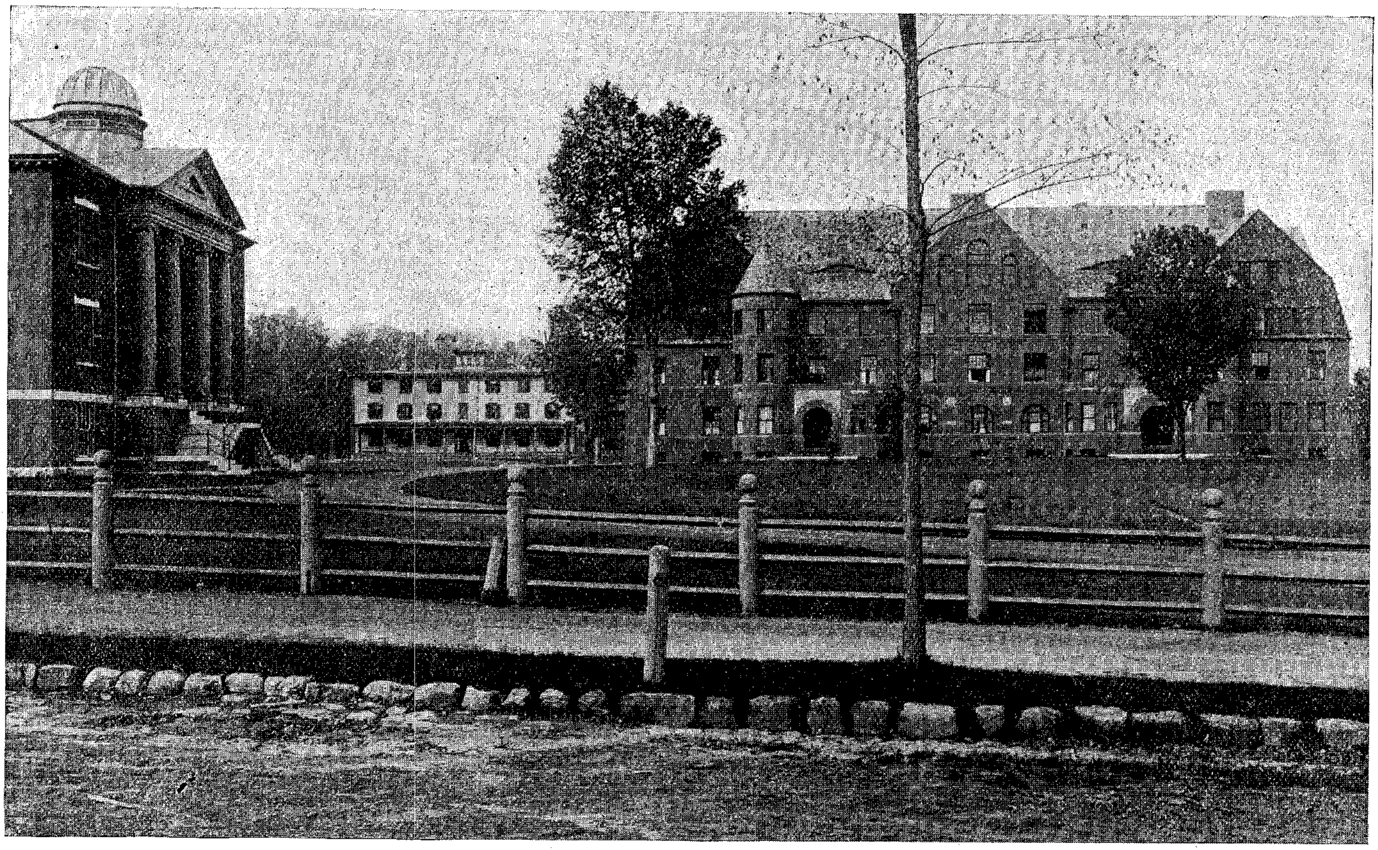


Alumnæ Hall

Jessie Trimble.

Cincinnati, July, 1896.

[Publisher's Department]



Abbot Academy, of Andover

As a school distinctively Christian in influence and instruction, Abbot Academy aims to prepare its girls for useful, earnest lives, and provides exceptional opportunities for thorough intellectual culture and the best development of character. Founded in 1829 in the old historic town of Andover, Mass., twenty-three miles north of Boston, it enjoys a healthful climate and is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery. The Academy grounds comprise twenty-three acres laid out in beautiful walks and lawns, including a large grove of majestic oaks. Abundant opportunity is thus offered for healthful outdoor exercise, which is required of all. As Andover is the seat of several other educational institutions, certain incidental benefits are thus derived from mutual sources, while its proximity to Boston renders available the advantages in art and science which that city offers. The equipment of Abbot Academy is acknowledged to be exceptionally complete. Draper Hall, the largest and most imposing of the school buildings, is one of the finest of the kind in the country. No care or expense has been spared in its arrangement and construction. It is admirably ventilated, lighted, and heated. The rooms are mostly arranged *en suite*, allowing a parlor and bedroom for two pupils. Each young lady has a separate bed, her own bureau, closet, and toilet conveniences. The building stands at an angle which permits every room to have the sun during some part of the day. Separate floors entirely distinct are devoted to Music and Art. The wing of Draper Hall is devoted to the German classes, while Smith Hall is the home of the French students. Here the most pleasant accommodations are provided, each pupil having a room to herself. The pleasant parlors and dining-room present a homelike appearance which adds to other attractions. Abbot Hall, the old academy, contains the assembly hall, class-rooms, laboratory, and gymnasium. In the Academy library of five thousand volumes, catalogued by the card system, are found carefully selected books, many of which are especially supplied as an aid in the studies of Literature, History, Science, and Art. The library is open at all times, as is also the reading-room, which contains all the desirable magazines and newspapers of the day. Attendance at Sunday morning service is required. Those who have been reared in the Episcopal Church worship in Christ Church; all others attend the South Congregational Church, where free sittings are provided for the school. No visits are made or received on this day, as Tuesday evening and Wednesday (not Wednesday evening) are set apart for recreation. Visitors may also be received out of study hours on other days. For 70 years Abbot Academy has drawn its pupils from all sections of the country, thus establishing a service equally adapted to all. Until 1853 the Academy was in charge of a male Principal. At this date the principalship passed into the hands of Miss Nancy J. Haseltine, niece of the celebrated Abigail Haseltine. Six years later she was succeeded by Miss Philena McKeen, under whose charge the Academy enjoyed thirty-three years of unprecedented success. In 1892 Miss McKeen was ably succeeded by Miss Laura S. Watson, in whose charge the school now is. Abbot Academy certainly enjoys an enviable position among the educational institutions of the United States, won by time-honored efforts in behalf of the young women intrusted to its care. The illustrated annual catalogue contains full information of the facilities and opportunities of the several Literary and Scientific courses, and also of a thorough College Fitting course, offered by this institution.

Miss Laura S. Watson, Principal

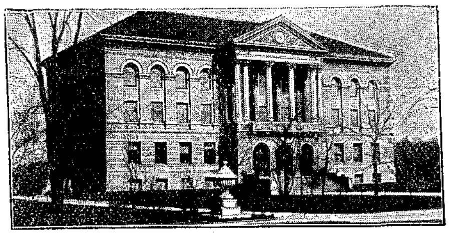
[Publisher's Department]

Chicago as an Educational Center for Women

The University of Chicago, with its great money endowments, its splendid equipments of special buildings for the natural sciences, its facilities for post-graduate work, its equal opportunities for men and women, has drawn the attention of the entire country away from the far East as the educational Mecca of students, and bids fair to change the educational center of the United States from New England to the southern shore of Lake Michigan. The single fact that this great university in its incipiency provided three commodious and finely equipped buildings for the accommodation of its women students shows the importance it attaches to their higher education, and sets a standard for their intellectual development such as no other city in the United States can boast.

It has long been known to well-informed people that the standard of intellectual culture among women in Chicago has for many years been the highest, and while it is well said that comparisons are odious, yet it is true that as long ago as the meeting of the Women's Congress in 1882, when the Chicago Woman's Club entertained that highly cultured and dignified body of women, the superiority of Chicago women as speakers, parliamentarians, and in general ability to guide and inform audiences was generally and generously recognized. At that time a distinguished woman from New York City said: "I feel as if the Chicago women were a deep sea in which we Eastern women swim as small and unimportant boats."

The women's clubs of Chicago are the most numerous and enroll the largest membership of those of any city of the United States. They also contain the largest proportion of women who are college graduates. Two of these clubs, the Fortnightly, with a membership limited to 200, and the Chicago Woman's Club, with a membership of nearly 800, have very handsomely equipped club-rooms which occupy the entire fifth floor of one of the great business blocks in the heart of the city. Here, over a quiet cup of tea or chocolate, which can always be obtained on call, the best women of Chicago meet to discuss matters of general interest or to formulate plans for the humane and Christian enterprises for which they are so noted. The presidency of the National Confederation of Women's Clubs, with its 200,000 members, has, for the second time, been awarded to a Chicago woman, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, notwithstanding a vigorous attempt on the part of Eastern members to remove it to New York.


Academy of Sciences

All the pupils of Chicago schools, public and private, have the advantages possessed only by great cities, of access to the great libraries of the city; to its Art Institute, now among the finest in the country; to its museums, which contain many of the most valuable things shown at the Columbian Exposition; to its great Academy of Science, etc. The musical and other entertainments are also an important factor in a liberal education for girls. The Thomas concerts continue throughout the winter season, and as the rehearsals are given on Friday afternoons they are attended by hundreds of pupils from the schools. The best musical artists come to Chicago every winter.

The great Chicago Conservatory of Music and Elocution, under the direction of Samuel Kayzer, with its finely equipped studios in the Auditorium, and its corps of teachers in each department, from the front ranks of the profession, offers the opportunity to the pupils of Chicago schools for education in all branches of musical and dramatic art which New York and Boston have until recent years monopolized.

A great deal of the credit of the general high standard of culture among Chicago women is due to the Chicago private schools for girls, which, ever since the great Chicago fire, have been doing singularly effective, if quiet, work. Among the twelve or fourteen long-established schools for girls in Chicago, only two receive more than twenty boarding pupils, none receive over thirty, while the majority receive only ten or twelve in the families of the principals. This restriction has had the effect of bringing the young girls who are boarding pupils into close personal relation to the principals of these schools, to the great advantage of these pupils, since among the principals of the private schools of Chicago are to be found women distinguished not only as educators but as scholars and writers to a degree scarcely equaled by any other city in the country.

Another interesting fact in regard to these private schools is that all make a specialty of fitting girls for college, and every September witnesses the interesting spectacle of special trains for college students. Usually these trains are decorated with flowers furnished by the officials of the various roads, and the young ladies leave Chicago for Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley under the happiest auspices of attention and éclat.

One of Chicago's leading schools for girls is the Loring School, on Prairie Avenue, founded in 1876 by Mrs. Stella D. Loring and Miss Howells, a sister of W. D. Howells. This school is now under the principalship of Mrs. Loring, a most cultured, scholarly woman, who, besides her large number of day pupils, receives into her family twelve young ladies as boarding pupils. The Loring School gives especial attention to college preparatory work, and its certificates admit to the leading colleges for women and co-educational universities without entrance examinations. At Mrs. Loring's home the pupils meet the literati of the city, as Mrs. Loring gives frequent evenings when distinguished people read papers or give musical recitals or meet with members of her family socially.

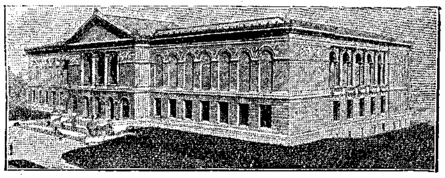
On Indiana Avenue near Twentieth Street are the two spacious buildings occupied by the Holman-Dickerman School, under the principalship of Mrs. L. C. Holman and Miss F. S. Dickerman. The course of instruction embraces all the studies included in a thorough English education, and especial attention is also given to the study of French. The school numbers among its pupils and alumnæ the daughters of some of Chicago's most prominent families. While this has been strictly a day school in the past, Mrs. Holman and Miss Dickerman intend receiving a few boarding pupils into their home in the fall.

Further south—for these are South Side institutions—is to be found the Kenwood Institute, on Forty-seventh Street, near the Lake. The principal, Miss A. E. Butts, receives into her large and finely appointed home about twelve boarding pupils. This school has the distinction of being the only girls' school affiliated with the University of Chicago, thus obviating the necessity of entrance examination. A certificate from the principal of Kenwood Institute admits to the University of Michigan, the University of Wisconsin, Vassar College, Smith College, and Wellesley College without examinations. Special attention is given to the study of art history, illustrated lectures being given regularly on this subject.

On Oakenwald Avenue, also near the Lake, is Ascham Hall, a school for young ladies. The principal is Miss Kate Byam Martin, a sister of Mrs. Charles Henrotin. Miss Martin's school is noted for the attention it gives to modern languages and to art. Examinations for the University of Chicago are given quarterly at Ascham Hall. Miss Martin, having lived many years abroad, speaks French and German with fluency. She is the author of several well-known works of fiction and travel. Miss Martin receives twelve young ladies into her house.

Eight miles west of the city, but connected with it by numerous lines of electric and steam cars, in the beautiful suburb of Oak Park, is the Scoville Place School, Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, principal. This school is named for the gentleman whose spacious mansion, surrounded by five acres of lawn, the school has occupied since his death. On account of its size, large and finely furnished rooms for pupils, and its general superior equipment, this school has been named the Ogontz of Chicago schools. It accommodates twenty-five boarding and one hundred day pupils. It is especially noted for the attention given to the use of good English in speech and composition. Its certificates admit to all the best colleges for women. Mrs. Starrett is well known in the literary world, not only for magazine articles on educational topics, but for several books on ethical and social subjects. Her "Letters to a Daughter" have been read by thousands of young girls during the past ten years.

Beautiful Kenilworth, a few miles north of Chicago, on the heavily wooded bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan, possesses one of the most thoroughly equipped schools in the country, Kenilworth Hall. Within easy reach of the city by numerous suburban trains, with a most beautiful natural environment, are situated the home of Mrs. Babcock, the principal, and another building devoted exclusively to the purpose of recitation and study. Mrs. Babcock is an experienced teacher of widespread reputation. While, if desired, pupils are prepared for college, the special inducements offered by this school are delightful home associations and a most thorough course of study along general lines under Mrs. Babcock and a corps of competent assistants. Numerous graduates of Kenilworth Hall, prominent in society and literary circles, attest the thoroughness of Mrs. Babcock's training. Mrs. Babcock receives twelve boarding pupils into her home.


Art Institute

The truth is, that Chicago, possessing its unsurpassed opportunities for general culture, with such finely equipped schools, offers inducements which are proving sufficient to cause parents to turn their eyes thither when considering the question of the education of their daughters.

Bits of Fun

Making His Mark.—She—Have you heard that our minister is to be tried for heresy? He—Yes, it is quite a distinction for so young a man.—*Brooklyn Life.*

He Wondered.—"Dearest," she said, cooingly, "I wish you were a great statesman, with your picture on our greenbacks." "I wonder if she knows that a man has to be dead to get his picture on the currency," he thought to himself. There are some things it is better not to know.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. Anstey, the author of "Vice Versa," tells a story to illustrate the inappropriate way in which Scripture texts are sometimes used. At a small seaside resort in England a generous citizen presented a number of free seats for the promenade, each adorned with an iron label stating that "Mr. Jones, of this town, presented these seats for the public use. The sea is his and he made it."—*New York Tribune.*

In one of the smaller towns of Kentucky lives a negro familiarly known as "Tim White." On one occasion it was necessary to record his full name. The not unusual supposition that "Tim" stood for "Timothy" was met with flat denial. "No, sah! My right name is What-timorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be White. Dey jes' calls me Tim fo' short, sah."—*Exchange.*

It is not often that the House of Commons has the chance of enjoying a good and innocent joke. But it found the occasion the other night, and at the expense of Mr. John Burns, who is far too earnest a man to indulge in jokes of malice prepense. "Since I came into the House, four years ago," Mr. Burns said, "the confidence of the public in it has much diminished." The laughter that here broke forth prevented him from finishing the sentence.—*Household Words.*

"It is a wonder to me," said Willie Wishington, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. There are people who can decide in an instant what it would take others a long time to consider. I met a man the other evening who is that way." "Was he a lawyer?" "I don't know. But he had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"—*Washington Star.*

Mark Twain has been telling the South African pressmen some yarns and cracking some jokes at his own expense. One of the latter is related by a Johannesburg paper. Mark was talking about South Africa's numerous recent afflictions. "Yes," he said, "you have had a fearful time here lately—what with wars, revolutions, rinderpest, locusts, drought—and me. I guess you can go no further with plagues. Now that I've come, you must take a change for the better."—*Westminster Gazette.*

The preacher spoke of little things,
Their influence and power,
And how the little pitted speck
Made all the apple sour.

He told how great, big, sturdy oaks
From little acorns grew,
And how the tiny little stone
The burly giant slew.

But the cyclist sat there unimpressed
By all the speaker's fire,
Until he went outside and found
A pin had pierced his tire.
—*Wilkesbarre News Dealer.*

One old-fashioned divine of my early youth (writes A. K. H. B.) preached every Sunday upon "The Broken Covenant." At length the long-suffering parishioners could stand it no longer, and a deputation was organized to visit the manse. The deputation informed the minister that they were extremely weary of hearing continually of "The Broken Covenant," and that there was a general desire to have at least one new sermon. "You shall have it," said the worthy minister, in conciliatory strain; "you shall have a perfectly new sermon next Sunday." Accordingly the church was fuller than usual, and a thrill of satisfaction ran round when the text was announced in these words: "And the cup was found in Benjamin's sack." "Let me tell you, my friends," said the preacher, "the day is coming when all your sacks will be rypit. And what, think you, will be found in them? Yes, what will be found in them? Again I ask you, what will be found in them? The first thing found in them will be 'The Broken Covenant,' on which I will now proceed to speak at great length." Thus was hope dashed to the ground, and the congregation fell back into the state of utter misery in which they had listened to that dismal orator on many past days.

An Electrical Fancy

The astonishing progress of electrical science is neatly satirized by a Parisian paper, which imagines Mr. Edison, in his laboratory, hearing the news of a declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States. A young man, his assistant, rushes in, pale and out of breath, and exclaims to the great electrician:

"Oh, master, war is declared! It is terrible!"

"Ah!" says the master. "War declared, eh? And where is the British army at this moment?"

"Embarking, sir."

"Embarking where?"

"At Liverpool."

"At Liverpool—yes. Now, my friend, would you please join the ends of those two wires hanging there against the wall? That's right. Now bring them to me. Good! And be kind enough to press that button."

The assistant, wondering and half-amused, presses the button.

"Very well," says the inventor. "Now do you know what is taking place at Liverpool?"

"The British army is embarking, sir."

The inventor pulls out his watch and glances at the time. "There is no British army," he says, coolly.

"What?" screams the assistant.

"When you touched that button you destroyed it."

"Oh, this is frightful!"

"It is not frightful at all. It is science. Now, every time that a British expedition embarks at any port, please come and tell me at once. Ten seconds afterward it will simply be out of existence, that's all."

"There doesn't seem to be any reason why America should be afraid of its enemies after this, sir."

"I am inclined to believe you," says the master, smiling slightly. "But in order to avert future trouble, I think it would be best to destroy England altogether."

"To—to destroy England, sir—"

"Kindly touch button number four there."

The assistant touches it. The inventor counts ten.

"—eight, nine, ten—it is all over. There is no more England."

"Oh! oh!" screams the young man.

"Now we can go on quietly with our work," says the master. "And if we should ever be at war with any other nation, you have only to notify me. I have an electric button connecting with every foreign country which will destroy it when pressed. In ten minutes I could destroy every country in the world, the United States included. Be careful, now, that you don't touch any of those buttons accidently—you might do a lot of damage!"—*Youth's Companion.*

[Publisher's Department]

Exit the Spinning-Wheel

Woman's Work in New Fields

When the spinning-wheel and the loom went from cottage to factory, there began a world-revolution not equaled by any overturning of an old order which civilization has witnessed. When cloth was no longer spun and woven and bleached and fashioned by home skill, but came from factories and called for a price instead of for effort at first hand; when baking and brewing and churning became great separate industries, like soap-boiling, candle-making, and a score of other tasks which had once filled woman's days to the full, civilization stood on the threshold of a great new era compared to which those were unimportant times when slaves were turned loose into the condition of self-dependent freemen, and vast armies were disbanded after having forgot all crafts but the craft of war. History took on a new turn in this revolution, or evolution, to which almost no other can compare. The hands and hearts and minds of millions of women, born and yet to be born, stood ready for new occupations in large degree, and some of the gravest questions this old world has propounded stared in the faces of both men and women then, nor have they ceased their insistence or their gravity even now.

In what may woman engage to do best justice to her powers and most good with them, and suffer least detriment to her womanliness? We are told that there are over two thousand occupations open to women to-day, as against only three to which they could turn a generation ago. The general aspect of the world to-day toward a woman at the bar or on the jury, for instance, is far different from what it would have been thirty years ago, but there are still thousands who are unreconciled to such conditions, and among womankind there are almost as many, proportionately, who view with dread the prospect of going into the world as bread-winners, as there were a half-century ago. To these the first choice of occupation is one of the very first which opened to the woman in search of opportunity. Teaching is the nearest and dearest work to the truly feminine heart, and although it was one of woman's first resources, it has been outclassed by none subsequent to it, either in the extent of its demands or the rewards they offer. From the college presidency to the teaching of babes, there is call in every field for the capable woman; but in no branch of labor, educational or otherwise, can women find a field so peculiarly their own as in the kindergarten.

Kindergarten! Beautiful word, suggesting the flowers of childhood and the tender study and love and care of the coaxing gardener, who is wise beyond the point where men expect roses to flourish under the same treatment as violets, but give to each tender plant the care which, by minute, individual study, they have found it to be in need of. This branch of education is offering, perhaps, the most and the choicest inducements of any occupation open to women. It is a field in which they need fear no stress of competition except among themselves, for in it there can be none of the vexed strife between men and women, such as works so sorely on the spirits of those women who choose the more advanced stages of educational work. In it, moreover, women find a vocation which is more than bread-winning, a calling next of kin to their crown of glory, motherhood! For that sacredest of offices it fits such as God may, in time, elevate thereto; and for those who may always find their work outside the walls of home, it opens up opportunities of a depth and breadth and beauty any one might well envy. The science of child-study, to which it has given birth and impetus, is assuming proportions and revealing charms which take captive the finest minds, and from being first misunderstood as a scheme for "amusing children," kindergartning has come to be recognized as one of the most subtly delicate and beautiful, as well as one of the most important, of all sciences.

From Mrs. J. N. Crouse, the Principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College, No. 10 East Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill., where many of the best teachers in the country have been trained, it was learned that the demand for good teachers far exceeds the supply, and that places are sometimes open months looking for "the right woman." Further inquiry also brought out the facts that a knowledge of kindergartning is a strong recommendation for applicants for ordinary positions the country over, and that salaries may be said to be better in this than in almost any other branch of woman's work. For instance, teachers who have had but two years' instruction receive from $500 to $600 per year for services during half a day through the school year, and students who have had three or four years of theoretical and practical instruction receive from $800 to $1,500 per year. These, then, are some of the facts of one of the promising and honorable avocations open to women.

About People

—Dr. George Taylor Winston, President of the University of North Carolina, was unanimously elected President of the University of Texas. He has accepted.

—Christina Rossetti is to have a memorial in Christ Church, Woburn Square, where she attended for nearly twenty years. It will consist of a series of paintings for the reredos by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

—In an interview on the late Jules Simon, Rochefort said: "Although he was Minister several times, he accomplished the feat—a rarity, under the circumstances, which deserves emphasizing—of acquiring no fortune and dying poor."

—John Hardy, the inventor of the vacuum brake, died recently in Vienna, where for many years he had been employed by the State railroads. He was born in 1820, worked for a time under George Stephenson, and is believed to have been the last survivor of his assistants.

—Besançon was the birthplace of Victor Hugo and Pasteur. Its Town Council recently had a warm debate over the question whether the town lycée, now named after the former, should be named the Lycée Pasteur instead. The advocates of the change declared that Pasteur had cured many people in the department, while Victor Hugo had never done anything for them. But a majority of the Council voted to retain the present name.

—Miss Kingsley, the African traveler, gives an amusing account of the beginning of her love of adventure. She was at the Canary Islands, and, hearing "very dreadful accounts of the dangers and horrors of traveling in West Africa," she felt she must go, out of mere feminine curiosity. She continues: "I asked a man who knew the country what I should find most useful to take out with me, and he replied: 'An introduction to the Wesleyan mission, because they have a fine hearse and plumes at the station, and would be able to give you a grand funeral.'"

—The wife of Bishop Wightman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has given to Bishop Hurst, for the American University, an autograph letter of John Wesley, written March 31, 1790, the closing paragraph of which is as follows: "As soon as possible you should put the Believers in Bands and introduce ye whole Methodist Discipline. But, I pray, do not introduce slouched hats; let us not imitate Clowns or Quakers. Next to the Bible, I love Common Sense. Therefore I wd never be singular for singularity sake. I am, dear Billy, your affectionate Friend and Brother, J. Wesley. Beware of women."

—Writing of Dr. Newman Hall, a correspondent of the London "Daily News" says: "Never were fourscore years borne more brightly and buoyantly than by the great Congregationalist minister, who first saw the light on May 22, 1816. It is but a brief while ago that I watched him chasing an omnibus in the Strand with all the nimbleness of a man of thirty; and when, one day this week, he came into the library of Vine House, Hampstead, to greet me, it required a distinct effort of the imagination to realize that Dr. Newman Hall was within a day or two of eighty. No stranger who met him and conversed with him, without being informed beforehand of the fact, would dream of charging the famous successor of Rowland Hill with the burden of forescore years. His good health Mrs. Hall attributes in large measure to her husband's bright way of looking at things in general, and to his singularly happy temperament."

—A letter in the daily papers suggests that some lasting memorial of Mrs. Rundle Charles, the well-known author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," would be in harmony with the wishes of the large circle of friends and readers who hold her and her work in warm appreciation, and to whom her death is a deep sorrow and an irreparable loss. Mrs. Charles, the writer adds, took a great interest in the North London Hospital for Consumptives, near which she lived, and for many years she regularly attended its committee meetings. She also frequently visited the sick and suffering in the wards. It is felt that many would like to contribute towards the endowment of a bed to be called "The Elizabeth Rundle Charles Bed," thus forwarding the work so dear to her, and at the same time appealing to the sympathies of the public at large. Contributions may be sent to Basilwoodd Smith, Branch Hill Lodge, Hampstead Heath, London, N. W., England.

—Major J. B. Pond, in a recent article in the "Cosmopolitan," writes as follows of Jonn B. Gough:

> It is strange, but it is a fact, that although Gough never broke down in his life as an orator, and never failed to capture his audience, he always had a mild sort of stage-fright which never vanished until he began to speak. To get time to master this fright was his reason for insisting upon being "introduced" to his audiences before he spoke, and he so insisted even in New England, where the absurd custom had been abandoned for years. While the chairman was introducing him, Mr. Gough was "bracing up" to overcome his stage-fright. By the way, let me say right here (as the phrase "bracing up" has two meanings) that the slanderous statements often started against Mr. Gough, to the effect that he sometimes took a drink in secret, were wholly and wickedly untrue. In his autobiography Mr. Gough has told the story of his fall, his conversion, and his one relapse, and has told it truthfully. He was absolutely and always, after his first relapse, a total abstinence man in creed and life. There never lived a truer man.

—Ernst Curtius, the well-known German Hellenist, who died in Berlin on July 11, was born at Lubeck on September 2, 1814, and, after a preliminary training in the college of his native town, pursued his studies at the universities of Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, and in 1837 visited Athens, in company with Professor Brandis, in order to begin at headquarters his researches into Greek antiquities. Subsequently he accompanied Otfried Müller in his archæological expedition to the Peloponnesus. On the death of that eminent scholar in 1840, he returned to his native country; was made doctor by the University of Halle; taught for some time in the colleges of Berlin; became professor extraordinary there, and was appointed tutor to Prince Frederick William, the father of the present Emperor of Germany, and Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences. In 1856 he succeeded Hermann as professor at Göttingen. He went to Athens to undertake excavations at Olympia in April, 1864, and in 1875 was sent by the German Government to Greece, where he concluded a convention with the Greek authorities, by which the Germans obtained a monopoly of the excavations at Olympia. Since 1870 he had been director of the antiquarian department in the Royal Museum.

They Didn't Know What to Make of It

Once upon a time there was an island in the Pacific Ocean inhabited by a people that had no acquaintance with matters outside their own domain. On a certain day there was a terrific storm at sea, and among the things thrown upon the shores of the island was a ladder.

When the islanders saw the ladder they marveled much as to what it was and for what purpose created.

Some thought one thing and some another. Finally there were but two opinions, and behind each was ranged half of the people, the other half being behind the other opinion.

One party held that the rungs of the ladder were intended to hold the sides together, while the other party as stoutly maintained that their purpose was to keep the sides apart.

However the people might agree or differ as to what the ladder was intended for, upon the rung question they stood unalterably divided, one side holding to the keep-apart theory, while the other side clung to the theory of hold-together.

If an islander set the ladder upon its side and proceeded to prove, at least to his own satisfaction, that it was the section of a fence (although he would not go so far as to explain what kind of an animal it was that was so large that he could not get through the palings and yet so sluggish that he could not top so low a wall), it was only for a moment that he received attention; for it was only a question of time how soon the old contention asserted itself, and the people began again the old question as to the object for which the rungs were created and put in place.

The same result was sure to follow when some other theorist placed the ladder flat upon the ground and sought to show that it was the skeleton of a raft, or possibly a well-ventilated palanquin. The keep-apart and hold-together controversy was sure to rekindle.

There is no knowing how long this condition of things might have gone on had not a sailor from some far-off country been washed ashore.

He was shown the ladder, and was asked in signs what it was for. He replied by standing it on end against a tree and mounting into the latter's branches.

The islanders were astonished, but their minds, as usual, reverted to the old puzzle—were the rungs designed to keep the sides apart or to hold them together?

The sailor explained that both parties were equally in the wrong; the rungs were there neither to keep the sides apart nor to hold them together. But the sides were there to hold the rungs in place.

Moral: Very much depends upon the point of view; and, ten chances to one, notwithstanding you think you know it all, there may be a few things not included in your mental stock-in-trade.—*Boston Transcript.*

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The Sherman Statue

The National Sculpture Society has replied to the Sherman Statue Committee of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee in regard to the criticism by the Committee that the National Sculpture Society did not protest until after the award for the statue had been made to Mr. Rohl-Smith. Mr. Ward says that that is true. The National Society was in entire ignorance of what had taken place in the Committee after the decision of the committee of experts had been given until the announcement of the successful artist's name was made public. As soon as this was known the Society made its protest. Mr. Ward calls attention to the fact that $80,000 of public money, money that belongs to the people of the United States, is to be expended on this statue, and that the National Sculpture Society wishes to call the attention of the people to the way in which their money is used. Mr. Ward says: "The question is whether, by trusting to your own, in neglect of more competent because more instructed, judgment, you have undertaken to misspend this public money by directing the expenditure of it upon a less worthy work of art than might have been obtained for it." That is the controversy in a nutshell. The qualifications which would make a man a good general would not necessarily make him a competent judge of art. Mr. Ward says: "It is a question whether the training and experience that confer authority in every profession and in every trade shall confer authority in the choice of public works of art, to be paid for with public money. This is the question upon which we have notified you that we should appeal to the public." The method of appeal adopted by the National Sculpture Society is to request the competing artists to put their models on public exhibit, not only in the city of New York, but, as far as practicable, in other cities, in order that the people who have contributed the money may have the opportunity, so far as their education permits, to judge of the merits of the work selected, and also that these models may be made the occasion for educating the people to the value of an art not so highly appreciated in this country as it should be. All the artists, with the exception of the successful competitor, have agreed to meet the request of the National Sculpture Society. Mr. Rohl-Smith doubts his ability to meet the wishes of the Society, because of illness and his absence from the country until autumn.

Baptist Young People's Union

The Baptist Young People's Union of America, which held its sixth annual International Convention of four days, July 16–19, at Milwaukee, Wis., is an organization within the Baptist Church similar in purpose and work to the Epworth League in the Methodist Church, and to the Society of Christian Endeavor in the various denominations in which it is active. The Milwaukee Convention was attended by about 12,000 delegates from local, State, and provincial unions in all parts of the United States and Canada, and was a fine exhibition of religious zeal and enthusiasm. One of the peculiarities of this Union is in the geographical subdivisions of the territory which it covers and the emblematic color of each. Canada is represented by red badges and banners; the Northern States west of the Mississippi River by blue; the Northern States east of the Mississippi River by gold; and the Southern States are known in the Convention by their green emblems. The general headquarters of the Union are in Chicago, where "The Baptist Union," the official organ of the movement, is published, and is supported by a $50,000 fund. The Union was organized in Chicago in 1891 in pursuance to a call issued by the Baptist Church. It has enjoyed a wonderfully rapid growth. One of the encouraging features of this denominational union is its tendency toward union in the Baptist denomination, for it brings together in annual convention the young people of the Northern and Southern branches of the Baptist fold, and cannot but be a strong factor in preparing the way for union between these branches. Another special work is the Gospel car service which it sustains. Four of these "churches on wheels" are kept busy in the work of evangelism, especially on the frontiers of the West, where they have done a splendid service.

One of the cardinal features of the forces which the Milwaukee Convention represents is the "Christian Culture Course," especially prepared by scholarly pastors and professors and pursued by thousands of young Baptists all over the country. These courses are recognized to be invaluable to the increased intelligence and efficiency of the Baptist young people. The early prayer-meetings each morning were seasons of spiritual refreshing. The first was termed a "Surrender Meeting;" the second, a "Praise Meeting;" the third, a "Promise Meeting," and the fourth, which was held on Sunday morning, was an "Enduement Meeting." These were held simultaneously in four Baptist churches in different parts of the city. The Convention proper was held in the Milwaukee Exposition Building, with a seating capacity of 12,000, and it was crowded to overflowing at each session. President John H. Chapman delivered the opening address, and the welcome of the "Cream City," her churches and people, was extended by representative ministers and city officials. The annual reports of the President, the Board of Managers, the Secretary and Treasurer, were all received with demonstrations of great joy, as they showed evidence of spiritual and material prosperity. One whole afternoon was profitably devoted to the topic "The Young People's Society a Training-School of the Church." "The Young People's Society as a Working Force" was the general topic of a number of conferences on "New Members," "Literature," "Temperance and Evangelism," "Junior Work," "Social Work," and "Missions," all of which were subdivided and each phase of the subject presented by those best able to do so. These conferences were new departures in this Annual Convention, and were warmly welcomed. Three other new features in this Convention were the "State and Provincial Rallies," "Departmental Rallies," in which each of the four distinctive colors held separate rallies, and the "salutation of the flags," consisting of a beautiful service in which the departmental colors, the American flag, and the Union Jack were all greeted with great enthusiasm. Almost every pulpit in Milwaukee was occupied by Baptist divines on the Lord's Day. The Convention was conceded to be the best in the history of the Baptist Union.

Reason Enough

A party of women once had the privilege of inspecting a factory devoted to the manufacture of spool thread. Their cicerone was the proprietor of the factory, one of the largest and most complete in the world.

What most impressed the visitors, however, was not the size and evident prosperity of the plant, but the beauty of the place. Not only was every hygienic and commercial comfort attended to, but, so far as possible, every æsthetic consideration was observed as well. Around each wall of the spacious, well-windowed apartments where the work was done ran a broad, exquisitely painted frieze. The figures upon the frieze were a dainty dancing company, beautiful in color as well as in form, and fit to grace the walls of a dwelling rather than a mill.

Finally one of the women, a practical, plain-spoken dame, asked the owner why he made beauty such an object.

"I don't see the use of a frieze like that in a factory," she said, bluntly. "Why do you have it?"

The mill-owner smiled. "Well, come to think of it, it is a very practical reason," he said. I find that it makes better thread."—*New York Sun.*

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Editorial Criticism

There are many people who mistake an editorial office for a bureau of revision. One of these wants "a specific criticism, rather than the inevitable printed slip so discouraging to would-be writers." If editors had single manuscripts to deal with, rather than scores and hundreds; if they and their publishers were philanthropists, with no living to make; if it didn't matter whether the day's work were finished with the day, or left over to week after next—then it might be possible to meet these demands. But, even then, an altruist of any prudence could hardly gratify this correspondent:

"If the accompanying manuscript is not wanted for publication, please mark with a cross in the list below, to indicate in which grade you honestly consider it belongs.

"Excellent.

"Good.

"Middling.

"Poor."

This is not an exhaustive classification by any means, and the criticism thus conveyed would be of small value. But imagine the writer's wrath at getting back his (or her) communication marked "poor" or "middling"! An editor makes enemies enough by simply returning MSS. which the writers feel to be much better than most that he prints: why should he go out of his way to add insult (as it would be considered in many cases) to injury?

"I have convinced myself that there is some merit in the inclosed short story, otherwise I would not trouble you to examine it. If unavailable, I should esteem it most highly, in returning MS., if you would spare me a word saying whether or not you found the story entirely wanting in merit."

These two sentences don't seem to fit together. If you have formed a definite and positive opinion on a given subject, why ask for another fellow's, unless to prove (what you may have already suspected) that he is an ass? It is a free country; nobody denies your right to believe, if you like, that your work is admirable, that you are an unappreciated genius, and that those who think otherwise are soulless numskulls. An editor, if he understands his business, does not pretend that his judgment of a MS. is final and infallible. It may contain beauties that escape his hasty glance; some one else may like it, if he does not. He has no desire whatever to offer an opinion on its merits or demerits; his concern is simply to determine whether he wants to use it or not. If he doesn't, you can't force him to buy it; it is a free country for him too, thus far at least.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Laughter

There ought to be societies formed for the encouragement of laughter. A real laugh is not common, for it must be remembered that a snicker is not a laugh.

The Puritans were inclined to frown upon laughter as frivolous, and therefore wicked. Life was a very grave affair to them, an almost constant struggle for existence, and they had no time to make merry. The first two centuries of their national life were busy years. Privations were many, and the Indians were almost continually on the war-path. It is small wonder, perhaps, that they rarely enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Philosophers and cynics sneer at laughter. Goldsmith (who was always laughing) tells us of "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind," and the scornful Byron says, "And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'tis that I may not weep."

Many people are afraid to laugh because they think it common; so they repress their merriment with a smile.

They do wrong. Nature evidently intended us to laugh, or children would not know how. Laughter is healthful, and provocative of good morals as well as of good health. Hamlet says that "one may smile, and smile, and be a villain," and so one might; but no one could laugh and laugh, and be a villain.

To smirk, grin, guffaw, or smile is not to laugh. A good, whole-souled, hearty laugh is a panacea for many ills, and worth a doctor's prescription.—*Golden Days.*

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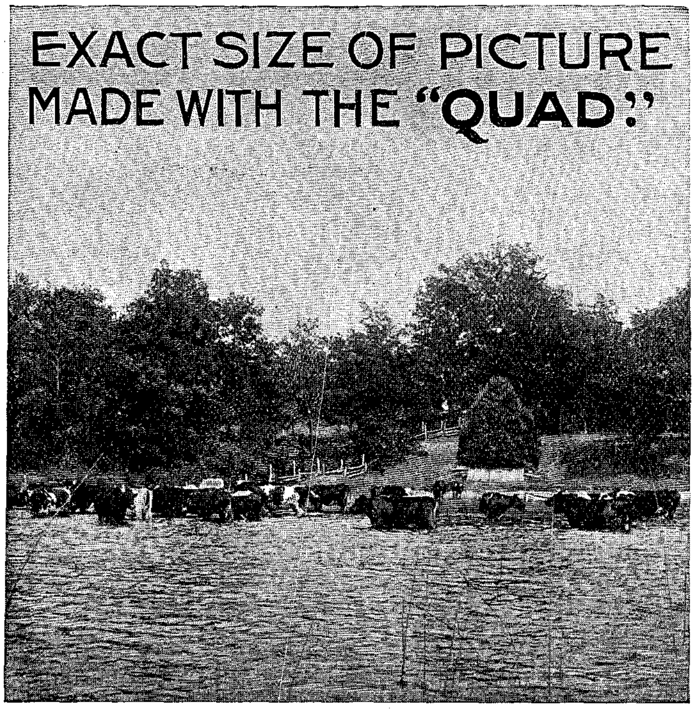

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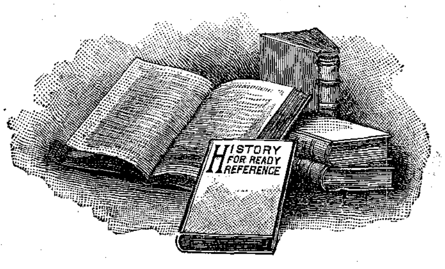

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To Hafiz

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Though gifts like thine the fates gave not to me,
O Hafiz, one thing we both hold in fee—
Nay, it holds us; for when the June wind blows
We both are slaves and lovers to the rose.
In vain the pale Circassian lily shows
Her face at her green lattice, and in vain
The violet beckons, with unveilèd face;
The bosom's white, the lip's light purple stain—
These touch our liking, yet no passion stir.
But when the rose comes, Hafiz—in that place
Where she stands smiling, we kneel down to her.
—*The Critic.*

Matterhorn Quests

By Richard Burton

As men essay the Matterhorn—
That peering peak of stone and snow—
To view, some matchless Alpine morn,
The petty world stretch far below,
Though after all their toil and pain
They can but clamber down again,

So yearning souls essay the heights
Of spirit, setting dangers by,
And recking naught of low delights
The flesh affords; you ask them why,
They know not; some divine unrest
Bids them to climb and do their best.
—*Exchange.*

The Hour Draws Near

By J. G. Whittier

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because He lives.
—*Selected.*

Hammer and Anvil

By John Clifford, D.D.

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he; then said, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.
—*Selected.*

Work

By Mrs. E. B. Browning

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil,
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines
And Death's mild curfew shall from toil assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
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A Childlike Naturalist

In his "Life, Letters, etc., of Agassiz," Professor Marcou gives this sketch of Gressly, one of Agassiz's early companions:

"Agassiz had to pay for his lodging, which consisted of a small bedroom poorly furnished, and which soon became a true pandemonium of the most sordid kind. He boarded when in Neuchâtel at a third-rate inn, called Le Poisson, kept by the sister of the artist Jacques Burkhardt. When traveling—always on foot—there was even less expense; for Gressly entered the first farm on his road, and asked for food and lodging. He had already roamed all over the Swiss Jura Mountains to make the observations which had resulted in the excellent 'Observations géologiques sur le Jura Soleureis,' and was well known personally or by reputation by almost all the country people, who always received him kindly, giving him a place at their table and a bed to sleep in—or more exactly on; for he slept with his clothes on, even with his shoes on. The farmers liked Gressly extremely, because he not only told good stories, but also gave good advice for finding springs, digging wells, and he indicated good places for marls and clays used in agriculture, and for stone quarries. Like a child, as he was all his life, he played with the children, making cocks and boats and dancing frogs out of pieces of old almanacs or newspapers. As an example of his cheap way of traveling, he once started with a small sum of money in his pocket, then he forgot that he had any money, and remained two or even three months without spending a penny, going from farm to farm, and returned loaded with the most splendid and rare fossils. And when asked why he had stayed so long without writing—'Why,' said he, 'you forgot to give me any money, and I was obliged to do as well as I could with my friends the paysans, who generously gave me board and lodging as I went along; a slow process,' he added, 'which took much of my time.' 'But, Gressly, I gave you some money before you started, and I saw you, if I remember rightly, put it in that pocket,' indicating the pocket. Gressly put his hand in his pocket and brought out the gold pieces which had been there, forgotten, ever since he started two months before."

Whaling by Electricity

That the field for the application of electricity is practically unlimited is again demonstrated by a seafaring man who proposes to go out and kill whales with it.

The salt had so much faith in his scheme that he engaged an electrician to build a dynamo that would generate an alternating current of 10,000 volts. That dynamo he will have rigged up in his ship, and then he will sail away to the north to capture the whale in a fin-de-siècle manner.

Captain Charles W. Hershell, of Halifax, owner and commander of the whaling ship Rosalie, is the man who intends to wipe out the customs and traditions of the whaling industry with a small wire and a large dynamo.

As to the method of application, the captain explained it to a New York writer as follows:

"I am going to place the dynamo on the whaler, and not put it into operation until the whaling grounds are reached. On board I will have a big reel of heavily insulated wire.

"The reel will be placed in the smaller boat in which we go out to meet the whale. We shall have several thousand feet of wire on the reel. One end will be connected with the dynamo. At the other end, which will be in the smaller boat, will be a hard rubber stick, about four feet in length. The wire will run through that stick, so that it may be handled easily and safely.

"At the end of the stick will be attached a piece of metal twenty-four inches long and one inch in diameter. The point of that needle will be sharp, so as to penetrate the flesh of the whale easily.

"The hard-rubber stick and the big needle will be used just as we use the harpoon today. When near the big fish, as near as we get in the old way, the harpooner will throw the electric barb.

"At the time there will be a current of 10,000 volts running through the wire. When the point of the needle strikes the whale a current connection will be formed with the dynamo, and the whale will get the full shock of the high voltage and be dead in the fraction of a second."—*Boston Globe.*

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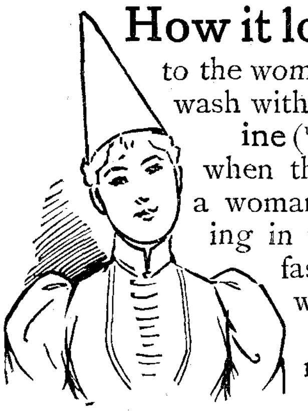

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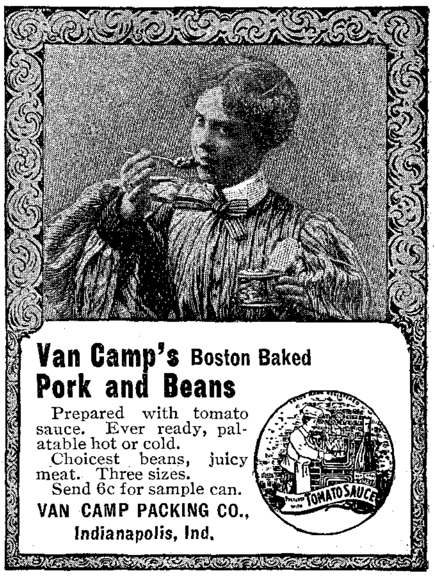

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The Business World

The Week The alarmists, pessimists, and bear speculators had their own way with the stock market last week and on Monday of this week. The political situation, the cessation of London buying of stocks, and the increased gold exports gave them their opportunity, and even the illness of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was most unreasonably urged as a reason for lower prices. It is noted that the average of prices fell as low or lower than that at the time of the Venezuelan "panic," but professional critics term the week's condition as "depressed" rather than "panicky." There was a rally on Friday and Saturday, but an accented decline on Monday of this week, checked only at the close of the day. Railway stocks suffered almost universally and evenly, and the losses ran from one to eight per cent.; the so-called "Granger" stocks showed the greatest reductions. Governments declined to about 112 for coupon bonds. The industrials suffered considerably, especially Sugar, Leather, and Tobacco. The exports of gold formed a very serious feature of the week. The reserve is rapidly reaching the $90,000,000 level, and talk of a new bond issue is again current, but is generally denied. It is announced that the New York bankers have decided to turn $15,000,000 of their accumulations into the Treasury, and it was this report which on Monday afternoon checked the depression in the market. On Monday Burlington closed at 63¾ (asked), Louisville and Nashville at 45⅝, Lake Shore at 139, Missouri Pacific at 17, New York Central at 91½, St. Paul and Omaha at 33½, Western Union at 78, General Electric at 22, Manhattan at 93½, Michigan Central at 95, Chicago and Northwestern at 93, Illinois Central at 91½. As might be expected, the volume of general business trade is small, and the industrial markets dull; exports of wheat, however, were 2,963,000 bushels, as against 2,167,000 bushels the previous week, and 1,652,000 bushels in the corresponding week of last year. The total number of business failures for the week is given by "Bradstreet's" as 255, as compared with 219 the previous week, and 214 the corresponding week last year.

Chinese Railways The London "Times" says: "The text of the edict of the Emperor of China respecting the construction of railways in that country has now reached London. The Emperor begins by stating that he has read the memorial of the Ministry of War recommending the appointment of a high officer to take charge of the construction of railways. The latter, the Emperor observes, are most important for the maintenance of trade as well as for the employment of the masses of the people. Hence he has decided to encourage railways in every way. Recently he instructed the princes and ministers to commence with a line in the neighborhood of the capital, and they put the work of surveying a route between Peking and Tientsin under the care of Hu, a provincial judge. Hu's report has also been read by the Emperor, and from this it appears that the line, starting from Tientsin, would take the route of the western banks of the Grand Canal, and, passing northwards, wonld cross the southern parks and terminate at the Lukon bridge, in the western suburbs of Peking, traversing a distance of about 80 miles. The estimate for the construction is 2,400,000 taels. The Board of Revenue and the Viceroy of Chi-li are to supply the necessary funds. With reference to the grand trunk line from Peking to Han-kau, the Emperor says that, as the distance is great and the cost immense, he grants the privilege of constructing it to wealthy men in the various provinces who can show a capital of 10,000,000 taels or more. As this line will, therefore, be a purely commercial affair, government officials are ordered not to interfere with the gains or losses of the company, and the promoters are promised tokens of imperial approbation if they are successful. The edict is addressed not only to people in the capital, the provinces, and other dependencies of the empire, but also to 'our people laboring in other lands.'"

How the Roads Will be Built A struggle is going on between British and French, or Russo-French, syndicates competing for railway and other public works contracts in China. The French, on the whole, says a London press telegram, "seem to be getting the best of it. The Pekin government, according to advices received in London and Paris, besides assenting to the construction of a narrow-gauge single line from Tungchow to the Tonquin frontier, where it will join the French line, have given the Russo-French syndicate contracts for a projected trunk line between Hankow and Canton. Nominally this big enterprise will be carried out by native contractors, but with French money and by French engineers. Ten civil and railway engineers have just left Paris for the East in connection with these contracts. On the British side contracts have been secured for railway extension from Tientsin to Pekin. German and American private enterprises in the new development of China are not heard of"

British Armaments and Trade A manifesto on recent political events bearing on Imperial policy, trade, and armaments has been issued by the British Increased Armaments Protest Committee. "It concludes by stating (1) that the total of British trade has not by any means advanced in proportion with the area and population of the Empire—that, in brief, trade does not follow the flag, and that the disproportionate growth of armaments forms an increasingly severe strain upon industry; (2) that by far the greatest proportion of our trade always has been and still is, not with our colonies, but with foreign countries, and especially certain of them which are affected by our political policy; (3) that the proportion and in some cases the amount of colonial trade is not increasing, and that recent acquisitions which have involved a heavy political and financial burden have only infinitesimally increased that trade; (4) that British labor is losing and not gaining, and will probably lose still more heavily by the extension of the Empire; (5) and, finally, that a large and increasing portion of our wealth accrues from loans to and investments in foreign countries, a fact which helps to show the folly of perpetually increasing armaments, and gives a new reason for a non-provocative and conciliatory foreign policy."

The Biggest Farms in the World Some of our far Western ranches are still pretty large, but the Australian "station" has nothing to equal it on this side of the globe. An Oregonian paper thus describes some of these "stations:"

> One James Tyson has about 2,000,000 acres, or a territory nearly as large as three States like Rhode Island, one and one-half Delawares, or even one-third the size of Vermont, or one-seventeenth the size of Iowa. He has nearly 1,000,000 sheep or the equivalent in cattle. One Mr. McCaughey has one station of 1,214,877 acres, with some 500,000 sheep. James Wilson has 640,000 acres, or just 1,000 square miles, in one station, and over 400,000 sheep. I have a friend in the interior, whom I visited recently, who has 500,000 acres and 300,000 sheep. One can drive 100 miles on a straight line on his estate. Of this 500,000 acres, 70,000 are freehold, and the rest is leased from the Government of New South Wales on long time, for a definite annual rental. I have another friend, a member of the New South Wales Parliament, who holds 240,000 acres in Queensland on long lease, at an annual rental of one farthing, or one-half cent, per acre. Recently the Government sunk an artesian well on this land that flows 3,000,000 gallons per day, according to newspaper reports. Most of this station, I am informed, is good land. All these stations, like the petty dukedoms of Europe, are named, and the names, when pronounceable, are not easily forgotten. But their names serve a better purpose than mere ornament. As there is a considerable difference in altitude, latitude, soil, vegetation, breed or care of sheep, there is a very noticeable difference in the wool, and the reputation of the station has no little influence on the price of the respective clips. In the English trade reviews, or prices current, the names of the stations of Australia become as familiar to a large business class as are the names of the nations of the globe to the average educated man.

Mining in British Columbia The "Engineering and Mining Journal" says: "The attention that is now being paid to British Columbia as a promising and safe field for the investment of capital in mining enterprise is fully warranted by the past few years' development work, carried out under great difficulties. These difficulties have consisted, firstly, in the inaccessibility for many months in the year, under ordinary conditions, of some of the best mining territory, and, secondly, even in the summer months, want of continuous communication by water and rail. The latter obstacle is being rapidly overcome, and the most important camps, before snow comes again, will be in much better shape for regular shipments, and at fair freight rates instead of those they have hitherto experienced. The former drawback, viz., that of a long and severe winter, cannot be changed, but it will be materially mended in the future by the railroad extensions now being carried out, and which will be kept open just as are the Canadian Pacific and other northern roads."

Flax Culture The experimental culture of flax in the Puget Sound country, conducted this year over a wide area under the supervision of the Puyallup station, promises to be attended with satisfactory results. The establishment of a plant for handling the raw product on Bellingham Bay is also in progress, and next season may see Puget Sound flax culture assuming commercial importance. Many tests of the product have been made by manufacturers and experts, in every case returning the most encouraging results by comparison with the best product of Europe, both in quality of fiber and amount of yield, and also in the value of the seed for commercial purposes. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce, which recently sent a large quantity of flax straw to Barbour & Sons, the great manufacturers of Lisburn, Ireland, have been informed that the samples were excellent and very similar to that grown in the Courtrai District, Belgium, the recognized home of superior flax.

The British Consular Service The seemingly paradoxical statement is made by the English trade paper, the "Iron and Coal Trades Review," that the United Kingdom has perhaps the most complete and costly consular service in the world, and yet that it has on the whole unquestionably the most ineffective, from the traders' point of view. "This," the journal quoted says, "is a broad and sweeping charge to make in reference to any branch of the service, but, unfortunately, it is 'an ower true tale.' Every trader, every manufacturer, every exporter knows to his sorrow how difficult it is to get the consular and diplomatic officers of her Britannic Majesty's Government to meet their reasonable views and aspirations in reference to commercial affairs. Our old tradition of the service, which has become crystallized into a confirmed habit, is that the consular officer is not required to take any initiative in introducing or promoting business, but has simply, like Captain Cuttle, to 'stand by' until he is called on to do something, which is usually a mere matter of routine, and of no particular service to anybody. The German consul is generally a much more sentient being. He is always ready, perhaps for a substantial consideration, to aid in advancing the interests of his country's commerce, whether it affects the community or merely the individual."

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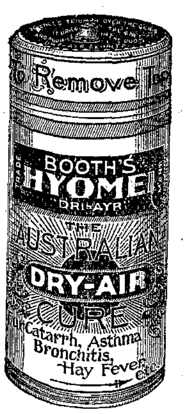

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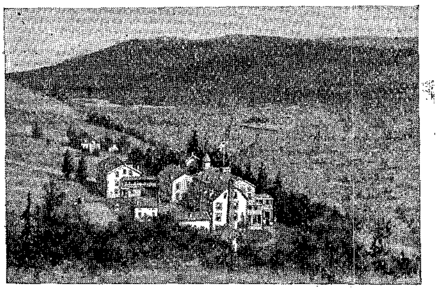

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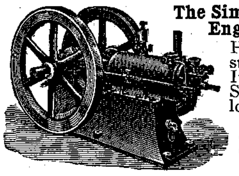

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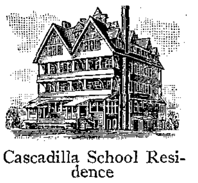
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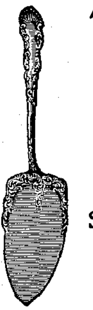

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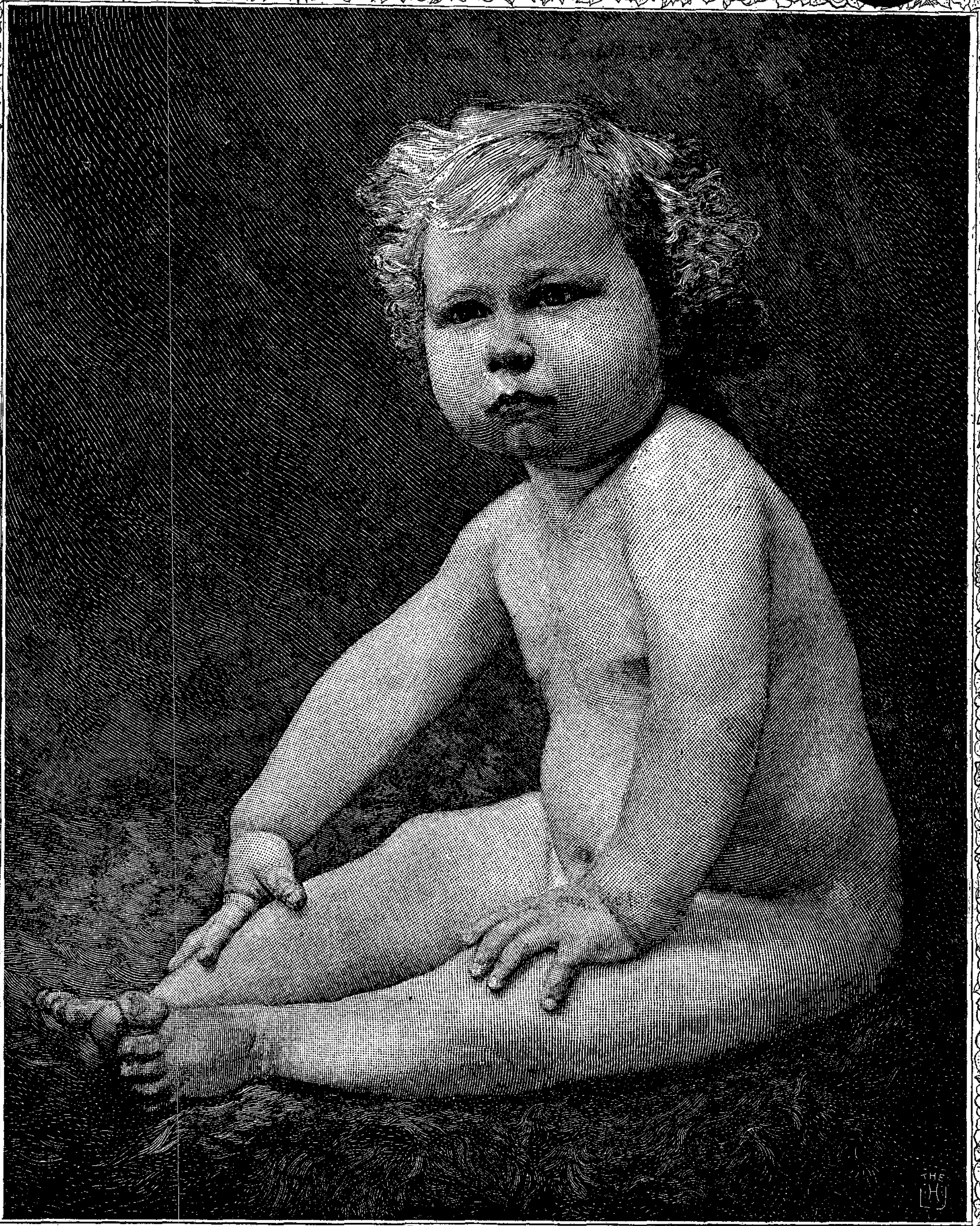

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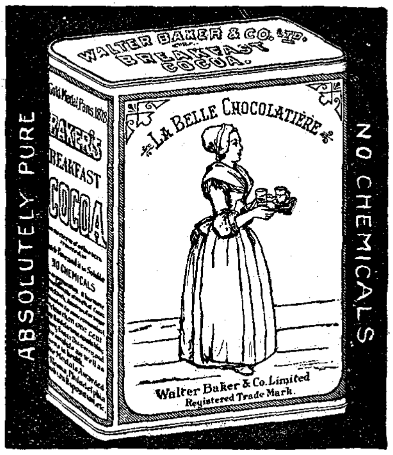

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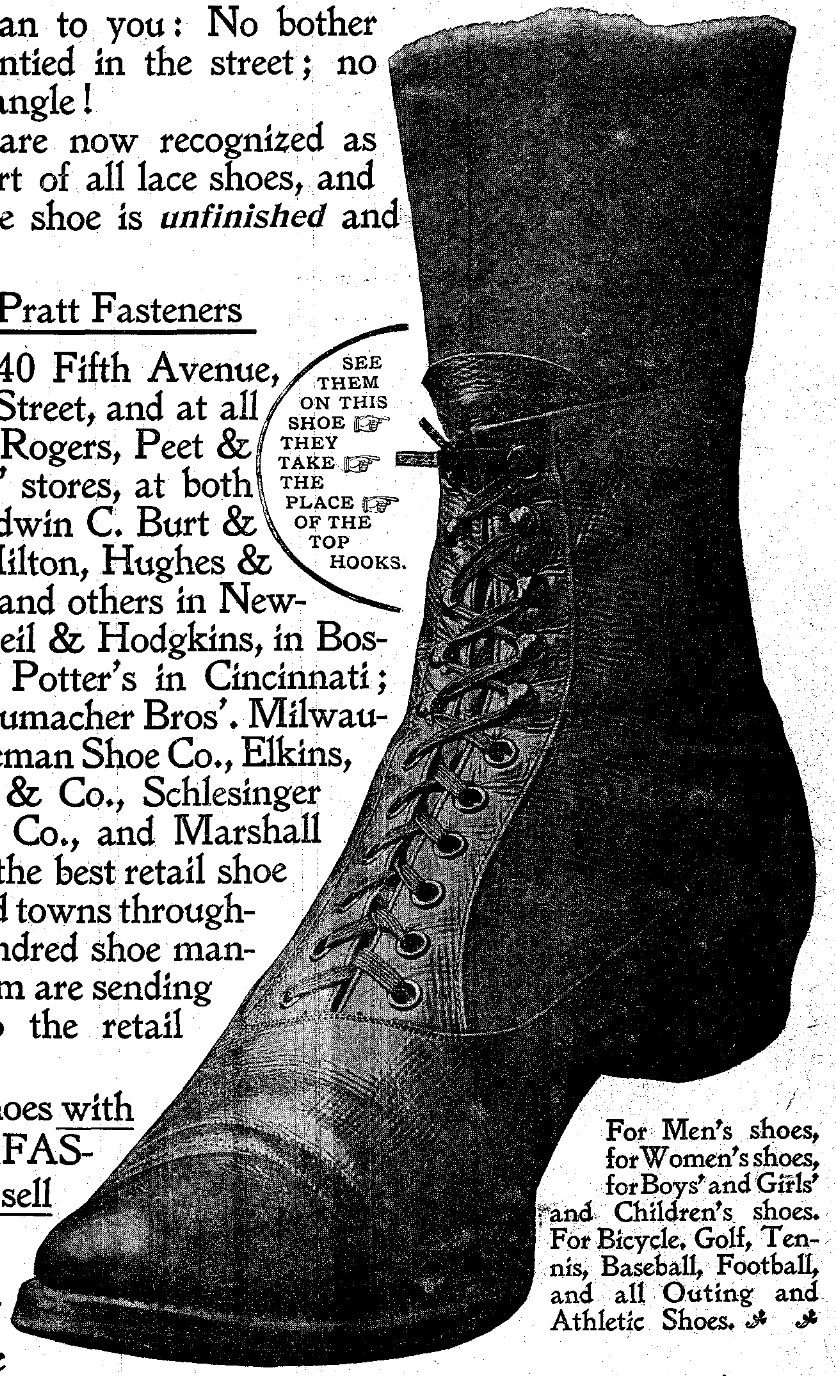
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